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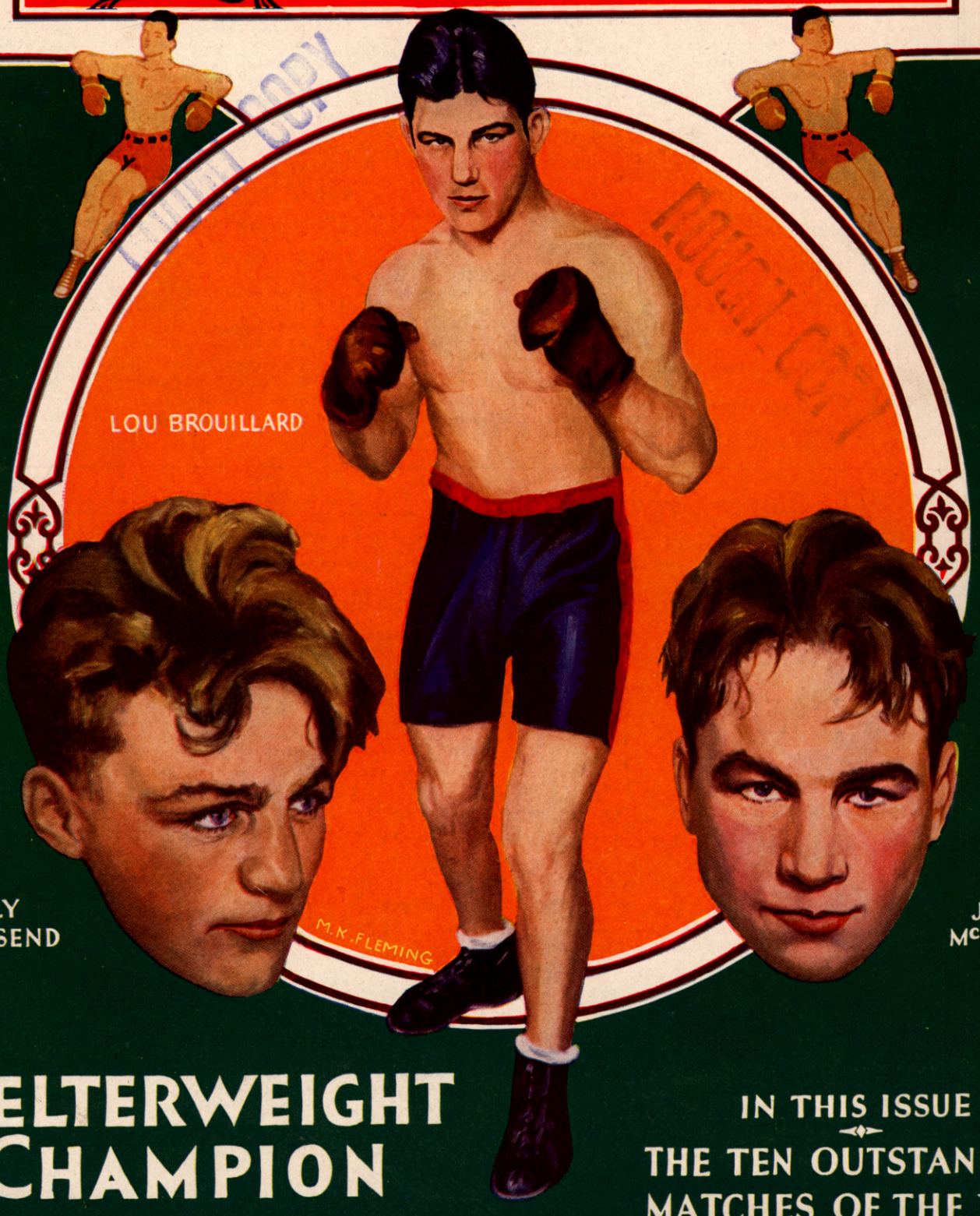

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WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPION

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE TEN OUTSTANDIN
MATCHES OF THE YEA

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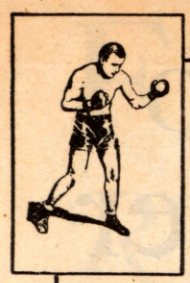

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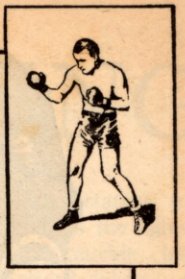

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CONTENTS

FOOTBALL HERO TURNS FIGHTER.....J. Warren McEligot 2
FAIR PLAY FOR BOXING.....Nat Fleischer 3
FISTIC ATTRACTIONS THAT HOLD THE SPOTLIGHT
Nate Lewis 4
VALE, LOUGHRAN! (A Cartoon).....Lank Leonard 6
ANOTHER LEVINSKY RISES.....Edward Merrill 7
TEMPERAMENT.....A. D. Phillips 8
A MATTER OF COURAGE.....Frank Graham 9
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS (Editorial Comment)..... 10
TALES OF LONG AGO.....Joe Humphreys 12
CURRENT FIGHTS..... 13
THE CHAMPION HIMSELF..... 14
MICKEY OF THE MAULIES..... 15
A GREAT BATTLE RECALLED (Australian Billy McCarthy)
B. Pinkerton 16
WESTERNERS WHO ARE MAKING GOOD..... 17
FIGHTING REFEREES.....Wilbur Wood 18
EASTERNERS MAKING PROGRESS..... 20
MIDDLE-WESTERN GLADIATORS..... 21
BLACK WERE THE SKINS BUT BRIGHT THEIR DEEDS
Bill Miller 22
LONDOS' WRESTLING SKILL TRACES TO OLD JAPAN
Jack Curley 24
LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON..... 26
WON TITLE BUT DIDN'T KNOW IT.....“Tex” Austin 27
LEDOUX, TORONTO'S PRIDE..... 28
WHERE OLDTIMERS EXCELLED.....Charles F. Mathison 29
Daniel M. Daniel 30
CRADLES OF BOXING—(11th of a series).....Doc Almy 32
LITTLE ROLLO IN SOCKLAND.....Daniel M. Daniel 33
A COSTLY BLUNDER.....Charles F. Mathison 34
FITZ'S REVENGE.....John E. McEntee 35
WHEN THE REFEREE WAS EXCESS BAGGAGE..Wilbur Wood 36
MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER (Part 23).....Jack Curley
As told to Frank Graham 38
“OFF AGIN! ON AGIN! GONE AGIN!—FINNEGAN”
Harold McGhee 40
IN OUR QUESTION BOX.....Charles F. Mathison 45

IN RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET.....Eddie Borden 47
ALONG THE GREAT FITE WAY.....Eddie Borden 48
IN AND NEAR CHICAGO.....Frank Mastro 50
TIMELY GOSSIP FROM GREAT BRITAIN.....Ted Broadribb 52
GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS.....Sparrow Robertson 53
NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON.....Doc Almy 54
IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA.....Bill Miller 57

In Next Issue

What are the points which a good manager of fighters tries to ascertain before consenting to handle the reins of a boxer? Dan Morgan, veteran, whose success is a matter of ring history, gives some good “inside dope” on this all-important topic in “Champions Analyzed.”

The road to success in boxing is beset with difficulties. Ofttimes a raw novice becomes a sensation overnight, only to find himself crashing to the ground with a thud after a phenominal start. Why? Well, there are many reasons which you will find discussed in “Sky Rocket Fighters.”

In these days of depression when the blues are plastered over the face of the universe, it requires more than an ordinary effort to get a good, hearty laugh out of the average person. You'll get more than one if you read Joe Humphreys' next contribution, “Tricksters of the Mat.” It's a scream. Don't miss it.

These, in addition to the usual high class articles by THE RING'S great staff of experts.

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Steve Hamas

Football Hero Turns Fighter

Steve Hamas, Eleven Letter Man at Penn State, Says Gridiron Sport Has Aided Him in Boxing

By J. WARREN McELIGOT

WHEN a baseball player of major league potentialities engages in college football for the love of the sport, or for the love of his alma mater, he invariably jeopardizes his chances for subsequent success on the big league diamond. Participation in the famous gridiron sport is unquestionably a menacing barrier to future achievements as a professional ball tosser.

Ernie Nevers and Red Grange, college football luminaries of a few years back, might have developed into great major league pitchers had not football injuries intervened and precluded the possibility of their gaining laurels in fast baseball company. Countless other college football players had potential diamond careers ruined by participating in the rough and tumble sport. Not so, however, with boxers and wrestlers. Take the case of Jumping Joe Savoldi, Jim McMillen, Steve Hamas, Tiny Roebuck, Joe Maculoso and others.

Hamas, one of the most promising heavyweights to come up in years, the boy who recently knocked out Tommy Loughran, has found that playing college football has aided him materially in his progress as a boxer. Ball players might have had their prospective careers blighted by the rugged football play, but Steve claims the sport has helped in his success in the professional ring just as it has done for the many college football stars who have made good in wrestling.

While the gridiron sport has taken its toll in ruining baseball careers by rendering useless an arm, a leg or body motion, the game has taught Steve some essentials necessary in the sport he is now pursuing and in which he is making his livelihood. Steve learned how to take the hard knocks, the rude jolts and the knockout punch while he was lugging the ball around and backing up the line for dear old Penn State a few years ago.

The football that Steve played taught him to be aggressive, shifty, and elusive. He learned how to take knockout punches and shake them off. Football gave him confidence which he can use to advantage in the professional ring. The favorite college sport supplied Hamas with an animated spirit, a quick thinking brain, and the power and ability to attack and defend.

* * *

HAMAS' football career at Penn State covered three varsity seasons. He played regularly at fullback. Steve was pitted against some of the outstanding teams in the country during his career, including Notre Dame, Pennsylvania, Bucknell, Army, New York University, Lafayette and Pittsburgh.

What he lacked in the finesse of a ball carrier, he made up in aggressiveness and winning spirit. Hamas was the college's greatest all-around athlete. He participated in almost every sport and when he had concluded his years at the institution, he had eleven letters to show for his athletic efforts as well as a favorable scholastic record.

During his senior year, he won five varsity insignia including one each in football, boxing, basketball, track, and lacrosse.

During the winter of 1929, he took part in a dual boxing match against Temple on a Saturday afternoon. After scoring a technical knockout over Swede Hanson, Temple's heavyweight, Steve appeared a few hours later on the basketball court and played a full game, after which he attended a dance.

The Passaic fighter won the intercollegiate heavyweight title twice, once in 1927 and again in 1929. He lost his boxing crown in 1928 when Leonard Grant of New York University, subbing for Al Lassman, outpointed Penn State's formidable puncher. However, Steve came back strong the next year, to regain the title.

* * *

DURING his college days Hamas was beaten only twice. He was never considered a heavy puncher while a collegian. He developed a more terrific wallop after he had left the campus and came under the tutelage of his able mentor, the genial veteran, Charley Harvey. Hamas was more scientific in college than he now is, but he has developed a fine punch since starting his professional boxing career.

He learned lots about fighting, too, while a Penn State student. Leo Houck, boxing coach of the Nitanny Lions, is the man who taught Hamas the art of self-defense. Houck, a classy fighter in his day, a keen student of the game, saw great possibilities in Hamas from the start and his judgment was vindicated. He firmly believes that Steve some day will win the heavyweight title.

No, Hamas never regrets that he served a long tenure on the gridiron where he tore up the turf for good old Penn State and where he became more accustomed to the hard knocks which he knew would subsequently follow in the roped arena. He is on the threshold of fistic fame, but that has not given him a swelled head. When he recently knocked out Tommy Loughran and put an end to that famous fighter's career, he did not gloat over it. Instead, sitting in his dressing room, he remarked:

"I feel sorry for Tommy, but I suppose if I had not done it, someone else would have turned the trick sooner or later. I suppose I ought to be happy that it remained for me to rise at Tommy's expense, but I really don't feel that way."

That's the type of boy Hamas is. He remains the college bred lad, the courteous gentleman who made athletic history at Penn State. His Alma Mater is rooting for him and from present indications, his success seems assured.

Now a few words for the man who has brought him forth and has raised him from a comparative unknown in fisticuffs into one of the most-talked-of present day fighters—Charley Harvey, the veteran mentor of the State College boy.

Although the scribes in the Metropolitan district shook their heads when the match with Loughran was made and harbored the belief that Tommy would halt the progress of Hamas, neither Steve nor his tutor agreed with that opinion. Hamas has an abundance of faith in Harvey and when the veteran manager informed Steve that Loughran was ready to be taken and that Hamas could do it, Steve accepted that statement as coming from a knowing one. Hamas felt he had placed his trust in the proper hands and would make good for Charley's sake. And make good he did.

FAIR PLAY *for* BOXING

By Max Fleischer

RECENTLY in an Eastern College, an attempt was made to introduce boxing and wrestling into the athletic activities of the institution, but the plan met with failure because of the attitude taken by several members of the faculty who discussed boxing in terms of brutality, designated it as a degrading sport and announced that it would be best for the students to do without it.

Of course, it is within the province of any faculty to decide and know best what befits its student body in the way of sport and recreation. Our leading colleges support boxing and find it a beneficial and interesting activity.

Not to be catty, but how can any college faculty ban boxing and yet support football? Not that I have any quarrel with the gridiron game. It is a manly, vigorous activity which merits the support of every college.

But boxing in 1931 had less than ten casualties, four of which were in amateur boxing. None of these came in important bouts. Untrained fighters who should not have been permitted in the ring made up the small list of deaths, and of those who died, two passed away from concussion of the brain and the rest from heart trouble.

On the other hand, football, in its short season, lost about forty-five men in 1931. How about it, professors?

* * *

TESTS of skill, strength and courage between human beings have been popular since the dawn of creation, if anyone knows the date of that event. The methods governing these contests originally were quite primitive. In fact there was quite a variation from the soft glove of the present time.

The ancient gladiators used swords, clubs and a metal contrivance known as the cestus, which fitted over the knuckles and formed a rather persuasive argument. In the early Greek and Roman periods it was considered a neat idea for one contestant to provide himself with a large net with which he sought to entangle his opponent. The other battler was armed with a short sword, and the problem was whether the man with the sword would succeed in carving a hole in his antagonist early in the fray, or whether the man with the net would succeed in enmeshing his opponent and rendering him helpless.

If the latter result were achieved, the officials and fair ladies who occupied ringside seats would turn thumbs down as a signal that the man in the net was to be put out of his misery by means of a sword thrust. Although this proceeding was somewhat harsh, yet it seemed to have been relished by the onlookers.

When David, a welterweight, and Goliath, a dreadnaught, met in their memorable contest, the rules of that period permitted each contestant to choose his own weapons. Goliath intimated that his sword would be all he required, while David admitted he would be satisfied to use a slingshot that he had found to be reliable. Goliath was seriously handicapped by the rules, as he never got close enough to David to use his sword. The smaller man took a position several yards from the giant, and propelled a stone from his slingshot into the big fellow's temple with deadly effect.

* * *

LATER on in the march of civilization the most popular form of contest was the bare fist combat, in which the contestants were cut and bruised most terribly, which seems to have been quite satisfactory to the onlookers. But the tender-hearted law-makers decided that the contests, while exhilarating to the spectators, were too wearing on the fighters, and bare knuckle bouts were declared taboo.

Then appeared the padded glove period, with million-dollar receipts, showing that the populace still has a liking for the tests of human endurance and skill.

While the public reaction to padded glove contests is quite favorable, yet many estimable persons seem to be under the impression that boxing as conducted at the present time is merely a throwback from the net and the cestus. Yet the boxing commissions of the present day are tireless in their efforts to minimize the brutal features of the past.

The rules of the commissions in one respect are aimed to prevent serious injuries to contestants. In this direction, it is a fact that greater precautions are taken than in any other vigorous branch of athletics. Without reference to age or condition, every boxer is carefully examined by a physician previous to entering the ring.

The Commission referees are also under strict orders to stop a contest in which one of the boxers is punished to an extent not warranted. It is rarely that a set of bouts is staged that the referee does not halt a contest in which one of the men shows inability to withstand the punishment inflicted by his opponent.

* * *

YET the devotees of other vigorous contests assume to look down upon boxing as something altogether too base and revolting for momentary consideration.

It is questionable as to the reaction of the public officials should forty-five boxers be killed in less than three months. Quite likely the public and the officials would rise up and demand the immediate passage of a law prohibiting boxing in any form, either as exercise or for competitive honors.

In addition to the great care taken by boxing commissions to prevent serious injuries to contestants, the man who enters the ring for a contest knows that he has but one opponent to deal with. On the other hand a football player running with the ball, or pursuing the holder of the ball, may, when on the ground, be pounced on by from four to eight powerful opponents, resulting in broken bones or neck. Yet there is no wholesale demand for the abolition of football and it is proper that there should not be, for such dangers can and will be eliminated.

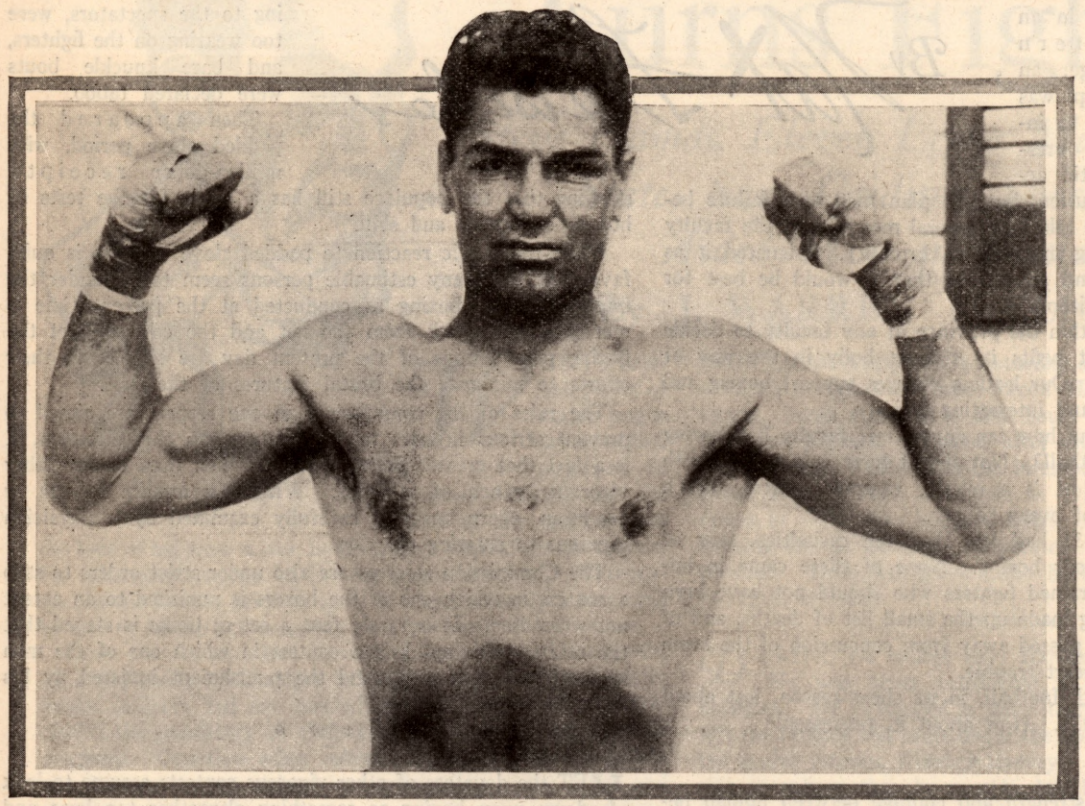
I know of no form of athletics more trying on the contestants than a four-mile rowing race in a collegiate regatta. Yet we do not hear of the faculty of our leading institutions demanding that such stirring competition be abandoned because of the athletic heart that is frequently developed among the oarsmen.

We are an athletic nation. We thrive on athletics. We develop the spirit of keen competition among our children at an early age. We get our thrills in baseball, boxing, rowing, hockey, football and track and field sports. Keenness of eye, manliness, courage, perseverance—those traits are developed in boxing more so than in any other branch.

Let us be fair. Boxing—amateur, collegiate and professional—has aided this country materially both in peace and in war. The sport has aided more in the feeding of the homeless, the unemployed, the needy, during the present crisis than any other athletic activity. Charity beckons and boxing answers.

The contemptuous sniffing of the college highbrows at boxing should cease until such time as those who condemn the sport as unfit for the collegian, improve conditions in their own favored sports and clean their own home.

Fistic Attractions



Here's Jack Dempsey, the biggest drawing card, according to Lewis—provided he can regain his old time form

THE year 1931 was not a lucrative one for boxing, and many of those, who like myself, are constantly on the lookout for good attractions, blamed the depression. It seems that every time anything went wrong, Kid Depression got the blame. But I am not one of those who argue along that line. From personal observation, I have reached the conclusion that the lack of big gates and the financial flop were caused by the failure of managers and fighters, primarily the managers, to take advantage of opportunities to arrange lucrative matches because they feared to risk the possibility of defeat against good men.

To me, one who has been in the sport as manager, promoter and second for upward of twenty-five years, such management borders on the ridiculous. I can have no patience with men who dilly-daddle in an effort to manoeuvre their champion into a soft spot only to find him shorn of his crown with a net return of less than five thousand dollars, when, pitted against a real contender in a championship match, they would have collected ten times as much and probably would have retained the crown because the title holder would have trained harder and more conscientiously.

It is managers of that type, and there are many of them, who made the year 1931 an off year. The real cause for the fistic drought was the refusal of the leaders of pugilism to consent to being paired with men of recognized ability, fighters whose known qualities would have brought the fans out in droves.

* * *

THERE is a hue and cry all over the country about bad times and the lack of money in boxing. As a matter of fact, the trouble lies with the promoters, and the managers who hamper the efforts of promoters who are willing to put on good fights but can't obtain a break from the majority of the topnotchers who are willing to get the public's money but will accept only mediocre fighters as opponents. That condition must cease if we are to have a return of prosperity in the sport we love.

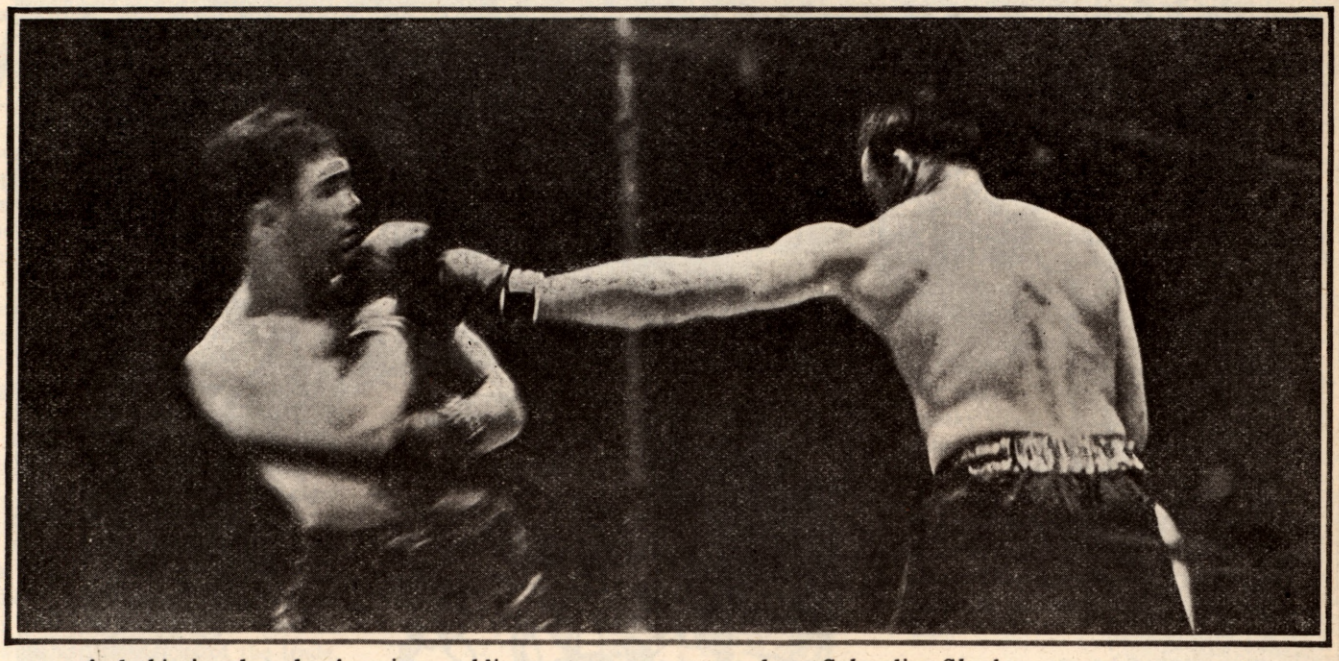
Managers and fighters and promoters must come to their senses. Let's all pull together instead of in opposite directions. The fan who pays the freight knows just what he wants. He is paying the bill. He is making it possible for our headliners to roll up snug fortunes — more money than the majority ever dreamt they would own, and under the circumstances, these fans are entitled to the best that boxing can afford.

Out in Chicago, where I handle the reins at one of America's greatest sports arenas, the Chicago Stadium, the fight fans turned out in large numbers last year to see our shows. They didn't do that because they had more money than did their fellow brethren in New York or because there is more prosperity in the middle west, but because I furnished them with good, high class, attractive shows, the kind that couldn't miss. We took more money in for the year than did the Garden of New York for the simple reason that we had the attractions and the Garden didn't.

20 Leading Bouts for 1932 Selected by Nate Lewis

1—Max Schmeling vs. Jack Dempsey.
2—Max Schmeling vs. Jack Sharkey.
3—Jack Dempsey vs. Mickey Walker.
4—Max Schmeling vs. Mickey Walker.
5—Jack Dempsey vs. Primo Carnera.
6—King Levinsky vs. Mickey Walker.
7—Jack Dempsey vs. Ernie Schaaf.
8—King Levinsky vs. Primo Carnera.
9—Tony Canzoneri vs. Battling Battalino.
10—Jack Sharkey vs. Tuffy Griffiths.
11—Tony Canzoneri vs. Jimmy McLarnin.
12—Jack Sharkey vs. King Levinsky.
13—King Levinsky vs. Tuffy Griffiths.
14—Tony Canzoneri vs. Kid Chocolate.
15—King Levinsky vs. Max Baer.
16—Battling Battalino vs. Billy Petrolle.
17—Battling Battalino vs. Kid Chocolate.
18—Kid Chocolate vs. Earl Mastro.
19—Jimmy McLarnin vs. Lou Brouillard.
20—Lou Brouillard vs. Billy Petrolle.

that Hold Spotlight



And this is what the American public wants to see repeated—a Schmeling-Sharkey return engagement.

Nate Lewis, One of Country's Leading Promoters, Selects Twenty Outstanding Bouts for 1932

By NATE LEWIS

Now the Garden wasn't to blame for that. Tom McArdle, an excellent matchmaker, failed because the managers and fighters didn't offer to him the help he deserved. They wouldn't sacrifice a few dollars to meet the change in conditions, nor would they consent to matches in which opponents of equal calibre were paired.

The result spoke for itself. The public wouldn't stand for hand-picked opponents. The public refused to patronize fights which on the face seemed one-sided.

That is what we must eliminate and from my observation, I feel confident that we are now on the right trail. Courageous fighters like Bat Battalino and Tony Canzoneri are setting the pace and others will be compelled to follow.

* * *

WHEN I was a manager, I handled some great fighters, among them Charley White, Kid Herman, Joe Burman, Joe Welling, Jock Malone, Pal Moore and others I didn't ask the boys for advice as to their opponents. I went out and signed the best men available, those whose prowess would assure us of a good gate and then told my boys to get into trim.

To-day we have a class of temperamental fighters and temperamental managers. This fellow is too good, and that fighter won't draw well. This fighter is a southpaw, and that chap is too good a boxer. This pugilist hits too hard and that one has too good a left hook.

That's all we hear when we try to arrange contests between well matched boys. Is it any wonder, therefore, that the game has taken such a tumble in the past two years?

A good fighter is one who has courage—a man who fears no one his weight. That is the type exemplified by Battalino, Canzoneri and Loughran. Those are the fighters who have saved the day for the sport and they are the ones, possibly excepting Loughran, who seems now to be on the down grade, who will force other high class fighters to join their group and bring the sport back with a bang.

And that is why I expect this year to be a banner one despite the business depression. If Max Schmeling adheres to his present plans to fight twice and possibly three times, if Jack Dempsey should find himself prepared to reenter the ring against the leaders, if Schmeling actually gives Jack Sharkey the chance he deserves in a return battle, and Canzoneri, Battalino and a few other good boys continue to meet real opponents, 1932 will see a big gain over the previous year.

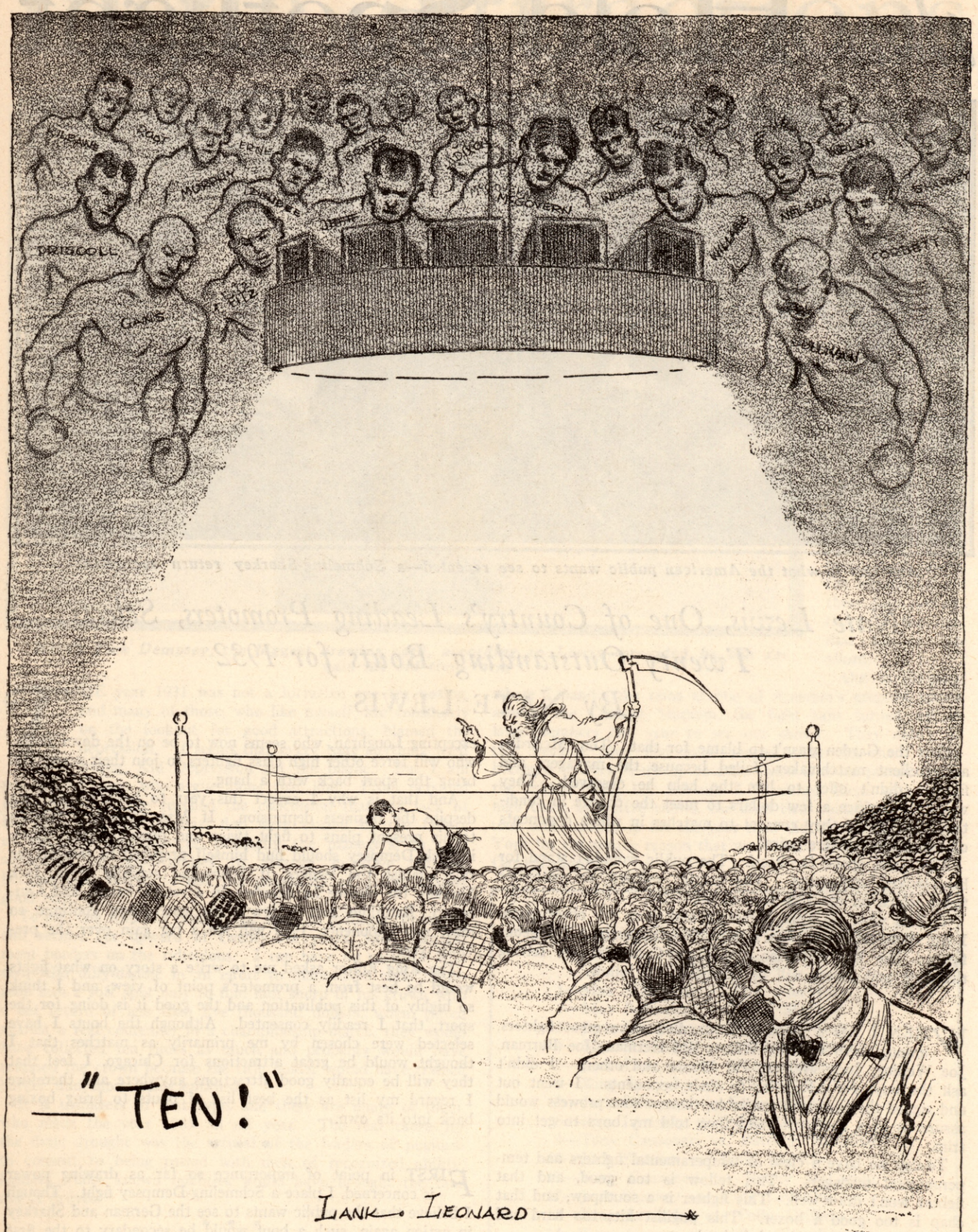
The Ring Editor asked me to write a story on what fights would be best from a promoter's point of view, and I think so highly of this publication and the good it is doing for the sport, that I readily consented. Although the bouts I have selected were chosen by me primarily as matches that I thought would be great attractions for Chicago, I feel that they will be equally good attractions anywhere and therefore I regard my list as the best list of bouts to bring boxing back into its own.

* * *

FIRST in point of importance so far as drawing power is concerned, I place a Schmeling-Dempsey fight. Though I believe that the public wants to see the German and Sharkey in action again, such a bout would be secondary to the first named, provided of course, that Dempsey is fit for a real comeback. Regardless of how good Dempsey is, he still is the magnet that will draw in the throngs.

There are thousands who think that Dempsey was unjustly deprived of the title in that famous "Fourteen Count" in his bout with Tunney, and nothing would please these followers of the erstwhile Manassa Mauler, (*Continued on page* 46)

Vale, Loughran!— By "Lank" Leonard



Another LEVINSKY Rises

Chicago's Kingfish Both Pitcher and Catcher and Colorful Figure

By Ed Merrill

THE bird they all are talking about in boxing, from Broadway to Vancouver, is King Levinsky, the Chicago heavyweight. In the Windy City they call him King the Dropper. Levinsky himself likes to refer to himself as the Kingfish. Some of the boys who have suffered at his hands this past year or two call him a lot of other names.

Levinsky achieved the crest of his drive in New York on December 18, 1931, when he whipped Tommy Loughran in ten rounds and thrice sent the skillful Tommy to the Garden canvas. Going into the fight Levinsky was a rank outsider, at 3 to 1. It was figured that Tommy was much too clever and adroit for the wild swinging Kingfish. New York fans visioned in Levinsky just another Max Baer, dangerous at times but not sufficiently versed in the wiles and the tricks of the trade.

Coming out of the ten rounder Levinsky looked like a title contender. True, he had swung a lot of gloves. But he also had landed quite a few of them on the hitherto hard to catch Loughran. Some of the experts stressed what they scented as Tommy's quick slide down the fistic toboggan. But others emphasized what they regarded as Levinsky's rise to a place in the sun, irrespective of Tommy's failure and his bad judgment of distance.

The triumph over Loughran was most noteworthy, but it was not the lone outstanding achievement of the Kingfish's career. He had knocked out Tom Kirby in two rounds and sent the former amateur champion to a hospital. He had beaten the flashy Jimmy Slattery in ten, he had stopped Leo Lomski in five, with an even dozen knockdowns, and he had knocked out Jack Gagnon in three heats.

* * *

THE Kingfish's story is chockful of drama and those high lights of startling ring progress. First, let it be known that while he is called Levinsky, his real name is Krakow, Harry Krakow, of the good old Bronx of New York. When the King was only two years old, his family moved from New York to Chicago and had enough presence of mind to take Harry along.

As an amateur Krakow was a bust. He tried time after time and you may take his own word for it that he never won a decision in any simon pure tournament in Chicago.

Considering this aspect of his early days, his success is all the more phenomenal. He seems to be the only case of a former amateur who went to professional success without a background of championship attainment as a simon pure.

However, Levinsky-Krakow thought he could fight and he kept persisting in that impression. He seems to have had the right slant.

When he became a professional he considered some happy moniker like Knockout Reilly, or One Round Hannigan.

But his wise professional handler said, "Now, you are a Jew. There is a fortune in this game for a good Jewish heavy. Why disguise yourself as Hannigan or Hogan or Reilly? You'll lose your big ace as a box office attraction."

"Okeh," said Krakow. "Now, let me think. I've got it. Battling Levinsky was a great fighter and a great guy. I see he is slipping out of the picture. Well, I am the new Levinsky, but not Battling. Let's make it Kingfish Levinsky, well, King. Let it go at that." You see, Krakow had been listening in on Amos and Andy, and the Kingfish had appealed to him.

* * *

LEVINSKY set out to be a different sort of fighter and he seems to have succeeded from several angles. For example, he is managed by a woman, his sister, to be exact—Mrs. Lena Levy. And she is as clever as any of the men managers.

The Kingfish broke in under the management of Al Miller, former pilot of Sailor Friedman.

Miller acquired the Kingfish at an outlay of $250. In one of his bouts under Al's management, Levinsky returned to his corner with a complaint that his dogs were going back on him. "Why, you haven't been around long enough to suffer that way," Miller said. He examined the Kingfish's feet and found that he had the right shoe on the left foot.

From Miller the Kingfish went under the management of Ray Alvis. Levinsky became just one of a numerous boxing stable.

Alvis matched Levinsky with Tuffy Griffiths. The Kingfish got $4,000, Tuffy received $25,000. This did not strike the Krakow family as the right split. Mrs. Levy lit on Alvis and the upshot of it all was Levinsky's leaving Alvis and Mrs. Levy's taking over his business affairs.

Levinsky got his most valuable experience in his first fight with Loughran. He knocked Tommy down for a count of nine but Loughran got the nod. The Kingfish learned something in every round.

Following the second battle with Loughran, the Kingfish encountered stiff opposition in Chicago where he clashed with Paulino at the Stadium and came through with a hairline decision. One of the judges voted for a draw and the other and referee, favored Levinsky. The fact remains, however, that the Kingfish gained the verdict and thereby strengthened his position among the heavyweight contenders. How he will fare against such a well-groomed fighter like Ernie Schaaf, whom he must eventually eliminate before he can be considered in the top flight, remains to be seen.

Levinsky scales around 190 pounds and is that rara avis of the ring, a combination pitcher and catcher.

Temperament

Peculiarities of star fighters previous to important battles

By A. D. Phillips

Maxie Rosenbloom, the fighter of "iron nerves"

FIGHT fans who follow with an eager eye the performances of fighters of standing throughout the world, generally labor under the impression that every pugilist who has gained the spotlight is endowed with an abundance of courage, for otherwise, they feel, the fighter could not possibly have reached his high standing. Little do they know that most of the top-notchers are men whose nerves are so high strung, so jumpy, that they could probably give the women pointers on fit-throwing.

First, there is that nervousness that is to be found when the fighter is in training. Then there is the nervousness that he carries with him on the day he weighs in. Finally there is that nervousness that he exhibits as he sits in his corner, waiting for the gong to send him on his way. According to Dr. William H. Walker, dean of the New York State Boxing Commission's physicians; "if you don't find something along neurological lines in the average top-notcher on the day of a fight, then you've met with a very rare case."

Dr. Walker says there are some exceptions. He points to Gene Tunney as a wonderfully calm fighter, one who seemed to have left all his cares at home and didn't show the slightest sign of worry or temperament on the day of an important battle. Likewise Harry Greb, a care-free fighter whose only worry was how soon he could get into the ring to have it over with.

On the other hand, there was Jack Dempsey, a man full of nerves. He was of a most restless nature just before a contest. He was extremely fidgety. He could scarcely control himself on the day of a fight. Yet in camp, he was full of pep.

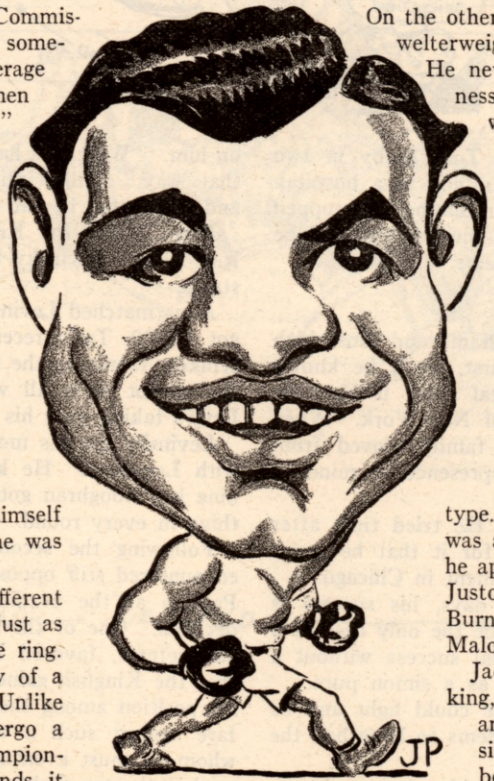
This nervousness varies widely in different classes of fighters. Max Schmeling is just as calm before battle as he is when in the ring. He goes about his business on the day of a fight as if it were just another day. Unlike most pugilists who are about to undergo a severe test, that of defending a championship, for instance, Schmeling never finds it difficult to get his afternoon sleep after weighing in.

JACK KID BERG, the "Human Windmill," is one of the most nervous fighters in the game to-day. He is of the "rarin'-to-go" type and displays his nervousness both on the evening of his encounter and in the weighing-in room. Tony Canzoneri, lightweight champion, is like Berg.

When Benny Leonard was about to weigh-in, he invariably appeared without color to his cheeks. He seemed extremely worried and was more so when he entered the ring. On most occasions he would rise half a dozen times from his chair, brush his hair with his fingers and then grasp one of the ring ropes and steady himself. But once he was unleashed, he was as calm as a cucumber. He was methodical in his attack and his worries all left him.

Johnny Dundee, who always chewed on a match stick in training and during a fight

On the other hand, Jack Britton, one of the cleverest welterweights of all time, was of the passive type. He never knew what worry meant. Nervousness never attacked him. But the man with whom he clashed nineteen times, Ted Kid Lewis, was of an irritable nature. He not only was extremely fidgety, but highly temperamental.



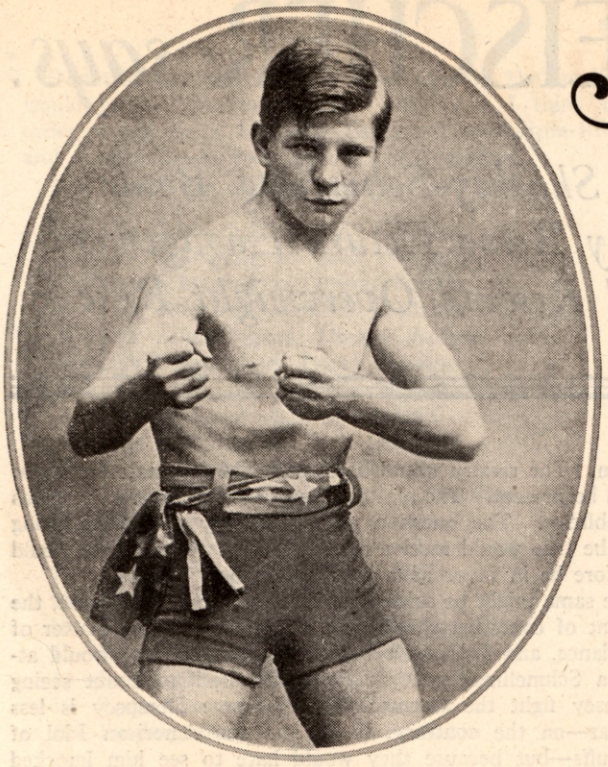
Tony Canzoneri, cool, calculating fighter after the bout begins

Bat Battalino, the featherweight king, is of the same school. He is difficult to control during the period just preceding a fight. Nervous to the nth degree, he wants to get it over with and as a result, expends more energy than is necessary. Even when he enters the ring, he carries that nervousness with him but forgets about it as soon as the battle gets under way.

Sammy Mandell was another of that type. In his preparation for Al Singer, he was all nerves and when he got into the ring, he appeared more dead than alive. Sid Terris, Justo Suarez, Georges Carpentier, Tommy Burns, the old heavyweight king; and Jimmy Maloney all belonged to that same class.

Jack Delaney, former light-heavyweight king, like Gene Tunney, Tommy Loughran and Primo Carnera, belonged to the opposite type. He was a cool, collected fighter both before and during a mill. Luis Firpo was cold as ice.

Jimmy McLarnin, (*Cont'd on page* 42)



Knockout Brown who came within one punch of winning lightweight title

A Matter of Courage

An Infallible Test of a Fighter's Gameness, Is a Stream of Punches to the Nose, says Dan Morgan

By Frank Graham

COURAGE? The word is dealt with loosely. This is especially true where fighters are concerned. Fighters who "can take it" are labelled, off hand, as courageous. Those who cannot, are "dogs" and "quitters." Sometimes confusion exists as to the status of a given fighter. In one fight he "could take it." In another, he could not. Are all fighters who "can take it" courageous, all those who cannot, "dogs" and "quitters"? And what of the fighter who "takes it" in one fight and "dogs it" in another?

The questions were passed on to Dan Morgan. You do not hear very much of Dan Morgan these days, for the fate that distributes good fighters to managers, good and otherwise, has passed him up. Dan hasn't had a really good fighter since Battling Levinsky hung up his gloves but he has had some very good fighters at one time or another. The best of them, of course, was Jack Britton and the most picturesque, Knockout Brown. But when a good fighter comes to him again he will know what to do with him, for there is very little, if anything, that Dan doesn't know about the business of fighting.

Let him, then, give answer, out of the years of experience he has had in managing and seconding fighters whose names are writ large across the history of the ring.

* * *

"COURAGE is hard to measure in a fighter sometimes," he said, "because you cannot always believe what you see in the ring. I have seen fighters who were lions in some fights, dogs in others. Why? Maybe because they really lacked courage and were brave only against fellows they were sure they could lick. Or maybe, when they looked so good they were feeling great and their minds were free of troubles —and when they looked bad their physical condition was poor or they had something on their minds other than the fights in which they were engaged.

"I took a boy—never mind his name—up to Boston to fight one night and he disgraced both of us by the fight he made. I was astounded because I believed—and since have had reason to believe so again—there wasn't a gamer boy in the ring. But I discovered after the fight that he was suffering with a stomach ailment that had upset his nerves, knocked him completely out of kilter and sent him into the ring fearing the worst. When the other boy went to work on him, he believed the worst was at hand, and, far from being his usual self, he winced and held and ran every time he was hit hard.

"Another time a boy who blew up on me all of a sudden, admitted to me afterward that he was having trouble at home. He was in great shape physically but his mind wasn't on the fight and a few belts on the whiskers threw him into a panic.

"The nearest thing I know to an infallible test of a fighter's gameness is a stream of punches right on the nose. We'll say you have a fighter in there who, you know, is all right. He's finely trained and there isn't a thing on his mind but the idea of knocking the other fellow's block off. Maybe, outside of his physical and mental condition, you don't know much about him. One of the things you don't know is how he will go under fire.

"There's only one thing to look for—a series of punches to his nose. The kind that go ping! ping! ping! The kind that make the nose puff and swell and bring tears to the eyes. Remember that a punch on the chin or in the stomach doesn't mean anything in the way of testing a fellow's gameness.

"If a punch on the chin isn't hard enough to knock a fellow out, it doesn't hurt much and if it is hard enough to knock him out, it doesn't hurt at all. A punch in the stomach takes the wind out of a boy but if he's in good shape he gets his wind back in a hurry. The thing that tries a fighter's heart and nerves is the old blast on the nose.

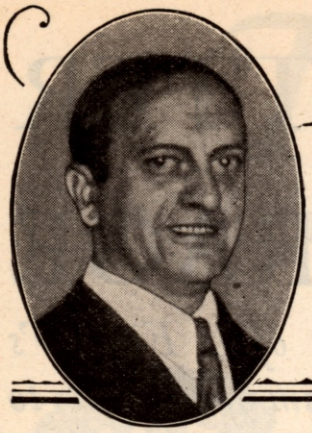
* * *

"LET me tell you about Knockout Brown and what first attracted me to him. Little Knockout had been kicked around a bit before I got him. He was awkward and he couldn't think fast and some clever boys could make a mug of him, so the two or three or four managers he had had couldn't see anything in him. But I liked his build and his willingness—and his punch. I figured I could make something of him if he was as game as I thought he was.

"So, soon after I got him, I matched him to fight Pal Moore —not the Pal Moore who bobbed around among the best bantamweights in the country for a long while, but a Philadelphia lightweight by that name. He was a lanky fellow with a great left hand—a fellow who tacked a real sting to his left jab.

"Well, little Kayo walked into him clubbing away with both hands and Moore stabbed him with that left. Kayo went back on his heels and I thought his eyes would pop out of his head. Ping! Right on the beezer! Ping! Ping! Ping! Kayo's nose looked like a ripe tomato after a couple of rounds and every time Moore hit him, the tears squirted out of his eyes but do you think he stopped? Not for an instant. For ten rounds he walked into that tormenting left hand and I'll bet Moore never missed a poke at him. Kayo lost the fight, of course—but I was happy because I knew I had a real fighter.

(*Continued on page* 44)



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Interest Keen in Sharkey-Schmeling Bout
Public Demand May Bring Return Engagement
Commission Should Rescind Overweight Rule

ELSEWHERE in this issue, is a story by Nate Lewis, famous Chicago promoter, that is worthy of close study. He names twenty contests, which, he says, if they can be arranged, would make 1932 the banner year for gate receipts since the days when Jack Dempsey was in his prime. He also discusses remedies which he declares would cure boxing's ills.

His statement hits the nail on the head. If fighters and their managers are wise, they will listen to reason, study carefully what Nate Lewis has to say and then arrange their year's schedule accordingly. Unquestionably every promoter is fully convinced that he is qualified to judge what the spectators most desire in the way of gilt-edged boxing programmes, and most often he is correct. Incidentally, the promoter usually has his way in the matter and provides the sort of bouts he decides are most apt to draw in the greatest amount of money and give the most satisfaction, and since Nate Lewis in the past has demonstrated that his attractions drew what he thought they would when he arranged his cards, his selection of the twenty best bouts from a promoter's point of view, merits considerable attention.

Nevertheless, THE RING, knowing full well the attitude that most promoters assume in matters of this kind, will venture to name its own list, a list that on the surface, if the bouts could be arranged, would be winners financially and scientifically. THE RING has no interest in any boxers set forth in the following list, except as they appear to be the leading attractions in the heavyweight and other classes involved and are apt to give the greatest satisfaction to the public and the promoters.

* * *

FIRST and foremost, I find it necessary to take issue with Nate Lewis on his leading card. I disagree with Lewis on the matter of his first choice. I hold no brief for Jack Sharkey and make no claim that he is superior to Max Schmeling, but I do maintain that a Schmeling-Sharkey fight will outdraw any other possible card, not excepting a Schmeling-Dempsey mill.

I believe that a Schmeling-Sharkey fight is in order and that such a contest would do more to bring the sport back into its own, than any other. I believe that the objections of the Schmeling entourage to a second meeting with Sharkey, should be overridden by promoters and the public and a demand should be made for a second meeting in which the relative merits of the two leading heavyweights can be put to a test.

The present situation in the boxing market, demands a return engagement. The public wants it and will pay heavily to see it. It is the only available bout that will yield close to a million-dollar gate.

That is why it stands out as the headiner and if Joe Jacobs can see the light, he will realize the benefits of such a contest to him and his charge, financially. Schmeling is a good fighter and will be better this year than he was in Cleveland, when he gave a masterful exhibition against Stribling. Sharkey is no longer at his peak, yet he is still a most dangerous fighter.

That the men would be well matched is a foregone conclusion. The rivalry would be there. The international flavor would be present. The matter of supremacy would gain reams of publicity. The question of the foul by which Schmeling won the title would receive another airing. Everything would therefore be in favor of a great ballyhoo.

The same might be said about Dempsey, but in his case, the element of condition would be a vital factor in the matter of attendance, and it is my belief that thousands who would attend a Schmeling-Sharkey fight, would hesitate about seeing Dempsey fight the German. Not because Dempsey is less popular—on the contrary, he is still the American Idol of Fisticuffs—but because they would hate to see him knocked out if he failed to attain his previous standard. That is why I think a Schmeling-Sharkey fight is the greater attraction.

* * *

THE RING'S second choice for a meeting with Schmeling is Jack Dempsey, but this selection is made with reservations referring to the physical condition of the former champion. If the Dempsey whose tigerish onslaughts felled the giant Willard seven times in the first round of the Toledo slaughter, can furnish proof that he is within a reasonable distance of his form on that occasion, he would be entitled to the match with the German champion. But there is but one way in which the conqueror of Willard can prove that he is fit to make another bid for the world's title. He cannot furnish satisfactory proof as to condition by punching third-raters in bouts limited to two or three rounds. The attendance at these contests—he drew $221,000 at 31 bouts—no doubt serves to show that Dempsey is still a popular boxer, but those bouts fall very short of convincing the public as to his ability to get into the ring with a man of Schmeling's ability in a championship battle.

Therefore it is suggested that Dempsey, before accepting a bout with Schmeling, make a match with some heavyweight of reasonably good form and thus prove conclusively that he is in condition for a match with Schmeling, Sharkey or any other good heavyweight. Dempsey would inspire confidence in his chances to regain the heavyweight crown if he went into the ring with Ernie Schaaf, Mickey Walker, King Levinsky, Primo Carnera, Tuffy Griffiths, Max Baer, or some other heavyweight the equal of those mentioned. Unless he consents to take the course set forth, he is unlikely to attract the attention a match with Schmeling should get. As a matter of fact, no promoter would be justified in attempting to match him with Schmeling on a guarantee unless he furnishes convincing proof that he is in the physical condition required in a 15-round bout for the heavyweight title.

* * *

MICKEY WALKER is entitled to consideration as a good drawing card among the heavyweights because of his draw bout with Sharkey. Outside of that contest, the Jersey Bulldog has accomplished little of merit. Mickey, as Nate Lewis aptly remarks, is a great drawing card in Chicago, and a fight with Dempsey in the Windy City, a contest I would rate as fourth on my list, would draw $300,000 outdoors.

Doubtless the most attractive card among the smaller men would be a Canzoneri-Battalino affair and I think next in order, would be a McLarnin-Canzoneri, McLarnin-Brouillard and a Battalino-Petrolle fight at catchweights.

THE RING'S outstanding cards for 1932 follow:

1—Max Schmeling vs. Jack Sharkey
2—Max Schmeling vs. Jack Dempsey
3—Max Schmeling vs. Primo Carnera
4—Jack Dempsey vs. Mickey Walker
5—Max Schmeling vs. Mickey Walker
6—Jack Dempsey vs. Primo Carnera
7—Jack Dempsey vs. Ernie Schaaf
8—King Levinsky vs. Ernie Schaaf
9—King Levinsky vs. Jack Dempsey
10—King Levinsky vs. Jack Sharkey
11—Tony Canzoneri vs. Battling Battalino
12—Ernie Schaaf vs. Primo Carnera
13—Mickey Walker vs. King Levinsky
14—King Levinsky vs. Tuffy Griffiths
15—King Levinsky vs. Max Baer
16—Tony Canzoneri vs. Kid Chocolate
17—Jimmy McLarnin vs. Lou Brouillard
18—Battling Battalino vs. Kid Chocolate
19—Tony Canzoneri vs. Billy Petrolle
20—Battling Battalino vs. Earl Mastro

* * *

THE recent edict of the New York Boxing Commission banning overweight matches, deserves a little attention at this time. Ordinarily I would not boost overweight matches, because, as I've repeatedly remarked, a champion should not use a subterfuge—every time he enters the ring it should be in defense of his crown.

But times have changed. General conditions have altered the situation and as all business is adjusting itself to meet the new requirements, so boxing must follow suite. We must meet the conditions in boxing as in everything else.

The report of the New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, California and Illinois boxing commissions—the five most important centers of pugilism—show a big falling off in revenue for 1931. In New York, the legislators and the Governor are devising means for increased revenue through increased taxation.

Boxing in the past has paid handsomely into the coffers of the New York treasury and there is no reason why, even with the depression, that sport and wrestling should not continue to yield a big income. But to do so, the boxing commission must be a little more lenient than in the past.

The life of boxing depends almost wholly on the small clubs. If the smaller organizations cannot make any profit, the promoters must shut their doors. If the smaller club ceases to exist the larger organizations, like Madison Square Garden, which furnishes the bulk of the state boxing and wrestling tax, finds itself unable to offer attractive cards.

* * *

TO keep the state tax at a high level, the commission should permit each champion who has shown good faith in defense of his title, to take part in three overmatches during the period months grace granted a title holder. For example, there is no reason why Battalino and Canzoneri, two fighting champions, should have been halted from engaging in overweight matches in New York, after each had defended his title more than once within a few months after winning the crown.

The rule of the commission was put into effect a year ago primarily to force dodging champions into action, but when a title holder has given the leading contenders an opportunity to win the crown and then asks for a respite, it should be granted him. The commissioners should use a little discretion in such matters.

Competition is lagging in boxing. What we need is a continuity of action. The state needs revenue. The sport requires a maintenance of interest.

The easiest way to keep up such interest is to keep the small clubs going. They, more so than the larger organization, need all the help they can get from the state, and the best way to grant that aid, is to give the smaller clubs an opportunity to stage high-class shows at prices within the range of the ordinary fan.

To arrange such drawing cards requires the services of top-notch fighters, and there aren't very many of those running around. Therefore those clubs should be aided by the commission by permitting a champion to engage in an overmatch bout and through that medium, the commission not only will help the promoters but will add to the revenue of the state, something that New York State is badly in need of.

Let's keep the boys fighting. Let's keep up boxing interest. Let's keep the smaller clubs on their feet. Let's aid the state treasury.

Come on, Commissioners. Forget a few of your rules during these hard times. Exhibit a spirit of friendliness to the sport in these times of distress.

* * *

THE unfortunate situation that arose following the failure of Bat Battalino to make the weight in his championship match with Lew Feldman could easily have been avoided had the members of the New York Boxing Commission been on the job. That there was gross negligence involved, no one can combat. Had the commission's deputies enforced the rule that makes it mandatory for a fighter in a main event to train within 50 miles of New York City, under the supervision of a Deputy Commissioner, no such fiasco could have been possible, a fiasco that proved costly to the title holder and to Madison Square Garden.

Regardless of the action of the National Boxing Association, which, contrary to all precedence, has declared that Battalino is still the champion of the featherweights, the king's crown was lost when he failed to scale in at the featherweight limit. There can be no two ways about that. He no longer is the champion.

When a fighter agrees to defend his crown and finds, on the day of the fight, that he is unable to live up to that agreement, he automatically loses the championship. Battalino is now a full-fledged lightweight and under no circumstances can he lay claim to the feather title.

As for Feldman, under ordinary conditions, he would have been declared the new champion, but since he fought under the rules of New York State, which distinctly state:

"A championship can be lost by default, forfeit or inability to pass the scale, but a championship can only be won in a contest."

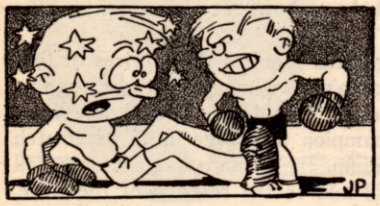
That rule makes the championship an open affair for which the leading contenders will battle. As Feldman had signed under that rule, his claim for the championship is void. Likewise the claim of Battalino that he still is the possessor of the crown.

I am very much surprised at the ruling of the National Boxing Association on this point. General Clinnin and his colleagues cannot justify their action in protecting Battalino until his six months grace are up. Decisions of this kind are responsible for the chaotic condition in which we find boxing to-day. The N. B. A. can make of itself a great international organization if it will throw aside politics and act according to Hoyle on important questions such as the Battalino affair.

I repeat, that when a champion fails to make the weight limit of his class in an advertised titular contest, he loses his crown. If such a bout were scheduled in a state where there is a specific ruling to the effect that the title passes on to the challenger if the challenger meets the weight requirements, such challenger would automatically become the champion.

There is no featherweight champion at this writing. Until such time as a winner in an open tournament is crowned, the class will be minus a title-holder.

Tales of Long Ago



By JOE HUMPHREYS

World Famous Announcer and Last Manager of Terry McGovern

EVERY time one of our diamond-studded maulers hangs up a demand for $100,000 or more for his services—quite a frequent occurrence—I think of the days when we were treated to hectic scraps, those of the hair-raising type, with the leaders of pugilism as the contestants, in which the fighters were often lucky when they got enough to pay for a week's board. I like to think of one bout in particular, about thirty years ago, in which I officiated as master of ceremonies. When the smoke of battle disappeared, the fighters owed money to the promoter. Sit down by the fireside and listen to my tale:

Johnny Reagan, now one of the State Boxing Board's Deputy Commissioners, but in his heyday one of America's great fighters and leading promoters, the same Johnny who fought a sensational battle for the welter championship with Nonpareil Jack Dempsey at Sands Point, L. I., forty-five years ago, was one of the leading figures in this story. Johnny at the time was operating the Pelican A. C. in Brooklyn, situated, I think, at Fifty-fifth Street and Third Avenue, Bay Ridge, and there he staged many great fights. On the occasion to which I refer, Reagan had two good Negro scrappers billed for the headliner, Hughie McWinters and Ed Darrell, both lightweights, and I was selected to do the announcing.

When the articles of agreement were to be signed, Reagan tried to give the boys a guarantee, but they turned that down. They thought they could do better by accepting a percentage, and that being agreeable to Reagan, he told the boys he would give them fifty percent of the gate to be split between them any way they cared to. They accepted and decided to divide it on a fifty-fifty basis. But before Reagan would agree to their terms, he stipulated that each would have to pay over to him $25 to help defray the expenses for the preliminary bouts and they accepted that part of the agreement also.

* * *

ED and Hughie fought a slam-bang battle for twenty rounds. They were pretty evenly matched and it was a toss-up as to which had the better of the bargain. But after the fight the promoter handed both of them the most painful sock they had felt during the whole evening, when he slipped them the glad tidings, that the total gate added up to $92.

This gave the two fighters $46 to divide between them and out of this they had to pay Johnny Reagan $25 apiece for the appetizer. You won't have to hire a certified public accountant to figure out that this left each of them owing Johnny two dollars.

The gladiators looked at each other, then at Reagan and finally they came to the realization that there was nothing in the house for them. "Don't we get nothin'?" piped up McWinters. "Yes, boys," replied Reagan, "I'll give you something that will keep you in mind of this fight," and with that, he took the fighters into the box-office, dug into a drawer for a batch of unsold tickets, handed a bunch to each and said:

"There you are. I'm not going to tax you the extra two dollars that you each owe me, but perhaps you'll get someone to buy these from you then you can divide the purse."

Needless to say Hughie and Eddie each had something by which to remember that night!

I wonder what some of the top notchers of to-day would say if they had to go through such experience!

Here's another little laugh for you. Another yarn of the old days. It's the story of "Stocking" Conroy, a heavyweight, and Sam Harris, manager of Terry McGovern. Sam, who years ago was one of the leaders in the managerial field, matched Conroy with Bob Armstrong for a twenty-round bout at the old Broadway Athletic Club.

"Stocking" weighed more than Primo Carnera and had a figure like a load of hay. His stomach looked like a bay window and it was that part of his anatomy that attracted Armstrong. Soon after the battle began, Bob started to play a tattoo on the paunch, and "Stocking," with a look of anxiety and a gasp every time a punch landed, sought relief by holding his man for dear life. When things looked dark for him, Harris yelled across the ring:

"Grab him. Hold on. Cover up," and "Stocking" did.

At this point, one of the spectators, about twenty feet back from the ring, jumped from his seat and with a terrible yell, threw up his hands and flopped. Everybody got up to see what had happened, because the yell was the weirdest thing you ever heard, and it was found that the poor fellow died.

When he heard the noise, Conroy let go of Armstrong and walked over to the ropes. Pointing in the general direction of the dead man, "Stocking," thinking the poor chap was abusing him, pointed his finger in the direction of the fellow and dared him to come forward and fight.

"Shut up, you fool," said Sam Harris, "the man just died."

"I don't care if he did," complained "Stocking." "He's got no business abusing me like that!"

And here's another: One night about thirty-eight years ago, Jim Watts, a colored pug from Louisville, was matched with Tommy West, the light heavyweight. This pair furnished the headline attraction at Maspeth, Long Island.

The fight was held in a dance pavilion and as it was a bitter cold night, the place was more or less heated by stoves. There wasn't $600 in the house and the fighters demanded their guarantee of $500 before they would enter the ring.

Being the announcer, I was delegated to appeal to the customers, explaining that $200 was needed before the boys would begin to fight. By passing around the hat, we collected $230 in about fifteen minutes, and the boys went on.

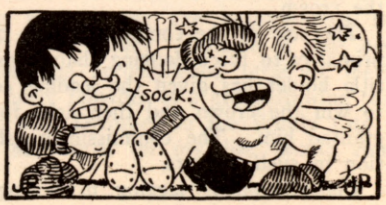
Watts had a large mouthful of glittering gold teeth, of which he was very proud. In the course of the fight, West knocked out Jim with a blow to the mouth which sent the golden molars flying all over the ring in full view of the spectators. While Watts's handlers were trying to coax the colored boy back to consciousness, a number of fans clambered into the ring and scrambled for the gold teeth.

When Jim came to, he became panic-stricken upon finding his cherished ornaments missing.

"Where am mah teeths?" he inquired.

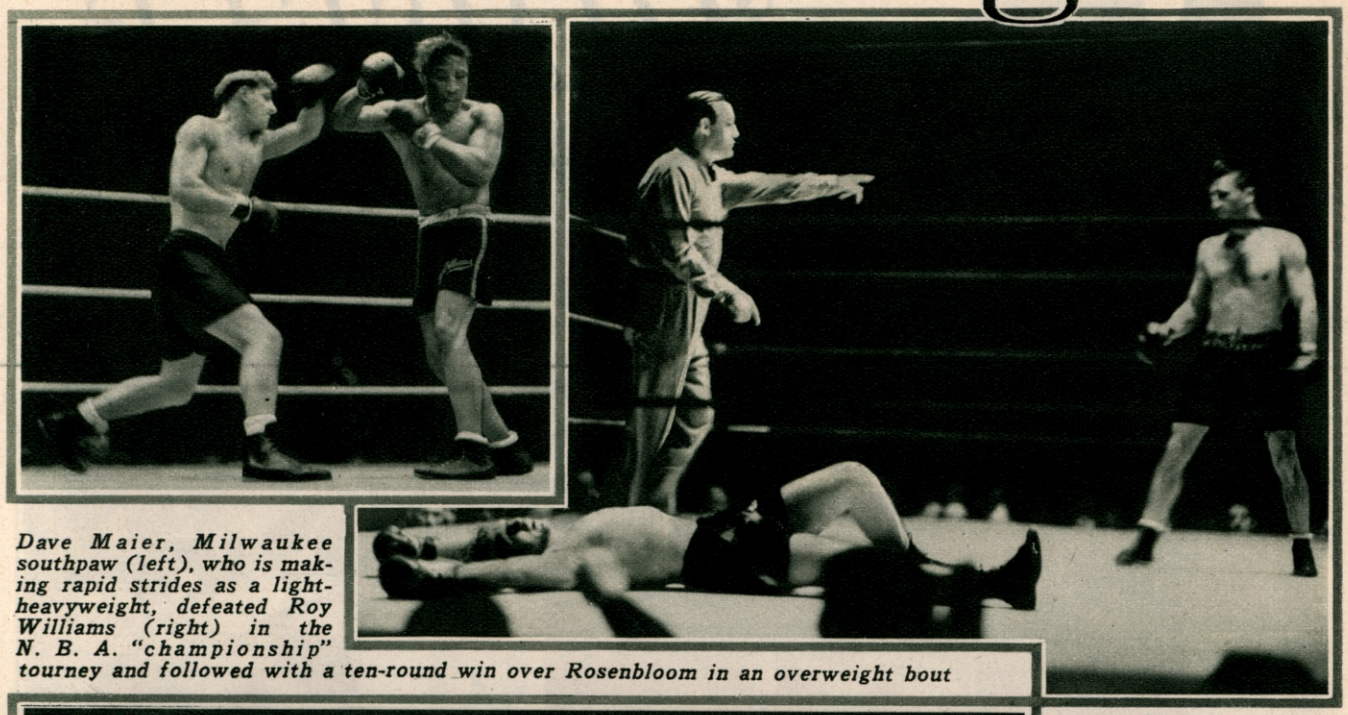
"They're gone Jim. You lost them in the fight and the fans made a scramble for them," said his manager.

"Dey has, has dey? Ah gits mah teeths back or der'll be a dead manager in dis ring," he fairly shrieked.

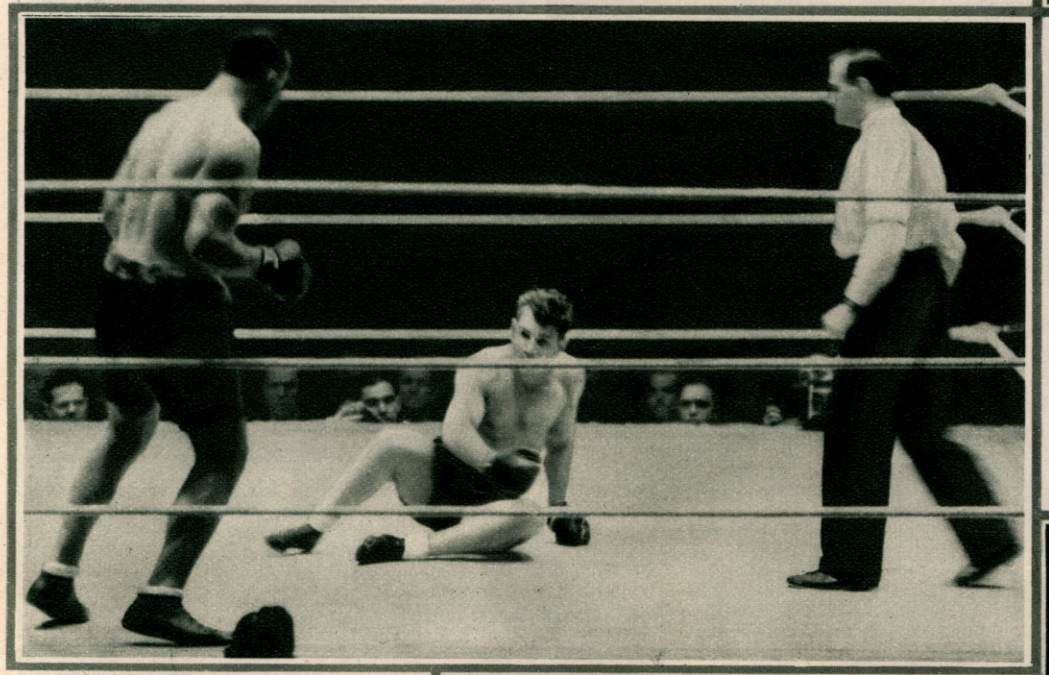


It was with difficulty that the gold teeth were recovered. It was the only time in my long career that I've seen a gold rush in the ring.

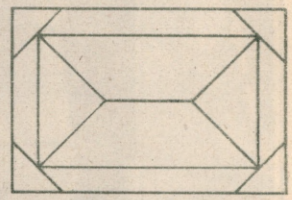
Current Fights

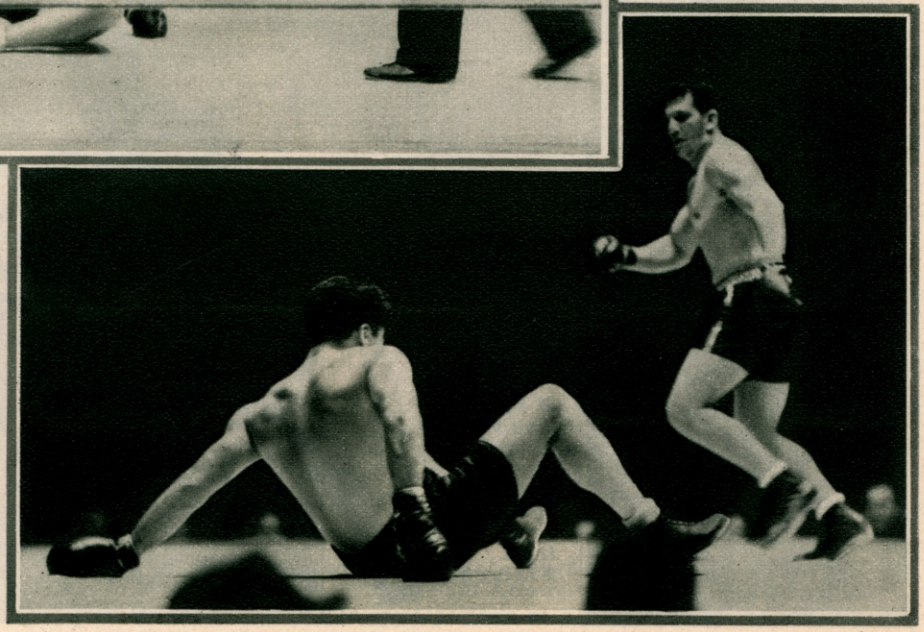


Dave Maier, Milwaukee southpaw (left), who is making rapid strides as a light-heavyweight, defeated Roy Williams (right) in the N. B. A. "championship" tourney and followed with a ten-round win over Rosenbloom in an overweight bout



Billy Petrolle advances. The Fargo Express proved his right to a titular contest with Brouillard by knocking out Billy Townsend in the seventh round in Madison Square Garden

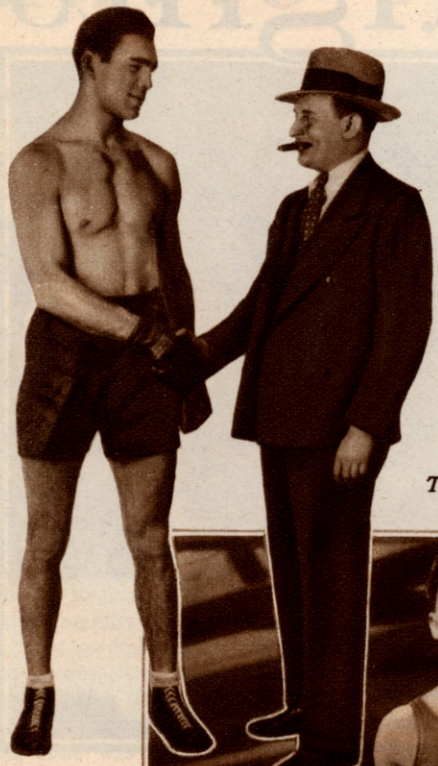




When King Levinsky tried his hand against Primo Carnera. He didn't fare as well as against Loughran whom he whipped. Here the "Chicago King" is down in the first round of his tilt with Primo. He went the full distance though

When King Levinsky put Tommy Loughran out of the heavyweight picture. Tommy was put down three times. Steve Hamas completed the job by stopping Tommy in two rounds a few weeks later

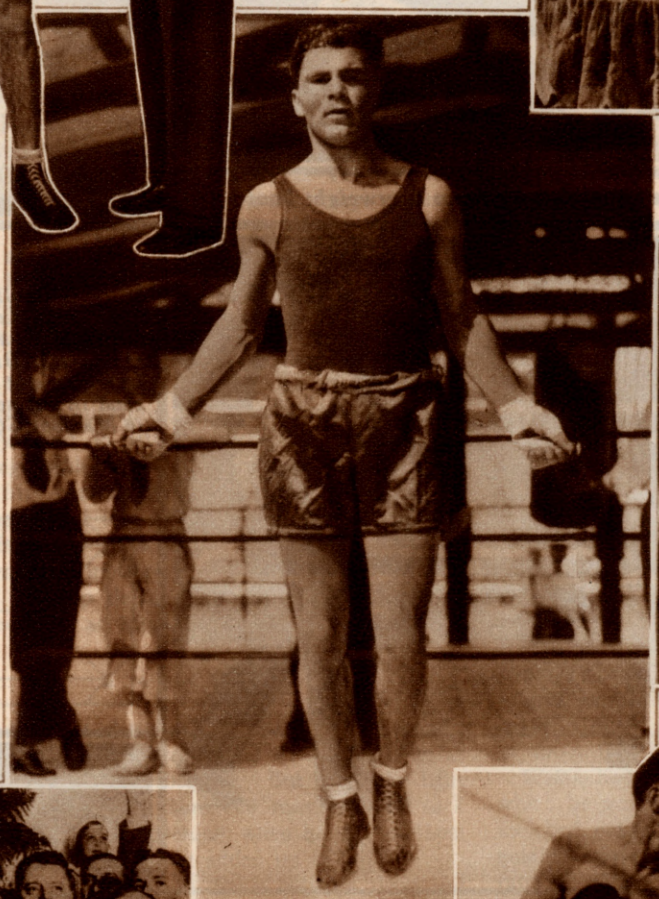
The CHAMPION HIMSELF



The firm of Schmeling and Jacobs

Max playing the Romeo with Olga Tchechowa, German movie queen in "Love in the Ring"

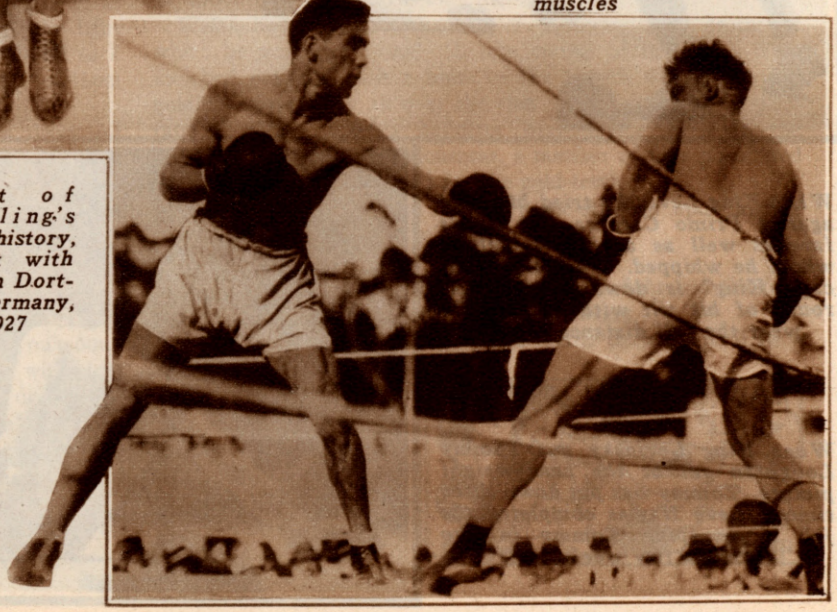
The champion skipping rope



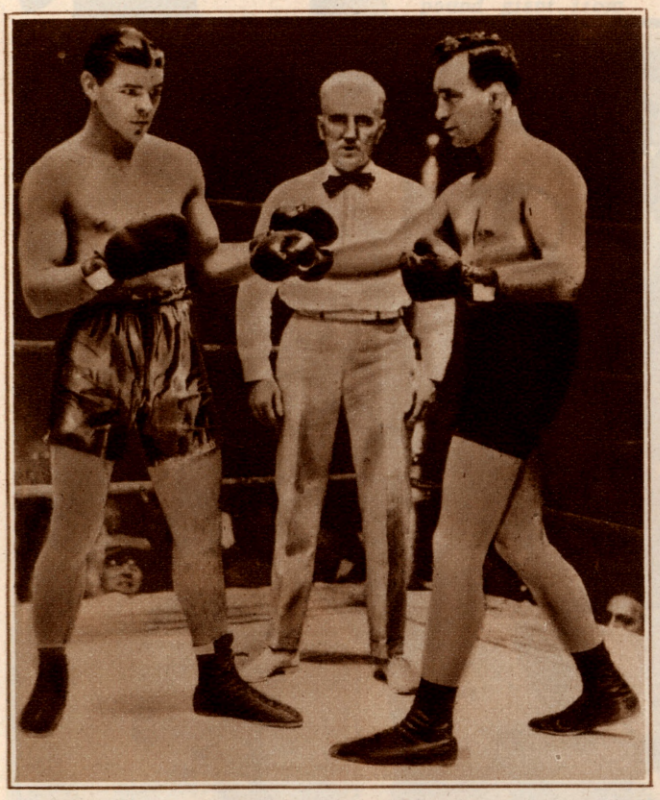
The title holder in his training quarters with Max Machon, limbering up his muscles

A bit of Schmeling's early history, his bout with Larsen in Dortmund, Germany, in 1927

Max receiving "The Ring" heavyweight championship award from Nat Fleischer

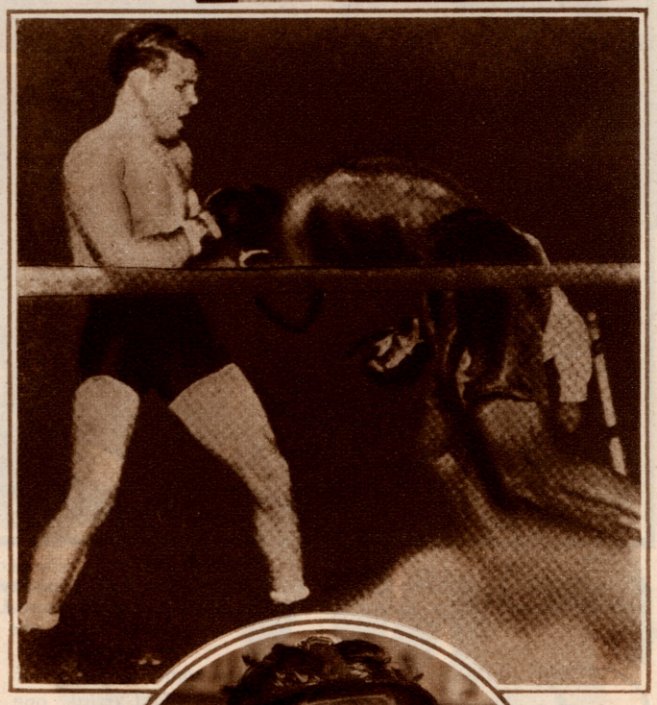


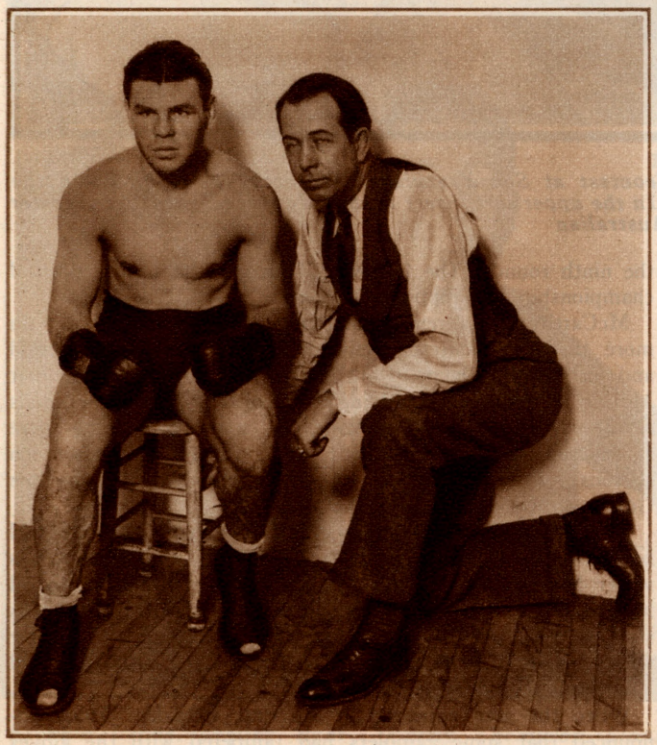
MICKEY *of the* MAULIES



The Bulldog himself

Back in the days when he took the welter title from Jack Britton





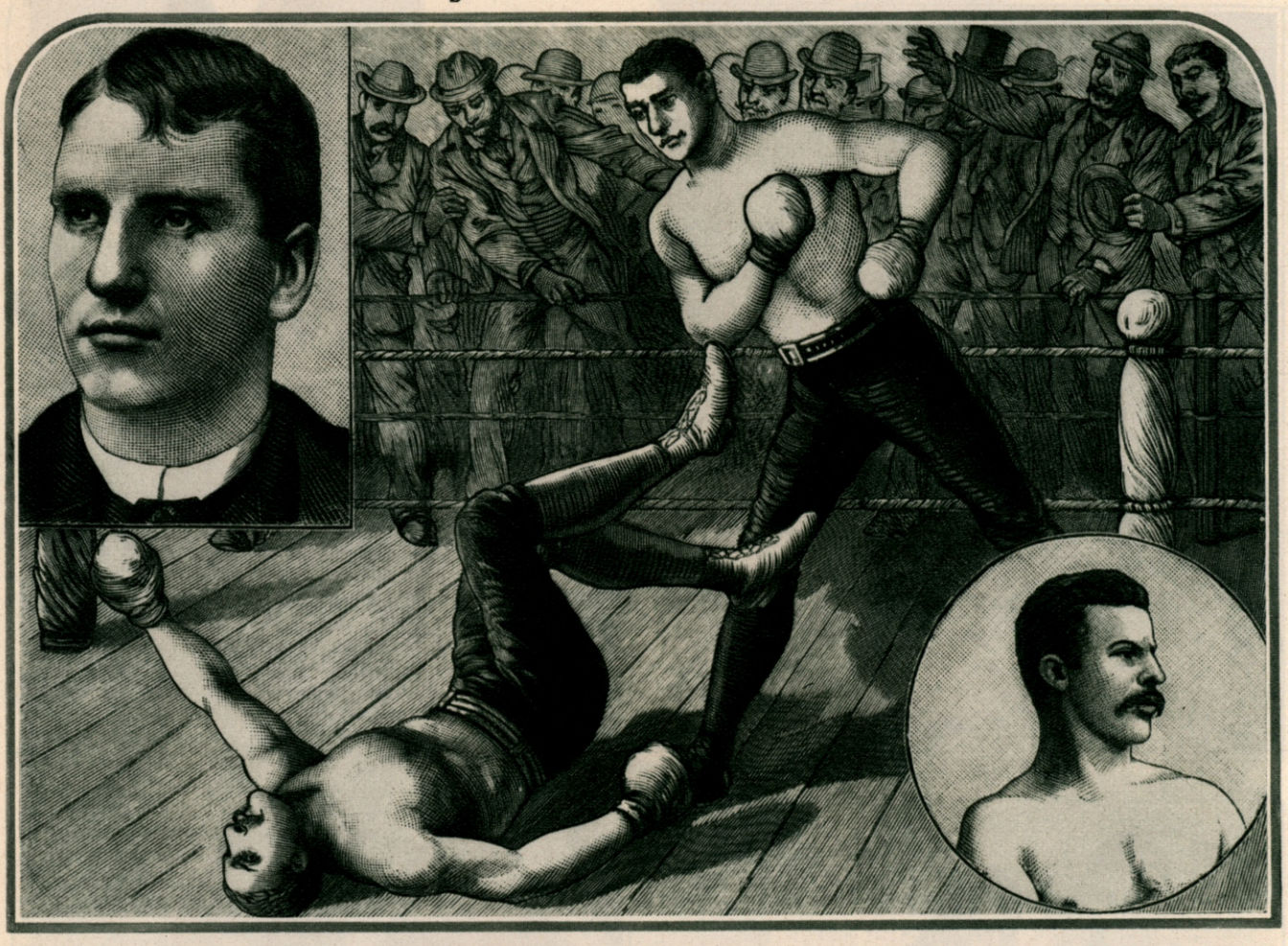
A little sage advice from his manager, Jack Kearns

(Above)—The fight in which Walker won the middleweight title from Tiger Flowers
(In circle)—He's no admirer of the cauliflower

A Great Battle Recalled

Death of Australian Billy McCarthy revives memories of his contest with "Nonpareil" Jack Dempsey

By B. Pinkerton



A woodcut illustration of the famous McCarthy-Dempsey contest at San Francisco, February 18, 1890, which the American won by a knockout in the twenty-eighth round. In the upper left insert is the "Nonpareil" and in the lower right, the Australian

FROM Sydney, Australia, has come the news of the death of Australian Billy McCarthy, one of the most famous of the Old Guard, at one time the middle champion of the Antipodes. McCarthy died at the age of 77 at the Lidcombe Hospital, near Sydney. The hospital is part of the Lidcombe State Institution, the poor house where many other famous Australian athletes passed their time in their old age.

McCarthy was born in England but made his home in Australia where he won the championship and then came to America to make his fortune. It was on February 18, 1890, that he tackled "Nonpariel" Jack Dempsey in an international middleweight fight at the California Athletic Club of San Francisco where the Australian was knocked out in the twenty-eighth round. They fought for the crown and a purse of $1800. Not much for a titular contest between such famed gladiators!

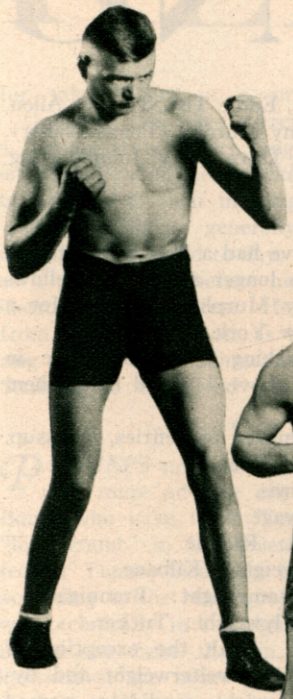
Three months later, on May 29, at the same club, McCarthy and Bob Fitzsimmons fought for the Australian middleweight title and Ruby Robert sent his opponent into dreamland in the ninth round. The following January, Fitz won the world championship by stopping Dempsey.

McCarthy had a remarkable ring record. He took part in more than 100 contests against the best men of his period and lost few of them. Old-timers down in Texas remember McCarthy as the outstanding hero of the Galveston floods of the early nineties. The Australian, who was working there at the time, was credited with saving the lives of seventeen persons for which feat he was publicly commended by the Governor of the Lone Star State.

In his battle with Dempsey, McCarthy found himself well backed by wealthy Australians. Not only did his friends wager heavily on him, but McCarthy, himself, put down all he had on his chances, so much, in fact, that when he was stopped, he found himself without funds and were it not for the aid given him by his countrymen in California, he would have been stranded here.

When the men appeared in the ring, President Fulda announced that some gamblers had tampered with the gloves since their last inspection by himself (*Continued on page* 41)

WESTERNERS WHO ARE MAKING HEADWAY



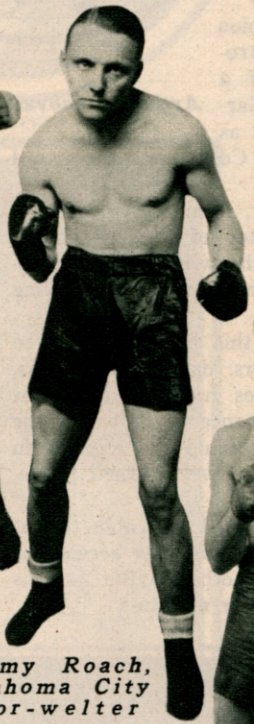
Kayo Lason from Lead, S. Dakota

Cliff Neff, 248-pound giant from Arizona

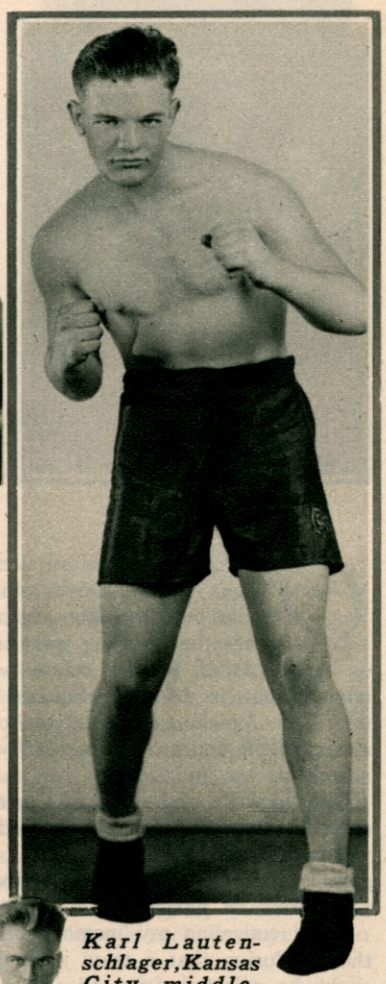
Buzz Smith, Sioux City lightweight

Tuffy Crain, rugged Atwood, Kansas, battler

Lester Francis, Oklahoma City bantam

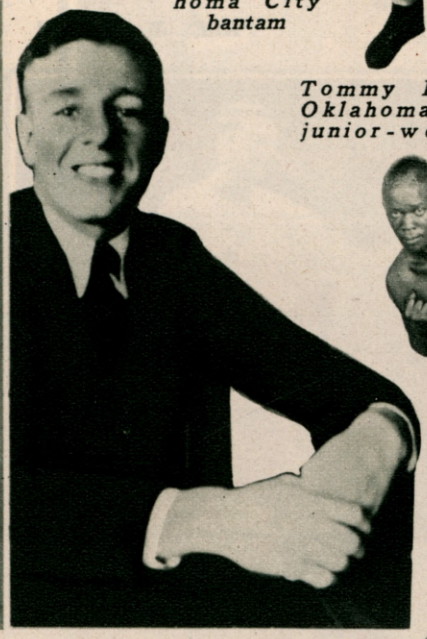


Tommy Roach, Oklahoma City junior-welter



Karl Lautenschlager, Kansas City middleweight

Frankie Lande, coming light-heavyweight from Denver



Jimmy Thompson, Sioux City lightweight

Eddie Graham, hard hitting Sioux City 138-pounder

Don K. O. Foster; Minot, N. D., middleweight

Al Jennings, hard hitting middleweight from Springfield, Mo.

FIGHTING

Gunboat Smith

Arthur Donovan

ONE evening not so long ago, Willie Lewis, former middleweight champion of the world, was introduced as the referee of a boxing bout in Madison Square Garden. Joe Agnello, who used to box as a lightweight under the name of Joe Coster, was announced as one of the judges.

The presence of Lewis and Coster, former fisticuffers, as officials, struck Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING, as worthy of note. He suggested to the writer, a few paragraphs concerning the number of former boxers now serving as referees or judges.

After cudgeling my memory on this point, I came to the conclusion that a team of boxers, one in every class, could be selected from the referees now on duty that would stand better than an even chance of defeating the present champions in a tournament could the referees in question be put into the ring, as they were in their prime, against the current title-holders.

Sitting down with paper and pencil, I was able to put together a long list of former gladiators now serving as officials. No doubt there are many others. But here is the list I was able to compile in a few minutes:

Heavyweights: Jack Dempsey, Jim Jeffries, Joe Jeannette, Gunboat Smith, Sailor Fritts, Henry Lewis, Gene Roman, Bearcat Tom McMahon.

Light-heavyweights: Jack Root, Bill Decker.

Middleweights: Willie Lewis, Arthur Donovan, Ed Purdy, George Chip, Al Chip, Joe Borrell, Leo Houck, Jack Denning.

Welterweight: Danny Savage.

Lightweights: Willie Ritchie, "Kid" McPartland, Danny Ridge, Joe Coster, Jack Dorman, Johnny Marto, Johnny Griffiths, Billy Prince, Charlie Pilkington, Jack Watson, Young Donahue, Jimmy Dime, Oakland Frankie Burns, Frankie Proto, Tommy Ginty, Al Dewey.

Featherweights: Johnny Kilbane, Patsy Haley, Matt Brock, Benny Yanger, Patsy Kline, Young McAuliffe, Tommy McGinty, Eddie Toy, Tommy Allen, Goldie Ahearn, Prince Henry, Tommy Murphy (Pennsylvania).

Bantamweights: Patsy Brannigan, Dave Barry, Johnny King.

Flyweight: Billy Tucker.

* * *

SEVERAL others have had a fling at refereeing or judging, but no longer are active, fellows like Harlem Tommy Murphy, who was for a time a judge in New York.

If it came to picking a representative in each class from the above I would name them as follows:

Heavyweight: Dempsey or Jeffries, a tossup.
Light-heavyweight: Root.
Middleweight: Lewis.
Welterweight: Savage.
Lightweight: Ritchie.
Featherweight: Kilbane.
Bantamweight: Brannigan.
Flyweight: Tucker.

With the exception of the welterweight and flyweight candidates named above, every one is a boxer who will be recalled as a standout by anyone having even a rudimentary knowledge of Queensberry lore.

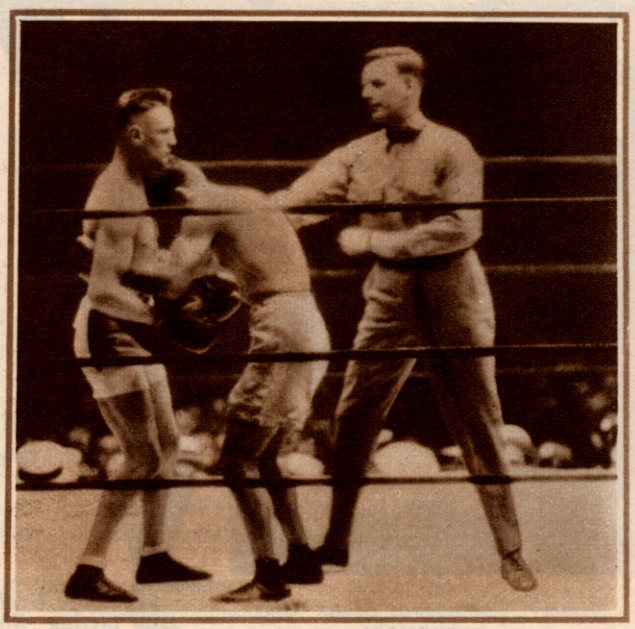
You can come to your own conclusions as to the result if the present day champions in the eight major divisions hooked up with the fighters named from the active referees were the old timers, by some magic formula, able to step into the ring in their best form.

"Kid" McPartland

In the tabulation of former fighters now serving as referees, the names of Harry Sharpe and George Blake were omitted. Each deserves a special paragraph.

Possibly many readers will not recall Harry Sharpe, who has been the leading referee in St. Louis for many years. Yet Harry took part in a famous battle, one of the longest on record.

It was on February 2, 1892, at Nameski, Ill., not far from St. Louis, that Sharpe knocked out Frank Crosby in the seventy-seventh round of a battle hardly paralleled for savagery. This affair endured for five hours and eight minutes. Sharpe received only a few dollars for his Herculean labors and on top of that, unless the writer is mistaken, was forced to serve a term in jail



Jack O'Sullivan refereeing the Criqui-Dundee fight

REFEREES

By WILBUR WOOD

George Blake

for taking part in a prize fight. The good old days!

Going to the other extreme, Jack Dempsey, who has made a fortune as a referee, engaged in one of the shortest fights on record when he knocked out Fred Fulton with the first punch of their meeting in 1918.

George Blake, generally considered the best official in the world to-day, had only a few fights as a professional before he became a boxing instructor and referee. He was brought on from California to act as third man in the ring when Max Schmeling fought Young Stribling in Cleveland last July 3.

* * *

PERHAPS no referee ever has come in for more adverse criticism than Dave Barry who gave Gene Tunney the famous "long count" in the seventh round of the second Tunney-Dempsey bout. Yet Dave, according to the rules governing that battle, was technically in the right. It was agreed before the fight that in the event of a knockdown the boxer scoring it must proceed at once to a neutral corner. The delay in the starting of the count was due to Dempsey's refusal to go at once to a neutral corner. Instead of doing that, the Manassa Man Mauler wasted several seconds arguing with Barry.

Willie Lewis

If Barry did make a mistake, and thousands will contend to their dying day that his count deprived Dempsey of the title, it was in failing to pick up the count as announced by the timekeeper. Had the fight been held in New York, Barry would have been wrong, for he would have been required to pick up the timer's count at six, instead of starting a new one when Dempsey at last went to his corner. The Chicago rules were not entirely clear on that point and Barry put his own interpretation on them. It was fortunate for Tunney that he did so.

Patsy Haley

This modern leaning toward former fighters as referees brings up the question whether men who have had long experience as gladiators make better officials than those who became referees without much if any actual experience as fighters.

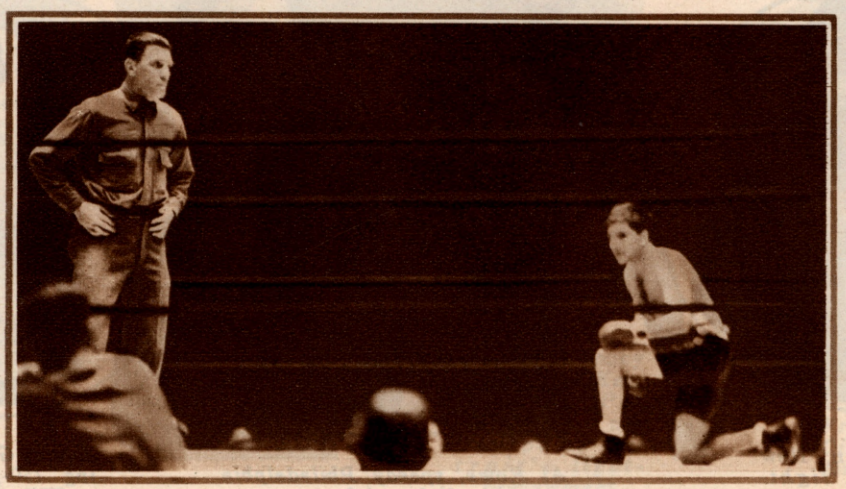
I put this question up to one who has been peering at fights for half a century and who has seen the great referees of the past as well as those of the present, functioning in the ring. It is his opinion that men like George Siler, Charlie White and others, who served years ago and who had little or no experience as boxers, were superior to the modern crop of boxer-referees.

"It is my opinion," said this authority, "that a former boxer unconsciously gives an edge, both in handling the fighters in the ring and when it comes to making his decision, to the fighter who performs in something like the style the referee himself employed when boxing.

"I believe it to be a fact that in a close contest between a boxer and a slugger, the referee who was a clever boxer himself, will give a shade the better of it to the boxer. By the same token, if the referee was a ripping, tearing fighter, he will lean toward the slugger and give him a little the better of it at the expense of the boxer."

"That factor no doubt also applies in some degree to officials who have not had experience with the gloves, but not, I am sure, to the same extent as in the case of former leather throwers who serve as referees or judges. I believe any well-informed manager can tell you the names of officials who are almost certain to show a leaning toward boxers who approximate their own style when they were in the ring.

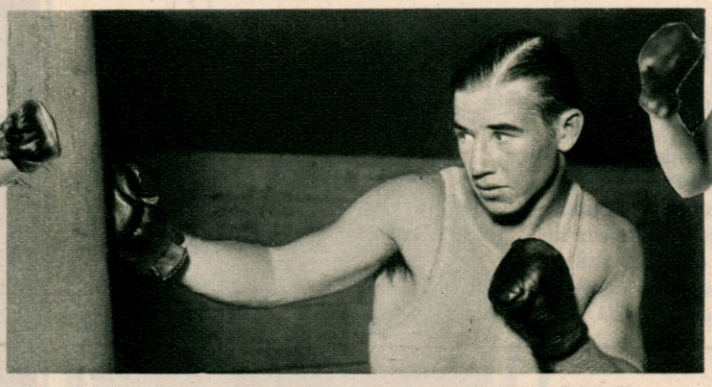
"In my opinion George Siler stands supreme among the referees of (*Continued on page 42*)

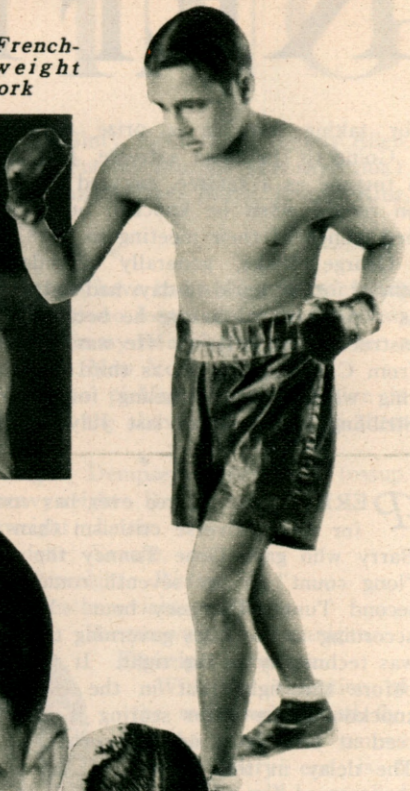


Jack Denning refereeing the Vince Dundee-Len Harvey bout

EASTERNERS WHO ARE MAKING PROGRESS

Al Rossi, classy Newark welterweight





Pete De Grasse, French-Indian featherweight from New York

Frankie Carlton, rugged Jersey City lightweight

Harry Baron, one of New York's outstanding lightweight prospects

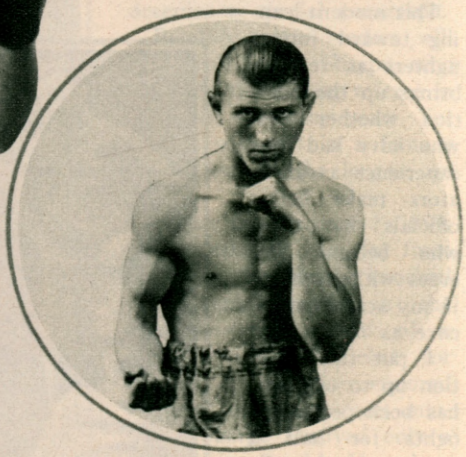
Harry Carlton, two-fisted lightweight from Jersey City

Johnny Pena, New York's slambang featherweight

Joey Knapp, crack New York middleweight

Al Rowe, speedy Philadelphia lightweight

Joe Johnson, New York's tough light-heavyweight



Young Goldie, promising 150-pounder from Wilmington, Del.

Middle West Gladiators

Charley Court, rugged 140-pounder from Cincinnati

Joe McCarthy, Dayton, Ohio, light-heavyweight

(Left) Lou Severo, Cleveland lightweight

(Right) Bruno Sala, Pittsburgh's rugged light-heavyweight

Frankie Wallace, Cleveland's best featherweight and a future star

Young Bundy, classy featherweight, from Ohio

Fritzie Zivic, youngest of the Zivic Brothers, weighs 128 lbs.

Art Schultz, tough Cincinnati battler

Pete "Bat" Leno, rough lightweight

Willie Davies, Welsh bantam from Charleroi, Pa.

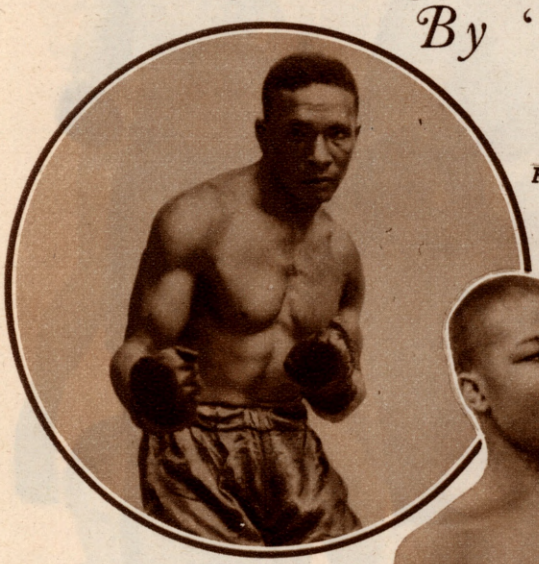
(Above) Johnny Dunn, New Kensington, Pa., (Left) Benny Deathpain, Detroit's light-heavyweight

Frankie Meiners, Cincinnati's winning lightweight

"Black were their skins But bright their deeds"

Most brilliant pages in the annals of boxing are those pertaining to the deeds of Negro fighters

By "Bill" Miller



Tiger Flowers

THE most brilliant pages in the annals of boxing are those enscrolled with the deeds of Negro fighters.

Negroes have proved their fighting qualities in many ways, and in many lands. It's a far cry from the South African Zulu to Toussaint L'Ouverture in Haiti—the slave who freed his native land from European bondage and defied the greatest nations in the world. Othello, a black-skin, was a right good fighting man, according to Shakespeare, although he wasn't so lucky in his love affairs.

But let's get down to brass tacks.

A Negro, Tom Molyneaux, was the first American boxing champion.

He was born in slavery, on the Molyneaux planation in Ole Virginny, and inherited his surname from his master. Molyneaux went to England while a young man, claiming the American championship. He fought some fine battles, although twice defeated by the great Tom Cribb, champion of all England.

Contemporaneous with Molyneaux, and perhaps a better fighting man, was Black Bill Richmond. Like Molyneaux, he was born in slavery—in Richmond, Staten Island, to be exact—therefore the source of his surname is obvious. Richmond was taken to England as a young boy by General Earl Percy of the British Army, and it was there that Black Bill became a fighter and a good one at that.

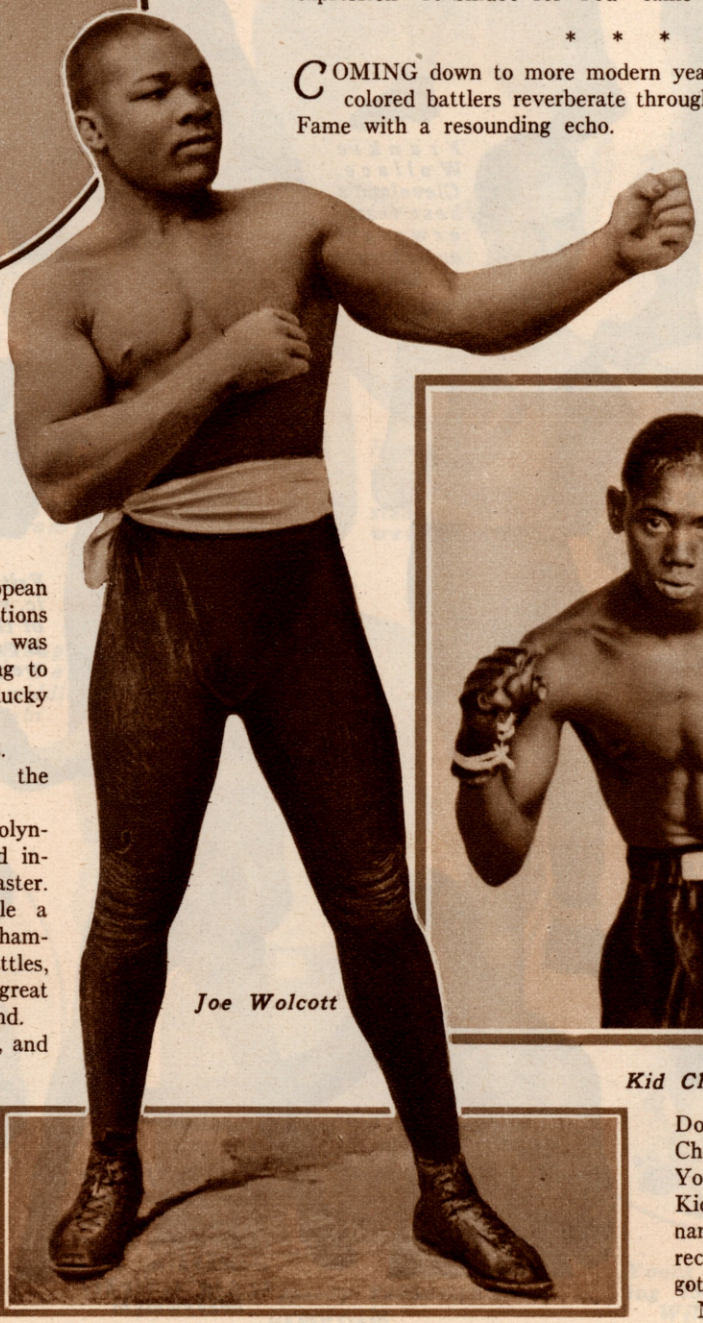
Black Bill Richmond, though never a champion, went through his entire boxing career without a single defeat chalked up against him! At the ripe old age of 53, Black Bill fought his last battle. He knocked out a young husky named Tom Shelton in 23 rounds. And that, my children, was where the expression "23-Skidoo for You" came from.

* * *

COMING down to more modern years, the names of great colored battlers reverberate through the pugilistic Hall of Fame with a resounding echo.

Peter Jackson, Original George Godfrey, George Dixon, "Little Chocolate," Joe Gans, Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, Jack Blackburn, Bobby Dobbs, Dixie Kid, Kid Chocolate, Harry Wills, Young Jack Thompson, Kid Norfolk—take those names out of the boxing records, and "you ain't got much records left."

Nine of these colored



Joe Wolcott

Kid Chocolate

gentlemen were world champions, yet the one who has been styled by some critics the greatest fighting man who ever lived—Sam Langford—was never a title holder. Sam's nom de guerre was "The Boston Tar Baby." He whipped such great fighters as Joe Gans, Kid Griffo, Stanley Ketchell, and knocked out Harry Wills, George Godfrey, Jeff Clark among others.

Just suppose you were given the assignment of selecting an all-time team of great colored fighting men. That would be a tough job. No matter whom you selected, there would be the finger of derision pointed at you. Opinions vary. One man dotes on gefillte fish, another craves pasta fagiole, and still a third has a yen for pork-chops. So it is with fighters.

Here's a team that looks good to me. What do you think about it?

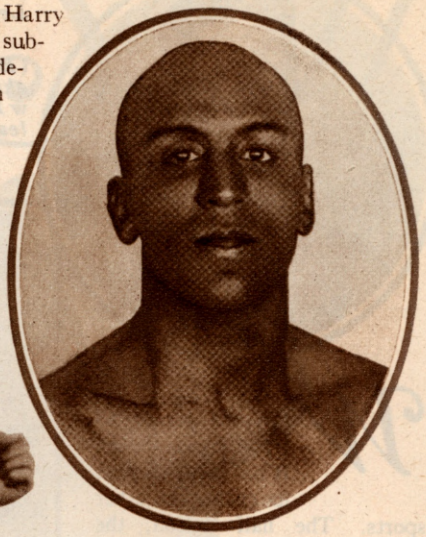
Bantamweight: George Dixon
Featherweight: Kid Chocolate
Lightweight: Joe Gans
Welterweight: Joe Walcott
Middleweight: Tiger Flowers
Light-heavy: Sam Langford
Heavyweight: Jack Johnson.

* * *

NOW, against this mythical team of Negro all-stars, let us match a team of great white fighters of the past thirty years. Here's a team: (What? You don't like 'em? Well, suppose YOU pick a better bunch of fighting men!)

Bantamweight: Kid Williams
Featherweight: Terry McGovern
Lightweight: Benny Leonard
Welterweight: Jack Britton
Middleweight: Stanley Ketchell
Light-heavy: Bob Fitzsimmons
Heavyweight: Gene Tunney

I suppose there will be a howl of scorn at Tunney's selection over Dempsey, Sullivan and the rest. Yet the fact remains that in his entire career, Tunney was never knocked out and lost but one decision, to Harry Greb. In four subsequent fights, he defeated Greb each time. What other heavyweight can boast of a record as impressive? Dempsey was licked by Meehan; knocked out by Flynn; licked by Tunney twice; held to draws by utterly forgotten third-raters several times.



Joe Gans

It is also a moot question if Kid Williams could defeat such men as Pancho Villa, Bud Taylor or Jimmy Barry.

McGovern was a great fighter, but was he greater than Abe Attell? Benny Leonard is a stand-out among the lightweights.

There were some great welters, such as Mike Gibbons, but Soldier Bartfield licked him; anyway, this writer is partial to the superb boxing skill of Britton. If you don't like it, sue me.

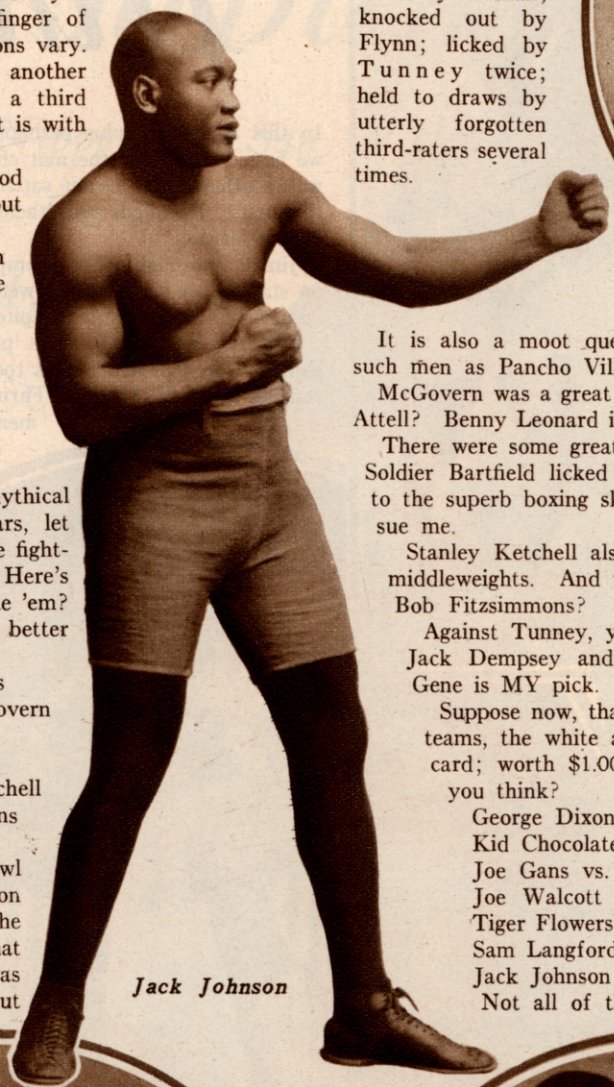
Stanley Ketchell also looks like a stand-out among the middleweights. And what light-heavy ranks above Lanky Bob Fitzsimmons?

Against Tunney, you will find plenty of adherents for Jack Dempsey and John L. Sullivan, but no matter. Gene is MY pick.

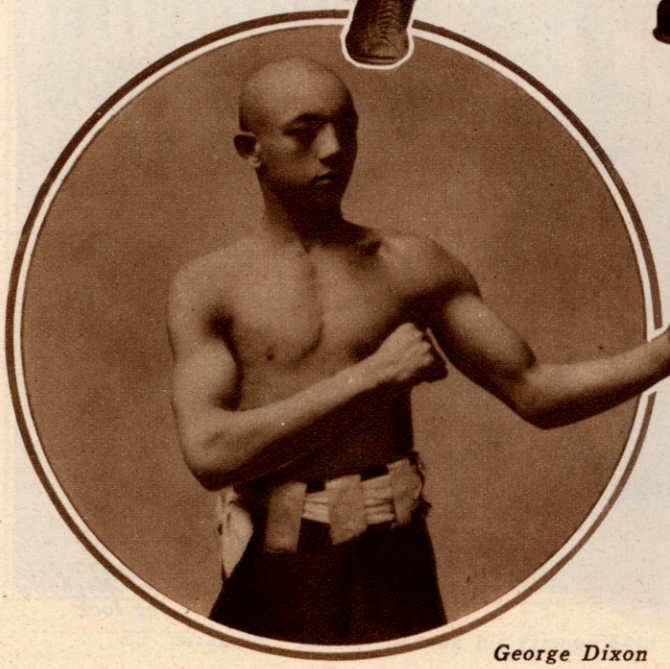
Suppose now, that we were to match these two great teams, the white and the black. It would be quite a card; worth $1.00 to $3.00 any old place.—What do you think?

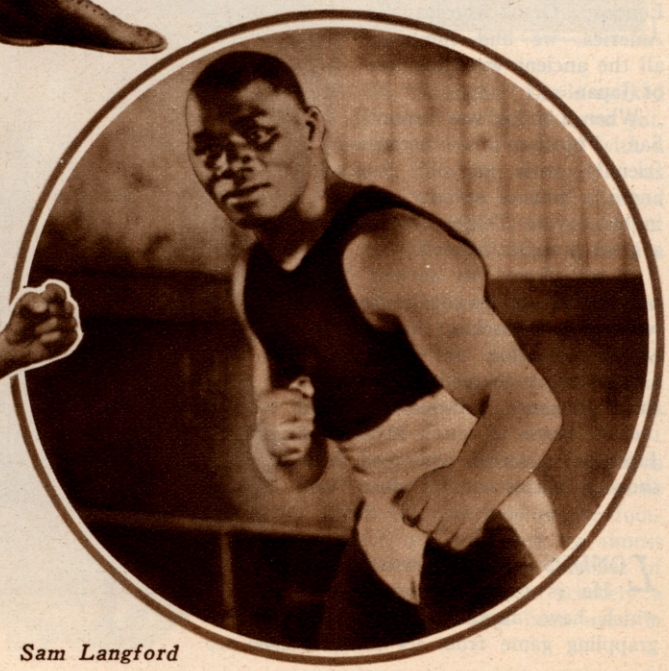
George Dixon vs. Kid Williams
Kid Chocolate vs. Terry McGovern
Joe Gans vs. Benny Leonard
Joe Walcott vs. Jack Britton
Tiger Flowers vs. Stanley Ketchell
Sam Langford vs. Bob Fitzsimmons
Jack Johnson vs. Gene Tunney

Not all of these would (*Continued on page* 44)



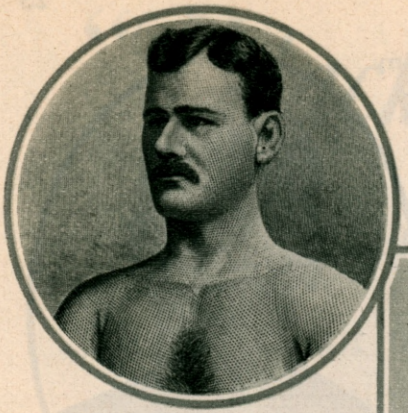
Jack Johnson





George Dixon *Sam Langford*

Londos' Traces to



(In circle) Evan Lewis, the Original Strangler

(Below) Taro Myaki, the Jap from whom Londos learned some of his stuff

WRESTLING has run the gamut of styles and holds. It has gone through its cycles like other sports. The half nelson, the hammer lock, the toe hold, the head lock, all have had their outstanding exponents. From the days when the original Evan "Strangler" Lewis developed his terrible hold into a deathly weapon we have had champions whose titles were founded on supremacy with a certain specialty.

Now we have come to the reign of King Londos, the Greek who was an amateur at the Olympic Club in San Francisco and now is the standout in a fine field—a millionaire, and the wealthiest exponent the game has developed.

Wherein does Londos excel? On what specialty is his leadership based? What styles does he demonstrate best?

Analysis of the answers to these questions brings out one of the most interesting stories in the history of the grappling game.

For in the method used by Londos, a Greek who leads in America, we find combined all the ancient wrestling lore of Japan.

When Londos was around San Francisco he became friendly with an old Japanese, a man of seventy, who, in his day in Tokio, had been a great grappler himself.

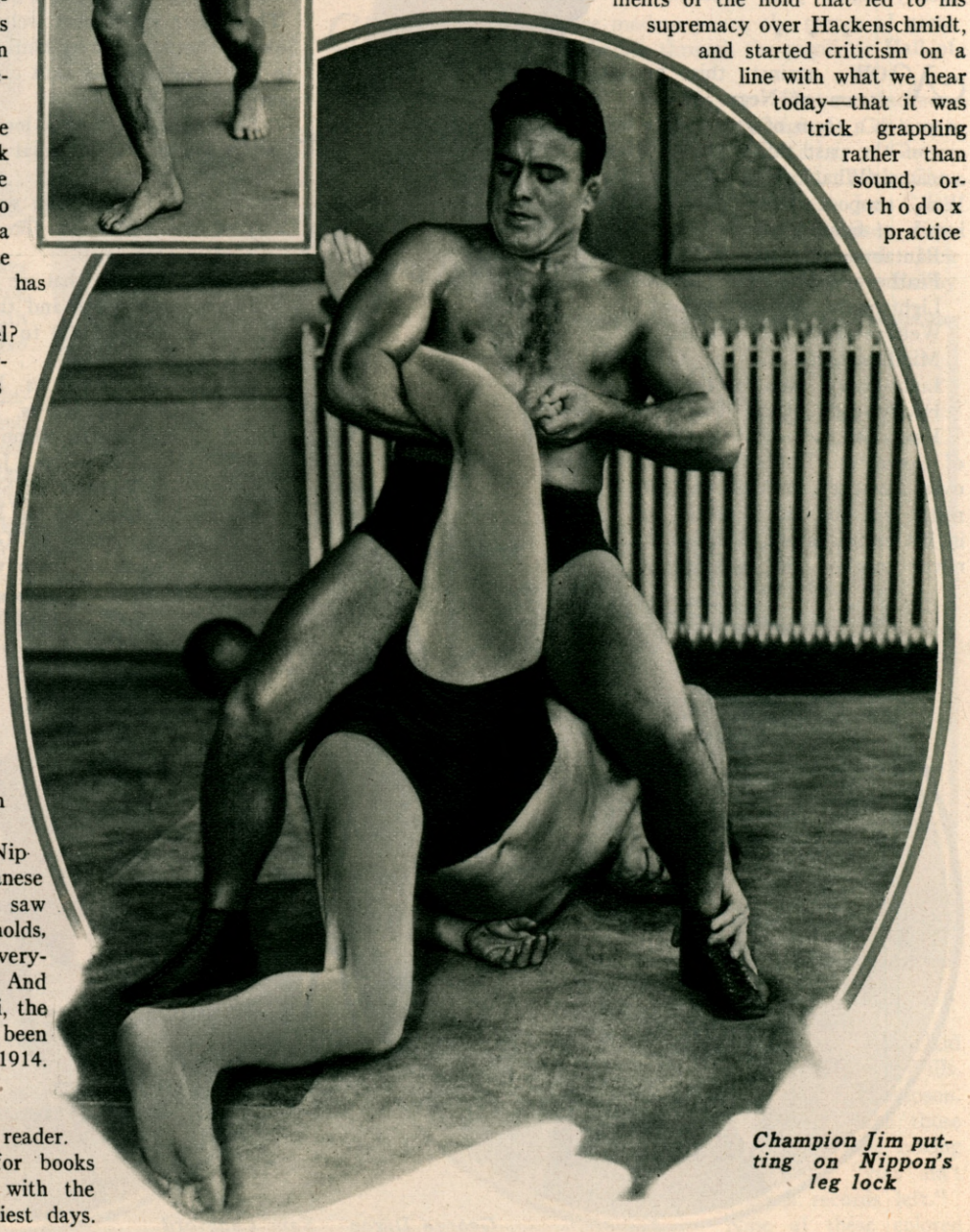
It was from this ancient Nipponese that Londos got the Japanese wrist and leg locks. Once he saw a demonstration of these holds, Londos began to read up on everything Japanese in wrestling. And then he began to watch Myaki, the Japanese wrestler who has been showing in this country since 1914.

* * *

LONDOS is an inveterate reader. He is especially keen for books which have anything to do with the grappling game from its earliest days. In this respect Londos perhaps is the most assiduous student we have had among the mat champions. He is not content to watch others. He is not satisfied with working things out on the mat. He reads and then he tries to demonstrate what he has learned.

Jim is thorough. For example, before a bout he will insist on staying off his feet for twenty-four hours. As a result, his contests find him fresh in spite of his wrestling so often.

I doubt if Londos has a prototype in the history of the game. Gotch picked up his toe hold and developed it without reading about it. I think Farmer Burns gave Frank the rudiments of the hold that led to his supremacy over Hackenschmidt, and started criticism on a line with what we hear today—that it was trick grappling rather than sound, orthodox practice



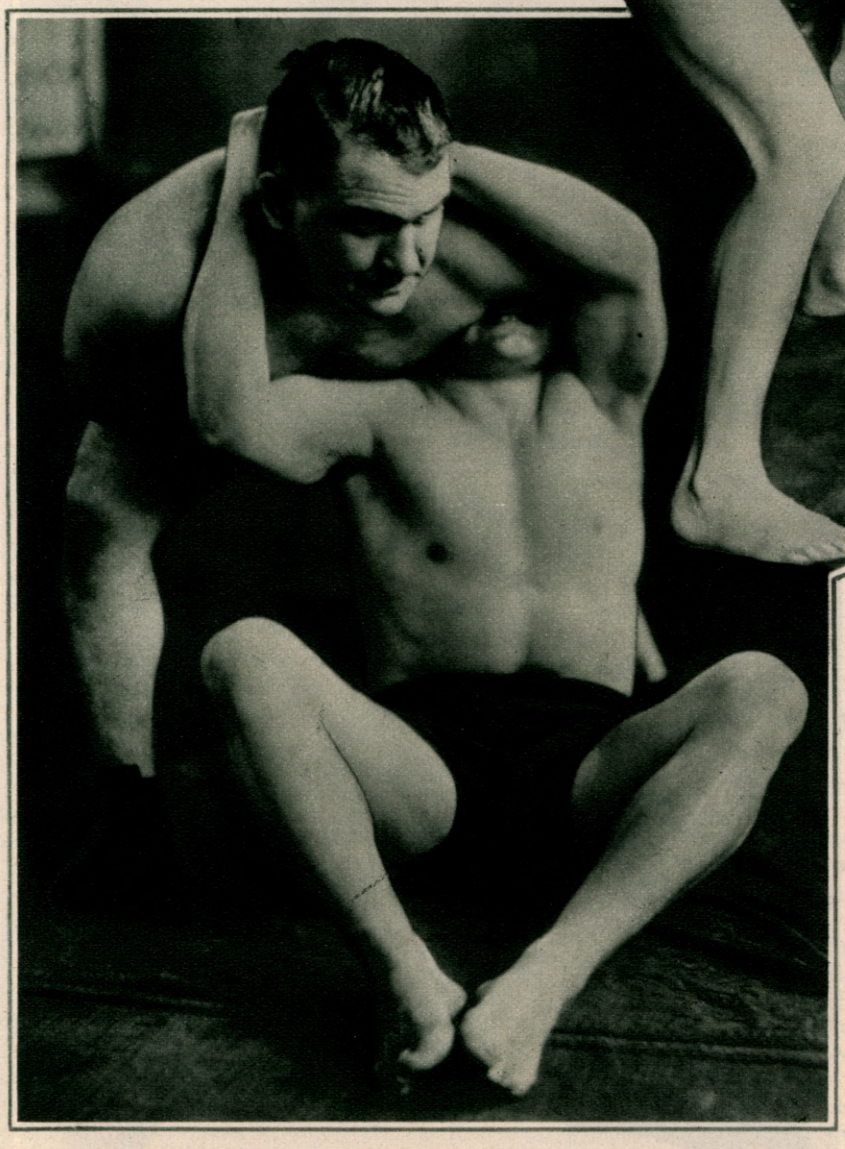
Champion Jim putting on Nippon's leg lock

Wrestling Skill Old Japan

Seventy-year-old Nipponese in San Francisco gave Jim tips,— Watching Myaki helped

By JACK CURLEY

Londos demonstrating Japanese arm lock



Ed "Strangler" Lewis showing his famous head lock

Our modern Ed "Strangler" Lewis worked on the head lock until he had it down pat. He had a wooden model of a head with a powerful spring in it, which he used in his workouts. Human victims sort of disliked the experience, and besides Lewis could put more pressure on the wood than on a live subject.

The Londos style is very punishing. The Japanese locks are of two-fold utility. They hurt and they make the victim ineffective. They also shut off the supply of blood and in that way act somewhat along the lines of the headlock.

In short, it is proved again that there is nothing new under the sun as concerns grappling. With the exception of the football tactics which are employed by almost every college wrestler who is a member of the professional group, there is scarcely a hold used now that has not been used in the days of yore.

Like Father, Like Son

Jack Sherry's dad was a grappler before him,— has had varied career

JACK SHERRY, "The Tornado" from Ohio, of which state he is heavyweight wrestling champion, comes of a wrestling family, his father, Peter, having made his mark in the ring, years back. With his dad as tutor, young Jack took up the mat sport much earlier than the average boy. Always a sturdy youngster, Jack grew into a whale of a big fellow without really realizing it.

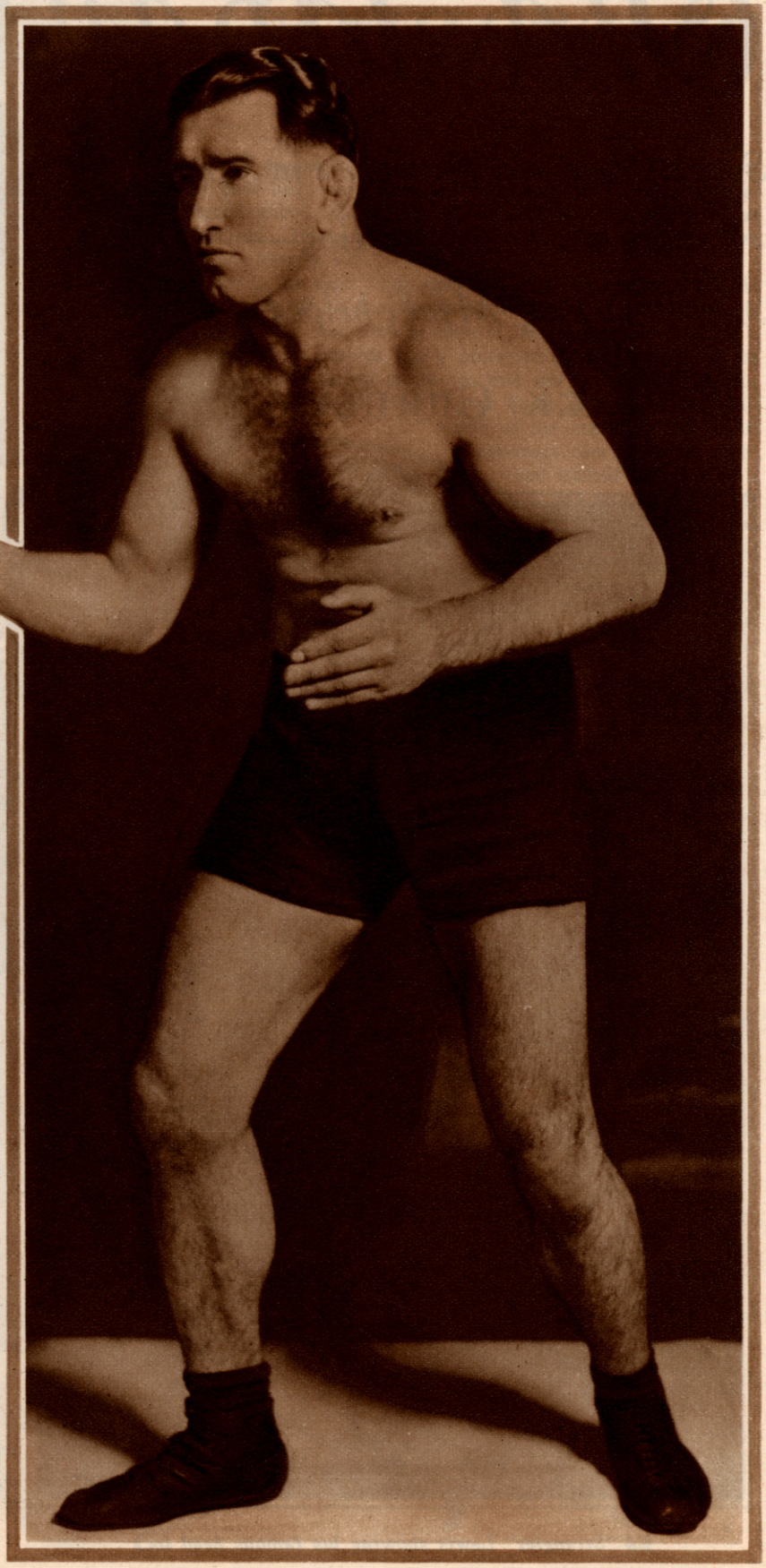
Schooled by his dad previous to, and after his graduation from the Hibbing, Minn., high school, Jack did some mining as a side line. Finally some of his venturesome fellow workers decided that more money could be earned in Alaska and decided to make the journey. They hoped for a rich strike and let Young Sherry in on the secret. It didn't take him long to decide that he wanted to go along. His comrades were eager to accommodate him and he was taken on the trip.

After the lads had been in Alaska for several months, the rosy prospects that had been pictured for them, had faded into dull monotony and there was little income for any of them. It was then that Sherry decided to capitalize on his ability as a wrestler. It wasn't long before he projected himself into the mat limelight, and before he was ready to come back to the states, he had gone through the mess of mat men up there like rain through a sieve. Alaska at the time was a fertile field for wrestling and there were plenty of top notchers competing in the Yukon district and plenty of money to be had.

Since his return from Alaska, Sherry has wrestled all over this country. He is always in demand. He has turned down several good offers to go to Australia. While American invaders in Australia were having what they termed a good time, Sherry was battling allcomers in this country and toppling them over with ease. He has swept himself into the contender class and now ranks as one of America's foremost matmen.

Sherry was born in Hibbing, Minn., on September 14, 1897, weighs 208 pounds in trim, and stands just a half inch less than six feet. Jack is one of the few single men among the heavyweight wrestlers.

"I've never had time to do any courting," says Jack.



Won Title, Didn't Know It

By "TEX" AUSTIN

WINNING a world's championship and not knowing it, the prize boner of modern athletic history belongs to a wrestler—Joe Malcewicz by name. Malcewicz, known in the mat sport as the Utica Panther, a grappler who is as strong as an ox, annexed the heavyweight wrestling crown when he whipped Earl Caddock some years ago, but through poor management, he failed to lay claim to the crown and as a result, lost a championship and the money that goes with it. It happened this way:

The year before Uncle Sam joined hands with England and France in the World War, Malcewicz, then only eighteen years old, already had made his mark as a professional wrestler, although he was only a middleweight. The Zbyszko brothers, Wladek and Stanislaus, who were touring New York, stopped off at Utica, where the younger of the brothers was matched with Malcewicz.

Zbyszko, weighing 234 to 168 for his rival, was an odds-on-favorite. Even Joe's friends didn't expect him to last more than fifteen minutes against the strong Pole, but much to their astonishment and to the amazement of Wladek, Malcewicz, despite the handicap of a sixty-eight pound allowance, came through a victor and with that triumph, overnight, he gained national fame.

With that confidence to urge him on, the Utica Panther sought big game in the wrestling field and tackled the two invincibles of the period, Joe Stecher and Ed "Strangler" Lewis, who between them were alternating the ownership of the heavyweight title. Needless to say, Joe stepped a rung too high, for he found both the scissors king and the headlock phenom too strong for him and lost both matches, although he gave a good account of himself.

* * *

THEN came the World War, and Joe, like many other star athletes, joined the colors. With Earl Caddock, he was the leading wrestler in the American army. When the war ended, Joe came back to his native city again to exhibit himself as a professional wrestler. He was immensely popular and whenever he showed on a programme, he packed 'em in.

It was his drawing power that induced Caddock to arrange a match with him. Jack Curley, who was promoting a Caddock-Stecher match for the heavyweight championship, asked Caddock to take on a few minor matches in order to ballyhoo the championship and, on his way East, the wrestler of a thousand holds picked up considerable loose change in his warm-up matches.

He had heard of Malcewicz and figuring him just one more "palooka," he readily accepted a match for Utica and received the surprise of his life—a defeat that undoubtedly had brought about the loss of his crown.

Jack Curley was frantic as he already had an advance gate of close to $35,000 for the match with Stecher and for a time it appeared that the championship bout would be called off. But to Curley's amazement, not a word was broadcast about the loss of Caddock's title. In fact, it appeared that Malcewicz's handlers were not well trained in the art of ballyhoo, for the story that emanated from Utica was to the effect that "in a tune-up exhibition, Earl Caddock, who will soon meet Joe Stecher in a world championship match, was pinned by the local panther, Joe Malcewicz."

That news was great news to Curley, for it saved the day for him, but any live-wire manager would have seen the significance of the victory over Caddock and would have reaped for the Utica boy the fortune that goes with a championship. So Joe lost a title, but gained a reputation as a wrestler of the first order.

Malcewicz was born in Utica, New York, in 1898 and has been wrestling since he was a boy of fifteen. He was one of a family of three boys and two girls and he being the oldest, it fell to his lot to help his father around the grocery store which the family owned.

He made his pro start after beating Gene Westguard, the middleweight, three times in training. He consented to act as a sparring mate for Gene, and on one occasion he threw Westguard twice in five minutes. Gene, angered, took Joe on two weeks later in another training match, and this time Gene was thrown twice in three minutes.

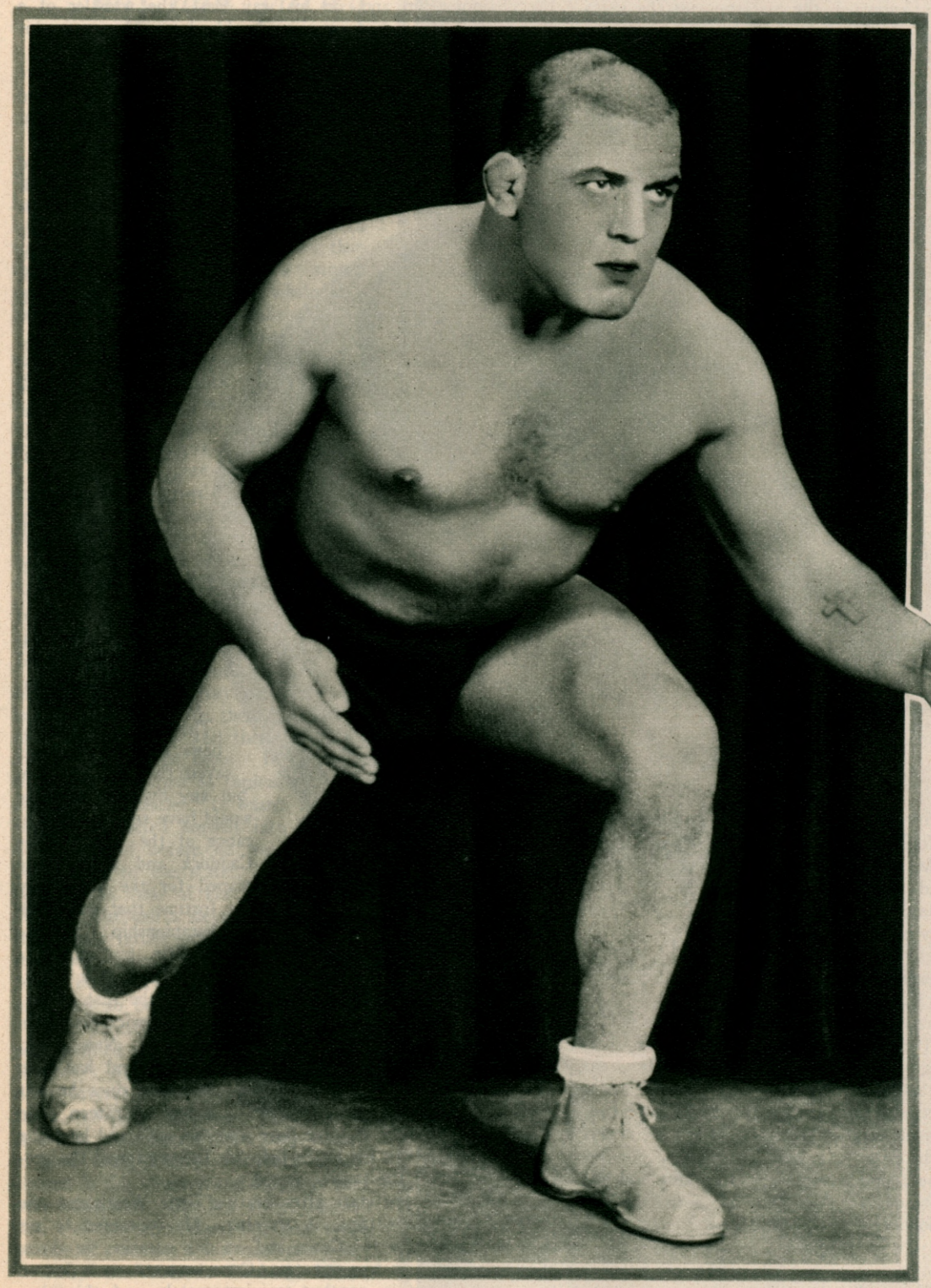
Joe is now six feet one inch in height and weighs 198 pounds.

Whenever Joe sees a championship match, he recalls the days when he won the title but foolishly never claimed it and wonders if such a golden opportunity will ever again present itself to him.

Joe Malcewicz, the veteran "Utica Panther"

Ledoux, Toronto's Pride

Claimant to Canadian title started his career in school



Jean Ledoux

JEAN LEDOUX, the squatty heavyweight wrestler who claims the French-Canadian championship, began his career in school. In Toronto, which is the wrestling center of Canada, every one in school takes to wrestling. In fact it is one of the features of the athletic curriculum, a compulsory branch of education there, so it was natural for Jean to engage in the sport, and his size greatly helped him win the school championship.

Jean is one of the "stone faces" of the mat. Stolid in his early youth, he took some whippings from the more matured boys in school, but later, when he had developed, he reversed the decisions until he was champion of all he surveyed.

Like the majority of boys of his time, he was forced to go to work at the conclusion of his school work. Always a lover of the water, Jean sailed about the Great Lakes, working at anything he could lay his hands on, thus developing his already sturdy body until he was fully grown to manhood. Then he took up wrestling in earnest and he has been at it ever since.

Ledoux has been doing most of his wrestling in the New England states. His record shows that he has beaten many good men and has wrestled to a draw with the clever Jack Sherry. He lost to Gus Sonnenberg when Gus was the champion, but had the satisfaction of gaining a fall on Gus.

The French-Canadian was born in Ontario on June 15, 1904, weighs 210 pounds and stands five feet eight inches. Like most of the wrestlers, Ledoux is married and takes great delight in his home surroundings when he is not on tour. He is a popular wrestler and a colorful drawing card.

Where Old-Timers Excelled

By Charles F. Mathison

Caleb Baldwin

THE modern ring gladiator does not appear to possess the staying qualities that characterized his predecessors in the rough game of bare-knuckle fighting. Nor does he compare in ruggedness with the earlier contingent of padded-glove battlers. Take the case of Tommy Loughran, a man of exemplary habits, and apparent good health. His latest battles would seem to indicate that he is perilously close to the disembarking point. His courage is still intact, and he has not forgotten how to box, but speed of action and ability to avoid hard knocks, seem somewhat tarnished to say the least.

Consider the case of Jack Dempsey, who was born in 1895, and who lost his title in 1927, at a time when he seemed to have lost most of the tigerish ferocity he displayed in earlier battles. He was 32 at the time of his dethronement, and should have been at his best at that time.

Examine the history of Sammy Mandell, born in 1904, and petered out when he was aged 26.

I refer to these fighters because they were prudent and took care of their vitality.

In sharp contrast are the records of some of the old-timers who were believed not to have been very careful of their health, but who rounded out long and valorous careers in the ring. The most remarkable of all was Robert Fitzsimmons, who was born in 1862. In 1891, Fitz, then 29 years of age, won the American middleweight championship from "Nonpariel" Jack Dempsey, by a knockout in the thirteenth round. Fitz at the time weighed officially 150½ pounds.

In 1898, when Fitz was 31, he stopped Jim Hall in four rounds, and in 1897, when Fitz was 35, he stopped Jim Corbett for the American heavyweight title in the fourteenth round.

In 1900, at the age of 38, he stopped Tom Sharkey and Gus Ruhlin, the former in the second round and the latter in the sixth round. In 1902, when his age was 40, he gave Jeffries a terrific drubbling for six rounds and was compelled to surrender in the seventh when the knuckles on both hands were broken.

When Fitz was 41 years of age, he won the light-heavyweight title from George Gardner, who was in his twenty-sixth year at the time. Considered from all points of view, fighting ability, hitting power and vitality, Fitz was the most remarkable pugilist in history.

* * *

JAMES J. CORBETT was another remarkable specimen of a man fighting at an advanced age. He was born in 1866, and in 1892, in his twenty-sixth year he stopped Sullivan for the American heavyweight title in 21 rounds. Corbett was 31 years of age when he lost his crown to Fitz at Carson City in the fourteenth round. He had considerably the better of the tilt up to the time the solar plexus punch was landed.

Corbett put up one of the best fights of his life in 1900 when he was 34, going 23 rounds with big Jeffries, and losing because his vitality deserted him during the fatal round.

Joe Goss, who fought with and without gloves, was 42 in 1880, when he lost to Paddy Ryan after 87 rounds. Ryan was 27 at the time.

Bendigo was 39 in 1850, when he defeated Tom Paddock in 49 rounds.

Daniel Mendoza

Battling Nelson was 41 when in the ring for his final fight.

Joe Walcott was 28 when he knocked out Joe Choynski, a heavyweight, and he was 39 in 1911, when he was incarcerated for a period of three years for an informal encounter.

Jem Mace won the world's heavyweight title from Tom Allen in 1870, when the victor was 39 years of age. Mace gave exhibitions until he was 51 years old.

Jimmy Wilde, the greatest flyweight in history, was 32 when he hung up his mittens.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, was 36 years of age at the time of his last fight in 1914.

George Dixon, in his prime a wonderful bantam, was 36 when defeat by McGovern caused his compulsory retirement.

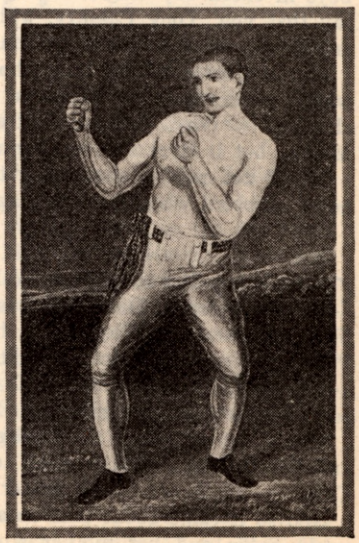
Sam Langford, a great Negro heavyweight, was 37 when he finally hung up his gloves.

Joe Gans was 35 when he battled in the ring for the last time.

Thus it appears that the old time battlers were superior in stamina to the present crop, and why it should be so is a pugilistic mystery.

Jack Broughton, father of the first set of boxing rules was 47 years of age when he lost his crown to Jack Slack. That was in

(*Continued on page* 41)



Bold Bendigo

TIME, *the* AVENGER

EDITOR'S NOTE—In this story we have fiction written around the actual happenings in the famous Morrissey-Poole feud, which raged back in the days when New York was young and boxing was struggling through its most trying period.

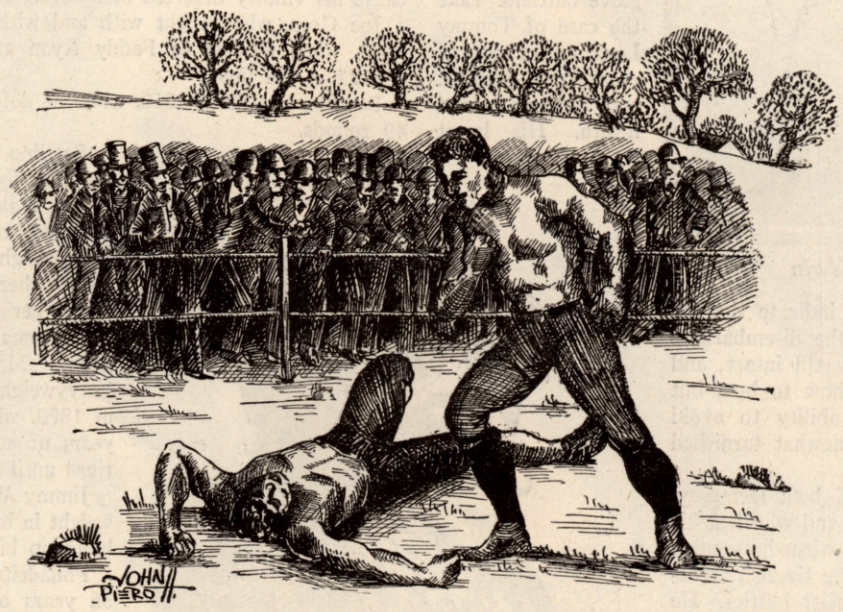
* * *

THERE was bad blood between the followers of John Morrissey and those of Tom Hyer and Bill Poole. All New York was talking about the feud, which was pugilistic, political and racial, and thoroughly personal.

It was a cold December night, in the year 1854. A howling Northwest wind carried flurries of snow down Broadway. In the saloon below Wallack's Theatre, Morrissey sat with his plug uglies, plotting.

Yankee Sullivan, Paugene McLaughlin, Lew Baker, Jim Turner, all were there with their sattelites, stool pigeons and runners. Farther down Broadway, Hyer was holding forth among his own clan, with Poole, The Allen, Smut Ackerman and Tommy Culkin.

They were members of the Native American, or Know Nothing Party, were Hyer and his crew. Morrissey and his men were of Tammany. Hyer had whipped Yankee Sullivan and then retired, leaving Morrissey to lay claim to the heavyweight championship.



In the ninty-ninth round Mallon fell from a right to the jaw. He was dead

But let us go back to the gas lit saloon under Wallack's. "It is plain to me that Poole will not fight," said Morrissey. "But we can't keep our boys in check any longer. A fight it will have to be, and I say that you, Tony Cassitty, will meet Andy Mallon. Hyer and Poole cannot refuse to let Mallon meet you."

Cassitty, a red headed thug who worked on the Amos Street wharf whenever it so happened that he felt like laboring, chuckled. "Why, John, it's fifteen pounds I have on this Mallon, but if Hyer says go, fine and dandy," Cassitty said.

"We'll not quibble about weight," laughed Morrissey. John never quibbled when the advantage was on his side.

* * *

THEY stood in the flies at Wallack's, where Sallie Minturn was playing in Dion Boucicault's "Streets of New York." She remonstrated, "Why, Andy, he is much too big for you. Please, for my sake, do not fight Cassitty. You weigh only 145 pounds, he is well over 160. I have a premonition that something will go wrong."

"But I cannot refuse the challenge," Mallon pleaded. "Tom and Bill have said that it is up to me. I believe I can whip Cassitty. He is one-fourth fighter and three-fourths braggart."

And so it came about that on a chill morning the following week, Sallie and her mother stood on the Jersey shore at Weehawken, close to their little riverside cottage, and waved to Andy as he steamed up the river on a little tug.

It was just after dawn. About fifty "sports" crowded the deck of the boat as she chugged up the Hudson. Hyer and Poole were there, and so were Morrissey and McLaughlin. Others had gone up the night before, by land. It didn't do to give the police a tip. Fighting was against the law.

About five miles to the North of Yonkers the tug made fast to a dock and the party went ashore. On a level spot in a grove of beeches and maples the ring was pitched, and Andy Mallon and Tony Cassitty had it out for $100 a side, and the glory of the Hyer and Morrissey clans.

With bare fists, they had it out. Stripped to the waist, their bodies became ruddy in the cold morning air. Jim Elliott, sports editor of the New York *Herald*, was the referee. "London prize ring rules," he said as he sent them to their corners.

* * *

IT was in the forty-ninth round that Mallon began to show signs of weakening. He had been outboxing Cassitty, but the Morrissey henchman had been using his superior weight and wrestling him down.

Mallon also had a trick of ducking quickly and taking his opponent's punches on his skull. This fractured some of Cassitty's knuckles and made the Irishman furious. Morrissey had expected the fight to last not more than thirty rounds and now he began to taunt Cassitty. Hyer, in Mallon's corner, laughed. Tom was quick with his tongue and the wild-tempered Morrissey was on the ragged edge.

They fought through the sixtieth round, and then Mallon dropped his man with a right under the heart.

"You dirty hound of the Five Points, you stop this man or you never will reach Broadway again," McLaughlin told Cassitty when they came out for the eighty-seventh round. Cassitty's right eye was closed, but Mallon's nose was broken, his mouth was bruised, his right ear was half torn off. It had been bitten by Cassitty in a melee on the grass.

Up and down that turf ring they battled, with Mallon getting weaker, taking more frequent knockdowns. But Hyer refused to throw up the sponge. This was no mere fight. It was an encounter between bitter enemies, who were out of and not in the ring—it was a struggle between two political groups, the results of which were destined to leave a permanent imprint on the fast-growing city of New York.

In the ninety-ninth round, Mallon fell from a right to the jaw. He was dead.

The scene of our drama shifts back to Hyer's saloon, on lower Broadway. "You are no better than Morrissey, Tom," Sallie Minturn cried. "You knew that Cassitty had the

A Rousing Tale of the Days of Morrissey and Poole and Robust Young New York

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

With bare fists they had it out, stripped to the waist

advantage in weight and physical strength, yet you sent him into the fight. I have lost Andy, and I want my revenge. Don't sit there, Tom. Do something. I want Poole to fight Morrissey, and I want Poole to whip him, yes, I'll say it, Tom. I want Poole to kill Morrissey. An eye for an eye, a life for a life."

* * *

THAT night the Hyer and Poole partisans gathered at Poole's saloon, The Bank Exchange, at Broadway and Howard Street. A heavy snow had set in the night before and little old New York was being besieged by a blizzard. Most of the gas lamps on Broadway had been blown out. The stages had stopped running.

"Sallie is right. We must avenge the death of Andy, and she has the proper way to go about it," Hyer said. "Bill, you've got to fight Morrissey, and the sooner the better. If we don't stop that mob we will have to quit town.

"You Tommy, you get word to Morrissey that we want to meet him at Johnny Lyng's tomorrow night."

Lyng's Sportsmen's Headquarters was at Canal Street and Broadway. Morrissey, McLaughlin, Turner, Baker and the rest were on time, at seven sharp, when Poole and Hyer made their appearance. Morrissey and Turner pulled out their guns. They were ready for any eventuality.

"Stow the artillery, Morrissey. It's fight, and next Monday, on the Amos Street wharf," said Hyer, and the meeting broke up.

* * *

IT was on a chill February morning in 1855 that Morrissey and Poole met on the Amos Street dock. The Bowery Boys and the Short Boys were there to cheer for Morrissey, and take a hand in the melee that always broke out during or after one of those old time bare knuckle fights.

They were six footers, weighing 200 pounds, were Poole and Morrissey. No ring was pitched on the wharf. At the word "Go", these rivals for the American heavyweight championship met in a contest that was ostensibly for the title and for $500 a side, but in reality was a murderous encounter actuated by nothing that could pass for sport or sportsmanship, or clean rivalry.

The fought and they gouged. They clinched and they butted. They bit each other. Soon there was a deep gash in Poole's face, where Morrissey's fangs had ripped the skin. Blood was gushing from "Old Smoke's" eyes as Poole kept ripping in rights and lefts.

Once Poole caught Morrissey off his guard. He grabbed him and flung "Old Smoke" over his head. Morrissey's head struck the rotten planking of the wharf with a dull thud. He lay there for a few seconds as the crowd closed in. Then tough Morrissey opened his eyes and rose to resume the bloody fight.

Shortly afterward Poole got Morrissey down, and John barely gasped, "I am done. I'm satisfied."

The news was carried down town quickly. In an hour it was known in the bar of the City Hall, at the Stevens and the St. Nicholas. It was known at the Bella Union saloon in Leonard Street, for it was there that the wolf Morrissey crawled to lick his wounds.

* * *

"CARE you satisfied now, Sallie?" Hyer asked her the next day. "Morrissey is beaten, Poole is the champion."

"True enough, Tom, but Andy lies under a mound over on the Jersey side, and within a few days Morrissey will be up and around, more pugnacious than ever," she said.

"Tom, you are the man for the task. If you were a friend of Andy's, if you have any regard for me, you will return to the ring. I want you, Tom, to whip Morrissey, not merely whip him but break him—kill him. Will you do it, Tom? You, the Hyer?"

Tom paced up and down the room. He had beaten Yankee Sullivan in fifty-three minutes in 1853, Yankee having been chased out of the ring. Tom's friends had begged him to come back and dispose of Morrissey.

But Hyer had never had a real liking for the ring. He had gone into fighting because his father, Jacob Hyer, had been the first to win the American title. Tom often wished he had stuck to the tanner's yard, where he had been apprenticed, down on Greenwich Street.

"Sallie, I know how you feel, I am afraid I know what you think, but I am not going back into the ring. I have had my fill of fighting and all that it means and entails," Tom said to her. "But for the fact that I am battling for a principle, and struggling for the dominance of the native American against these men from the other side, I would have no hand in all this."

"But you sent Andy to his death, and you have no stomach for fighting!" she cried. "Tom Hyer, champion though you may have been, I call you coward."

And Sallie Minturn of Wallack's company slapped Tom Hyer, and darted from the room.

"I am afraid she is right," the retired champion said to himself as he sat down in the back room of the famous Hyer saloon on lower Broadway, back there in 1855.

* * *

ON the morning of February 24, 1855, Sallie roused Hyer with strange news. "Morrissey is on the rampage again, and he and his mob are going to kill Poole tonight," she said. "I overheard a couple of the girls in the show last night. They are friendly with Morrissey's new wife."

Hyer laughed. "Some more women's gossip, Sallie," he said. "Morrissey wouldn't dare."

Late that night there was a motley crowd in the bar room at Stanwix Hall, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel. Poole and his gang were there. Sallie Minturn, disguised as a man, was there. She did not have long to wait. Near midnight Morrissey and his mob broke in.

"Old Smoke" walked up to Poole and called him every foul name in the current Bowery list, for John knew them all.

Moving behind Morrissey, Sallie pulled a gun and yanked the trigger. But the hammer jammed. This started a general melee, and ten minutes later Poole suffered wounds which proved mortal, being shot by Baker.

"What are we going to do now, Tom?" Sallie cried. He had gone to her home to console her. (*Continued on page* 41)

CRADLES of BOXING

Ned Price's Fight with James "Australian" Kelly, Reviewed in Eleventh of Series on "Famous Battles of New England"

By DOC ALMY

(Boston's leading boxing authority)

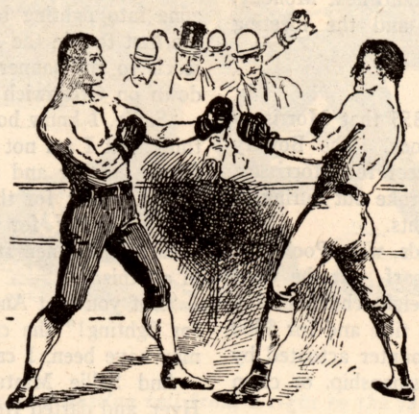
OF the many suburban communities that go to make up what is known as Greater Boston, one of the most attractive is the Town of Arlington, about six miles distant in a northwesterly direction from the gilded dome of the State House. Within its borders are several historical shrines, dating back to the opening days of the American Revolution, which in the summer months attract thousands of visitors from all parts of the world.

Though the once extensive market gardens of the place have largely given way to dwellings, its hills and ponds still retain much of their former sylvan picturesqueness. One of the town's natural jewels is Spy Pond, to the left of Massachusetts Avenue, as one enters Arlington proper. It is a sheet covering four or five acres, overlooked from its farther side by the fine clubhouse of the Middlesex Sportsman's Association.

A small island graces the center of the pond, and for years, even unto this day, it is pointed out by sport historians as the scene of the great fistic mill between Ned Price and Joe Coburn, fought on May 1, 1856. The details of this famous contest we set forth in an earlier story.

It was on the shores of Spy Pond that Price trained for his bout with James "Australian" Kelly that took place on October 6, 1859—the outstanding ring contest of that year.

It was at this pleasant spot that Price did the bulk of his work. It was a case with him of rising with the song birds, then swinging dumb-bells and Indian clubs, a light breakfast, long walks and canters through the wooded paths about the pond, calisthenics, some boxing, rubdowns and such. Rowing, swimming and target shooting were his lone recreations. Though the system differs from that of to-day, the outcome saw Price the finished athletic article—a fighting man, sturdy and hard as nails—in ideal trim for the mill.



Kelly did his initial warming up at George Smith's hotel, Fort Hamilton, New York. In the accounts of the same, we find the first reference to the use of the heavy punching bag, in this case a sack of sawdust suspended from a beam out-of-doors.

* * *

AUGUST gave way to September without serious interruption in the pre-fight work of the gladiators. Then came rumors of possible police interference. There was a grand "slide," as such was termed, from the camps. The fighters re-appeared across the American border, Kelly at a cottage on what was known as the "Buffalo Road," and Price at the Waterloo Ferry Hotel.

Point Abino, a famous fighting ground, was to be the scene of the battle, and there on the morning of October 6, 1859, began to assemble the "coves who follow the sluggers." For the principals, also the Canadian sports, it was a cinch. They could not be molested by the American authorities, while the powers-that-be in Canada did not seem to be greatly perturbed. For those on the American side, access to the battle ground was not so easy.

Several steam tugs had been chartered to take care of these visitors, but, as the account states, "the maw worms had induced the weak-minded Mayor of Buffalo to put his veto on the enterprise." So the steam tugs remained at their moorings in Buffalo, leaving it to "the coves" to cross over into Canada on ferry boats, or any old way, and get to the roped arena as best they could. All paid well for this part of their fun.

About 1,000 spectators were on hand when, at 1:40 that afternoon, Price shied his castor into the ring, and stepped in after it. He was quickly followed by Kelly. Their ring colors were very similar, each sporting a bright blue scarf—a large silk handkerchief—with a white spot, the bird's eye, in the center. Price weighed about 152 pounds, and Kelly, 148. In modern ring parlance they were junior middleweights, yet, in their day, they rated as heavyweights.

Tom O'Donnell of New York was the referee. Seconds for Price were John C. Heenan and Johnny Mackey, while Kelly had as esquires, Jem Massey and Harry Gribben. There was a great deal of wagering with John Morrissey offering $500 to $100 on Kelly to win. Bets also were made on first man down, first blood, etc., as was the custom. Price, on his own behalf, offered to bet Kelly $500 to $300 that he would whip him, but "Australian" declined. Finally they agreed on $200 even. All told, thousands of dollars were wagered by the New York and Boston sports on the outcome.

* * *

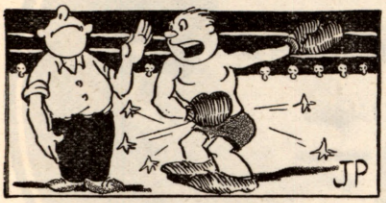
WHEN the mill finally got under way, Price let Kelly take the aggressive and very early in the muss caught the latter coming in, with a smash to the nose that drew first blood. Ned followed up by throwing his man. In the second round, Kelly winged Price a blow to the hip, a la Jack Sharkey in his bout with Phil Scott at Miami, Florida. This lets "the Squire" out as the inventor of the "sciatic punch." Price's seconds claimed a foul and there was a turmoil for a few moments, but O'Donnell refused to call it, and the scrap was resumed. Ned ended the round by throwing Kelly.

Our Boston hero began to carry the fighting to Kelly in the third, and when Jimmy missed in an attempt to nail his foe as he rushed at him, was badly punished. Again Price ended the round by slamming his man to grass, whacking him with a right to jaw as Kelly went down. So the fight waged back and forth, each doing his best, and with Price turning out the much better work. He tumbled Jimmy in almost every round and gave him a tough shellacking. The eleventh stanza marked the grand finale.

Massey, in the middle of said canto, seeing that his man could no longer stand up under the mauling, tossed the sponge and surrendered the battle. The time consumed was 32 minutes, so it may be seen that the action was fast. The contest, also the failure of Kelly to put up much of a scrap, must appeal to the reader as further illuminating "Australian's" six hour and 15 minute affair with Jonathan Smith near Melbourne, Australia, December 10, 1855, detailed in our last story.

On his return to Buffalo after the (*Continued on page* 43)

Little Rollo *in* Sockland



An Account of the Bizarre Adventures of an Inquiring Soul in the Jungle of the Boxers

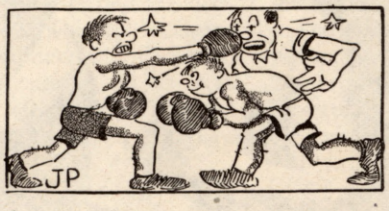
By DANIEL M. DANIEL

LITTLE ROLLO gazed upon the Sporting Pages. He was perusing the Fight News, next to pure reading matter. "This must be a Strange Country indeed in which this Mighty Race of Boxers lives," Rollo said to his Uncle Roderick, who at that time was busy selling Acidified Tea Biscuits short, and was scanning the quotations.

"I said that it would be a most Unique Adventure to go to the land of the Mighty Fighters and see what they do and how they live," Little Rollo repeated, politely.

"Yes, it is an interesting country, this Sockland, and I will take you there as soon as this damned market Rises," said Uncle Roderick. "I'll show you something you'll like."

And so it came about that President Herbert Clarke Hoover gave out another Pollyanna interview the next afternoon, and sure enough, the Market fell to pieces and Uncle Roderick just had to go Somewhere.



"We are off to Sockland," Uncle said to Little Rollo the next day. "We must go Down Town and make a lot of purchases, as the trek into Sockland is arduous, and our Safari must be equipped with all the necessary implements, like a Gas Mask; a set of Ear Muffs; a Press Yarn detector; a peculiar instrument for detecting Phony Champions; and a sack of Gum Drops for the local Boxing Potentates."

And so it came about that within a few days the Uncle Roderick Expedition into Sockland got under way, with ten Motion Picture photographers, just like one of those things they run into Darkest Africa, to Hunt Lions.

* * *

THEY rode and they walked, and finally their Safari arrived at the outpost of Boxing Civilization.

"Rollo, this is where the friendly tribe of the Welter Welters live and thrive," Uncle Roddie explained. "Do not fear their Ferocious Phizzes as they mean no harm. Back in the days of King Mick Koy, this tribe was composed of Head Hunters and Wily Bruisers. But now they sit all day in the sunshine until they are told to come to Dinner."

The Roddie Safari dragged itself into the town, and nobody came out to greet the Newcomers. The Tribe of Welter Welters was giving a big dinner in the Town Hall for Bwana Brouillard, who lately had been elected their King.

The Voyageurs found no trouble in gaining admittance to the Festivities. "What are those Strange Things which the Welter Welters wear on their ears?" Little Rollo inquired.

"Those are Cauliflowers, my boy—badges of Long and Hard service," Uncle Roddie explained. "It is their Pass among the other tribes of Sockland. However, I fear, Rollo—yes, I fear that these men never will appear in Society. A Cauliflower ear is a Reward of Merit here, but nothing to feast your eyes on at the Yale Junior Prom."

At this point a space was cleared in the middle of the Hall, and four awesome looking Welter Welters, wearing Hair Pins through their noses, came out, holding hands and forming a Ring—not a Boxing Ring, but more like a Coffee Ring.

THEY were described by the spokesman for the Welter Welters. "They are Bwana Brouillard, Jackjackie Fields, Tomtom Freeman, and Jackjack Thompson," whispered the Interpreter to Little Rollo.

"They are rehearsing a Little Act which they intend to take out on the Big Time." Then the Four Fearsome looking bozos began to weave and bob, breaking into a Reverse Forward Pass and a left jab. And then, they began to Sing, terribly to wit—as follows—

Four Little Welter Weights are we,
From rancor our cute dance is free,
We make faces, we do tricks,
We delight the cities and sticks.

Having completed this roundelay, the Fearsome Welter Welters began to Spar. They jabbed and they punched, but nobody was hit, and many Fell. This appeared to be part of the Ritual Dance. One of them sprawled and the others gleefully stepped all over him, but soon he arose and walked all over a companion. So the Strange Ceremonial continued until the Four Fearsome ones busted into Stanza Two—

We play football with our crown,
Now we're up and then we're down,
We're all so happy, all so gay,
Plenty to eat, and high our pay.

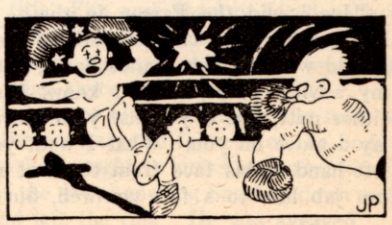
At this point Little Rollo lost interest in the proceedings. "I fear their Song does not scan, Uncle Roderick," complained the Sweet Boy. The Safari left for Other Parts, while the Ferocious Welters were singing still another Stanza of their Fraternal Chanty.

* * *

FOR days and nights the Roderick Safari struggled through the Jungle of Sockland. They passed through one village after another, and always Little Rollo wanted to stop to examine new Species of the Cauliflower. But Uncle Roddie kept saying: "The real sights are in the Land of Heavy Heavy. There they have Giants who do wondrous deeds. There the Cauliflower blossoms as big as cabbage."

On they fought, through thickets of $10 ringside seats, through the growth of poisonous Phoney-Phoney, which is the Poison Ivy of Sockland and is as hard to detect as a Rubber Check. Finally they arrived at the Village of Heavy Heavy. It was broad daylight, but the Night Watchman was still asleep on the job.

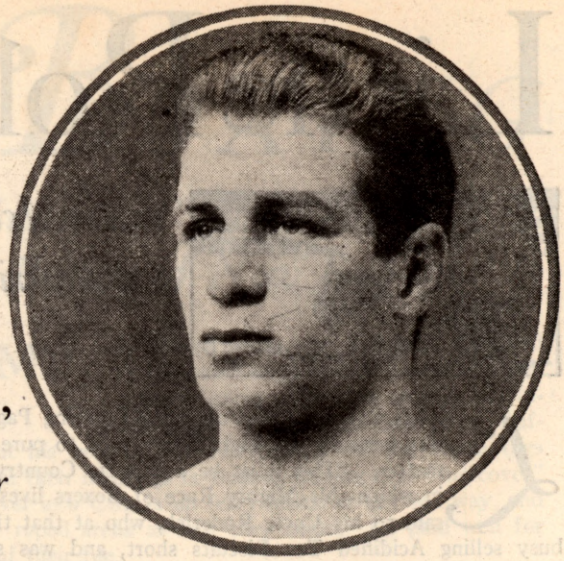
In the center of the town there was a stockade, and in the Janitor's Cubicle they found Yuss-Yussel Jacobs, the Medicine Man of the chief of the Tribe of Heavy Heavy, Mocks Sh-sh-shmaylink, by some inaccur- (*Continued on page* 43)



A COSTLY BLUNDER

Joe Choynski Disobeyed Parson Davies' Counsel and was Stopped by Peter Maher

By CHARLES F. MATHISON



Joe Choynski

"IT was a bully fight," said Theodore Roosevelt as he arose from his seat in a ringside box at the Broadway Athletic Club on the night of November 16, 1896. His remark, which was made at the conclusion of a peppery contest between Peter Maher and Joe Choynski, aptly characterized a combat that ended in an unexpected knockout of Choynski in the sixth round.

Mr. Roosevelt was at that time a member of the Board of Police Commissioners of New York city, and he had gone to the club with the object of getting first hand information as to how the bouts were conducted.

Incidentally he saw one of the most spectacular bouts staged during the Horton law regime, the knockout of Choynski coming at a time when the Californian looked to be a sure winner.

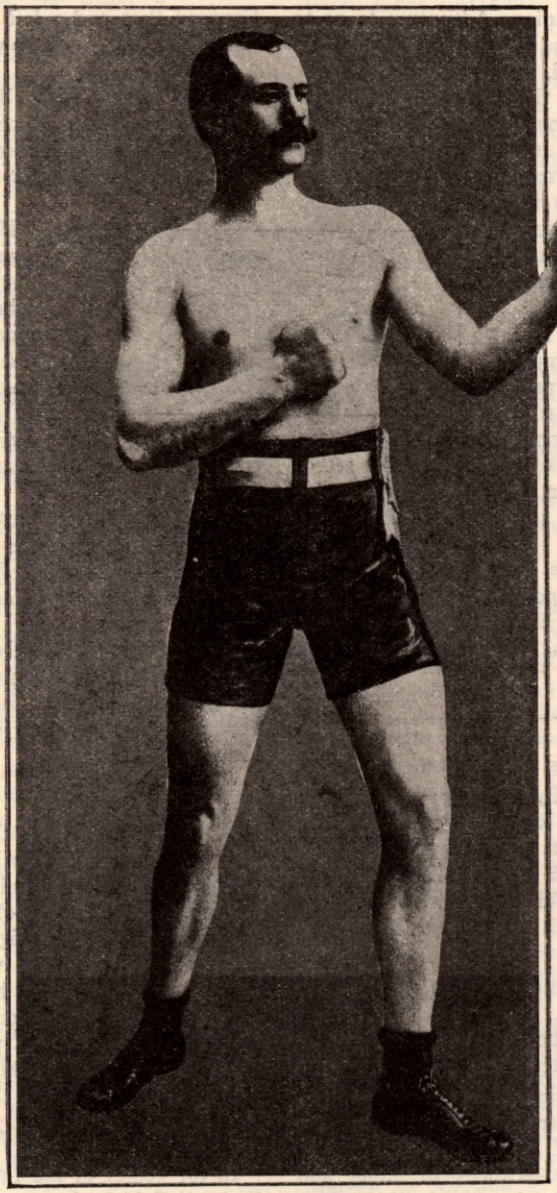
Choynski's defeat was due to disobedience of the instructions of his manager and chief second, Parson Davies. Choynski, be it understood, was much superior to Maher as a boxer and was quicker with feet and hands.

Maher's qualifications as a fighter were summed up in his ability to hit jarring blows with either hand, as Choynski, Fitzsimmons and other noted pugilists could testify.

* * *

THEREFORE, when the astute Davies gave his final instructions to Choynski he dwelt strongly on one line of action.

"Joe," said the Parson in the low, earnest tones characteristic of that famous promoter, "you should win this fight hands down, but you will have to follow my advice. Peter, as you know, has a kick like a mule in either mitt, but if you use your cleverness he ought never to lay a glove on you. What I want you to do is to keep your left hand in his face from the first round to the finish. You can jab him to a fare-you-well, but if you mix it with him before he is ready for the settling punch you never will know what struck you."



Peter Maher

Choynski said he would carry out the Parson's advice and the battle started.

Maher walked in and attempted to get within hitting range, but Choynski poked a long left into his opponent's face and then stepped away as Maher charged forward. This operation was repeated over and over again during the first round, and Maher was plainly nettled when he went to his corner.

The Irish champion was full of fight when he came out for the second round, and he rushed furiously at Choynski, swinging both hands. Choynski ducked, sidestepped and broke ground in face of the attacks, but the instant Maher relaxed his offensive, into his face shot the straight, stinging left.

The third, fourth and fifth rounds were similar to the first two, except that the effect of the jabbing on Maher had reddened his face to the color of the core of a ripe watermelon, and he was so irritated by his inability to land on the elusive Choynski that he scowled and muttered as he flung himself at his opponent.

Toward the close of the fifth round Maher seemed much confused and the jabs reached his face with such frequency as to check his own attack. When Choynski reached his corner at the end of the fifth round Parson Davies was in high good humor, and said:

"See? What I told you is right. You have got him on the run and all you have to do is to keep on jabbing him for a few more rounds and then he will be ready for the knockout. Now mind what I say, Joe."

Choynski came to the centre for the sixth round and unerringly shot his left to the face of the now worried Maher. Half a dozen stiff left handers to the (*Continued on page* 41)

Fitz's Revenge

How Freckled Bob Evened Matters with Tom Sharkey for Weird Decision in California

By JOHN E. McENTEE

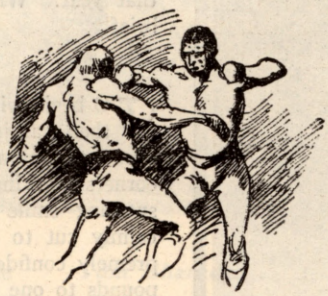
ROBERT FITZSIMMONS was by no means a vindictive man, but I think he could easily be pardoned if he gloated a bit over the manner in which he evened the score with able seaman Thomas Sharkey, of Dundalk, Ireland, San Francisco, Calif., and Bath Beach, L. I.

Two spectacular events formed the groundwork of the Cornishman's grievance and his subsequent elation. The first was staged at San Francisco, December 2, 1896, when Fitz and the Sailorman had their first meeting in the ring, and the second at the Coney Island A. C., August 24, 1900, their final clash with the gloves.

For nearly four years Fitz smiled grimly whenever reference was made to the manner in which Sharkey captured the decision in the opening tilt between the pair. On each occasion when memory revived the San Francisco incident, the small blue eyes of the Cornishman blazed momentarily and his teeth showed in a grin implying belief in complete satisfaction later on. He hoped some day to get his revenge.

Previous to his Coast meeting with Sharkey, Fitz had stopped the hard-hitting Maher in one round down in Langtry, Tex., and had halted the career of Dan Creedon in two rounds. Naturally he was an overwhelming favorite to defeat Sharkey in short order.

Sharkey wanted the fight with Fitz to take place on the Coast, while Fitz, who had settled in the East, preferred to fight close to the home of his adoption. Sharkey, however, declined to travel eastward and Mahomet Fitzsimmons went to the Rocky Mountain slopes. He felt that he would be able to settle the Sailor in quick time and sink his pugilistic craft in short order. But he reckoned without Wyatt Earp, a two-gun toter, who had been drafted to act as referee of the contest.



Fitz feinted with his left, and when Sharkey attempted to guard the body, Fitz crashed his right to the jaw and knocked out the Sailor Boy

* * *

MR. EARP'S experience as third man in the ring had been exceedingly limited but he held positive views as to his fitness for the work in hand, and was ready to debate the question, with or without bullets, with any man who questioned his adaptability to the task of picking the winner.

By way of assuring respectful acceptance of his rulings and decision, the referee was accompanied into the ring by his two best shooting irons. Incidentally he declared in a few pointed remarks preceding the battle, that he would regard it as very inconsiderate, even unwise, on the part of anyone to question the justice of any of his rulings.

Thus the fight started and went along for five rounds, with Fitz investigating the Sailor's aptitude in the matter of boxing and generalship. When the eighth round arrived, Fitz decided he had an excellent idea of the general capabilities of Sharkey. Therefore, without more ado, Fitz feinted with his right at the Sailor's jaw, but never let it go. It had the desired effect, the Sailor raising his guard to protect his jaw.

Fitz then shifted, and drove his left hand into the pit of Sharkey's body. Sharkey sank like a boat that had been torpedoed, and floundered helplessly on the ring floor. It was the first time Fitz had used the solar plexus punch, but as the boxing experts had not at that time discovered the region known as the solar plexus, the fact was not mentioned in the reports of the fight. Not until a year later when Fitz used the same blow on Jim Corbett, was the solar plexus punch duly captioned and placed on file in the archives of pugilistic science.

* * *

WHEN the blow landed on Sharkey's midriff, there did not appear to be anything to detain Earp in the ring except to count out the Sailor and lift the good left glove of Fitzsimmons. But Earp tarried and listened to the groans of the Sailorman and disqualified Fitz for fouling.

Those who watched the fight were much surprised by the verdict and in displeased manner questioned the judgment of the referee. By way of impressing on his detractors the correctness of his decision, Earp drew from his pocket one of the miniature cannon he carried to enforce his convictions and declared his defiance of one and all who might erroneously think he had not made the proper decision.

In fact, Earp, while ostentatiously holding his cannon in full view, invited any of the doubters to come into the ring and argue the question to a finish. There were no responses, and as the crowd, unconvinced but in good health, left the arena, Earp, with his trusty weapons, stood guard while the Sailor was hauled to the hospital to recuperate from the punch that paralyzed him.

* * *

FITZ came back to New York, a sadder but wiser, though moneyless man. He merely grinned when questioned as to the justice of Earp's decision.

Fitz reached the pinnacle of pugilism when he got the match with Corbett one year after the Sharkey incident, and stripped Corbett of his title.

Hardly had Fitz become accustomed to the toga of a champion when he was divested of the garment in a match with Jeffries.

Then Eastward came Sharkey, and by stopping Gus Ruhlin in one round, Kid McCoy in ten, and getting a decision over Jim Corbett in a much suspected bout, weighed in as a challenger for Jeff's title. Sharkey lost the decision, and although George Siler, the referee, did not flourish any guns, his ruling was almost as faulty as that of Earp.

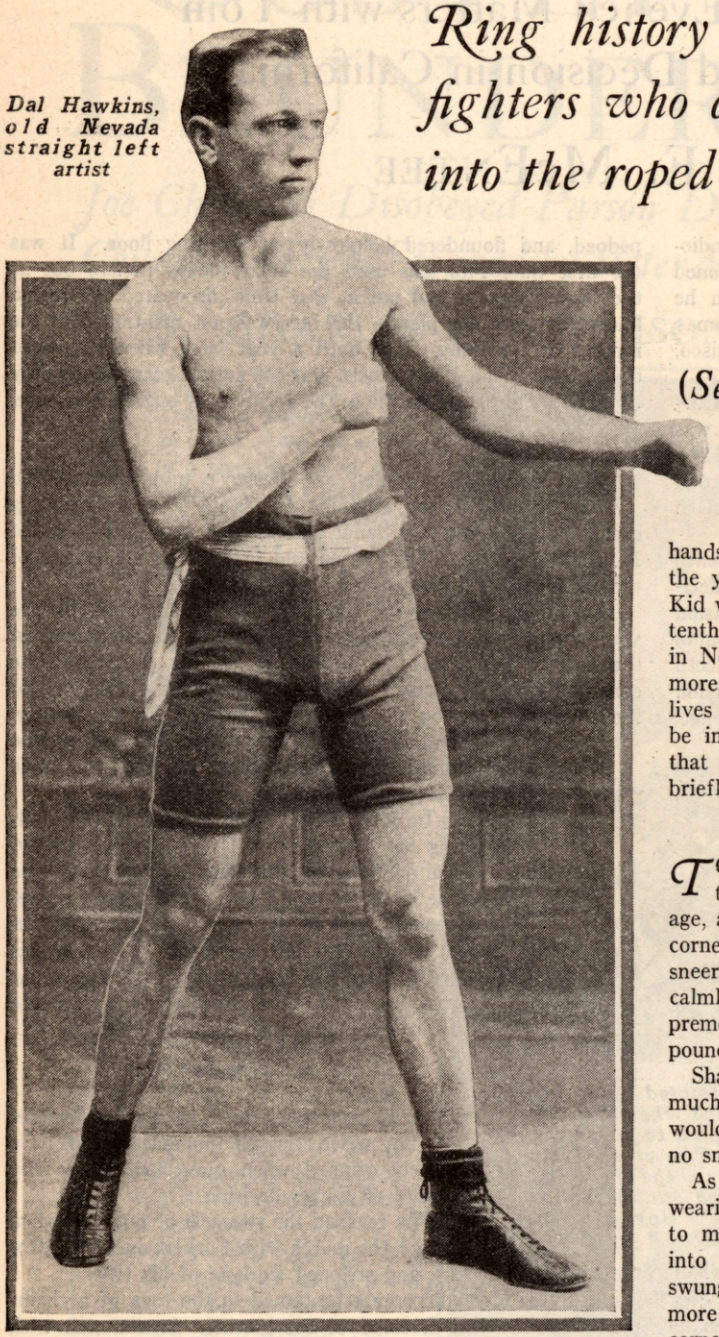
In 1900, four years from the time of their first meeting, and neither holding any title, Fitz and Sharkey faced each other again, this time at Coney Island, August 24, 1900.

Fitzsimmons was a great strategist. He never was in favor of trying the same thing twice on the same man.

Therefore he decided not to hit the Sailor in the solar plexus a second time. On the contrary, he feinted for the body with his left, and when Sharkey sought to guard his body, Fitz drove a right to the point of the jaw, knocking Sharkey down and out. Then Fitz grinned and left the ring. He was avenged.

When the *Referee*

Ring history is replete with cases of fighters who carried their own official into the roped square in the form of a hefty wallop



Dal Hawkins, old Nevada straight left artist

By Wilbur Wood

(Second of a series on famous knockouts)

IN last month's issue of THE RING I had something to say about fistic battles in which the services of the referee might just as well have been dispensed with, for the good reason that one of the fighters settled the issue beyond peradventure of a doubt by flattening his foe for the full count. At that time I merely scratched the surface of Queensberry history as it applies to such situations. From the earliest days down to the present, the game is richly studded with such fights. Many of the most stirring chapters of the long chronicle of the ring have been written around these knockouts.

In this article, I will go into more or less detail concerning some such fights in the more distant days, fights still fresh in the memory of the old-timers, yet in a larger way news to the younger generation. The story of a thrilling knockout never grows tiresome, I think, so I will ask you to turn back with me the pages of the book of boxing to examine some few famous fights that finished with one of the contestants taking the long count.

Let's dip into the dossier of Kid McCoy, that handsome, sneering devil of the ring, for a moment or so. Under the year 1899 we run across an entry setting forth that the Kid was knocked out by Tom Sharkey, the Irish sailor, in the tenth round. The result, and the fact that the fight took place in New York City, is all the record reveals. Yet there was more, oh much more, to it than that. The fight still lives in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to be in the old Lenox A. C. on the night of January 10, of that year. What happened? Well, let's go into that brawl briefly.

* * *

TO begin with, here is the background of the battle. McCoy then was just a little over the middleweight line in poundage, a tall, slim, trimly built phantom. As they stood in their corners awaiting the opening bell, the Kid's features bore that sneering smile which customarily wreathed his face as he calmly cut to ribbons some luckless opponent. He was supremely confident, despite the fact he was giving away many pounds to one of the best heavyweights in the world.

Sharkey, a compactly built mass of bone and muscle, was much more serious. He was confident, too, but he knew it would be no child's play to whip the phantom. There was no smile on the sailor's grim countenance.

As the fight began Sharkey plunged and fired. McCoy, still wearing that sneering smile, stepped out of range just enough to make the sailor miss his punches. McCoy stuck his left into Sharkey's face several times and the sailor, infuriated, swung wildly. At the end of the round Sharkey sat down, more serious than ever, while McCoy skipped lightly to his corner and laughed as he seated himself on his stool.

It was much the same story in the second. In the third, instead of backing away, McCoy stood his ground and drove in several blows. Then he backed away and circled around the sailor, looking for a spot.

He saw the opening he wanted and stepped in with a dazzling left that travelled straight to Tom's chin. It was the Kid's famous corkscrew punch. The result was as usual.

Sharkey hit the deck with a crash, his heels flying up as his head went down. But the sailor got up—and rushed. McCoy tapped him lightly several times, then crashed over a tremendous right. Again Sharkey went down. Again he got up, but he seemed badly hurt. Luckily for him the bell rang.

During the minute's rest Sharkey recuperated rapidly and when he came out for the fourth he rushed and let his punches go with such ferocity, that McCoy was forced to take cover

was Excess Baggage

to escape disaster.

So it went until the eighth when Sharkey finally broke through with a terrific left to the belt line. McCoy fell on his face, body writhing and face contorted with pain. He managed to reach his feet at nine and drove a right to the Sailor's face. Just then the bell rang and McCoy staggered to the haven of his corner.

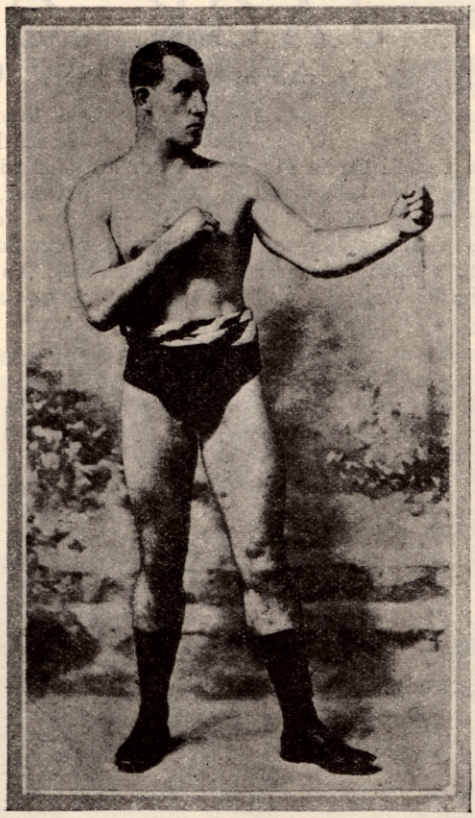
In the ninth, Sharkey continued his ferocious attack but by a marvelous exhibition of defensive skill that left the customers with mouths agape, McCoy avoided disaster. In the tenth, the sailor resumed his tremendous assault. Sharkey was shooting for the stomach and McCoy carefully guarded that vulnerable region, blocking beautifully.

But at last it happened. Shifting his attack upstairs, the sailor drove a vicious left to the jaw and McCoy went down. This time he was still on the floor at the count of ten. As I said, it was a fight that still remains vivid in the minds of those privileged to see it.

* * *

RUNNING a finger down McCoy's record, I come across an entry, under the date of May 19, 1902, that is most deceiving. All the book sets forth, is that McCoy and Kid Carter went six rounds to no-decision in Philadelphia. Yet if ever a man was knocked out, McCoy was flattened on that occasion. All the knockouts do not find their way into the records.

Carter was a man of McCoy's own weight, but he was just as ferocious and tireless as Sharkey, who had vanquished the slippery Kid some years earlier. As usual, McCoy went into battle with that sneering smile, intent on ripping Carter to ribbons without getting hurt himself, if he could help it.



Tom Sharkey

In the opening frame McCoy evaded Carter's rushes and nearly closed that worthy's right eye by a series of skilfully directed punches. In the second, with things going as usual, Carter managed to get home a tremendous right on the Kid's smiling face. McCoy went down and the crowd went up on its feet, wildly excited.

The referee counted over the fallen man, rather slowly it seemed to the excited spectators, and along about eight, with McCoy still motionless on the floor, the bell rang. McCoy's seconds rushed into the ring and raised him to his feet. As they started dragging him toward the corner, McCoy shook them off and tried to go it alone. But he still was goofy from the punch and reeled into the ropes, pulling himself along by them until he made the corner.

Though barely able to struggle to his feet to come out for the third, McCoy made it and quickly fell into a clinch. But there was little rest for him there and, in desperation, he mixed with the eager Carter. From then until the end of the sixth and last round, they fought furiously, McCoy landing many a damaging blow himself but going to the canvas five more times.

But the nub of the story is this—when that bell rang ending the second round with McCoy still on the canvas less than two minutes of the frame had elapsed, according to the story told by several stop watches. Somebody came to the Kid's rescue by ringing the bell more than a minute ahead of time.

That sort of thing was not uncommon in the old days. Now, with automatic clocks on the walls at the better clubs, so that all may see the progress of a round, second by second, such phenagling is out of the question. Had that fight taken place in Madison Square Garden tonight, McCoy certainly would have been counted out.

* * *

MENTION was made last month of Sam Langford's remark that he carried his own referee —in his right hand. The same might be said of that other famous colored warrior, Joe Gans, the Old Master. Gans was the author of many a spectacular knockout, but for the moment I will go into only his two victories over Dal Hawkins and his knockout of Frank Erne in almost record time.

Gans first went to war with Hawkins on January 25, 1900, at the old Broadway A. C., in New York. But before taking up the fight itself, let's spread on the record a little something about Hawkins, so that what happened, may be better understood.

Hawkins, a Nevada product who learned to fight in San Francisco, had perhaps more power behind his straight left than any other fighter known to Queensberry history. Just how he managed it, is not known to this day. But it is a fact that Dal not only could drop a man with a short straight left to the face but could and did put many down for the full count with that punch.

It was at Carson City, in one of the bouts ahead of the Fitzsimmons-Corbett engagement, itself a famous knockout which I shall go into in a later article, perhaps, that Hawkins first became something of a sensation by flattening Martin Flaherty with the first punch of the fight, that potent straight left. In a later bout with Frank Erne, the San Francisco boy put Erne on the carpet for nine with his first punch, that straight left, and it was a seeming miracle that Frank survived it.

By the time Gans and Hawkins met, everyone knew about that dynamic straight left and was watching for it, none more so than Gans himself. The Old Master had worked up a special defense for it, a block that he was certain would prevent Dal from nailing him as he had Flaherty and Erne.

But, lo and behold, no sooner had they advanced from their corners and come within hitting distance, than Hawkins' left flew out and Gans hit the floor with a crash. The blow had been shot so fast that neither Gans nor anyone else saw it coming.

The Old Master managed to get to his feet at nine and Dal jumped him, with both hands working, hoping to finish the job in a jiffy. Gans covered for a few moments, then lashed out in a furious burst of fighting. The action was terrific. In one of these mixups, Gans dropped Hawkins for nine. It was some first round!

The second began more slowly, but soon they were slamming each other again. Dal staggered Joe several times. Soon the Old Master, at home in any kind of going, rocked Hawkins with a right to the ear and followed instantaneously with a left to the jaw that put Dal down and this time Referee Johnny White counted the full ten. (*Continued on page* 43)

MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

BY JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham

PART TWENTY-THREE

IN my last chapter I touched on Tex Rickard's promotion of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight. I said that I admired Rickard's courage in handling this fight as circumstances compelled him to. Indeed, I regard the enterprise as the most daring I have ever seen brought to a successful conclusion and since I was privileged to see it at close hand in its several stages, I feel urged to tell of it—first, because I believe the telling of it will add something of interest to the sporting record and second, because I wish to offer my tribute to a man whose faith in himself and his judgment was so great that he was willing to court ruin in order to vindicate it.

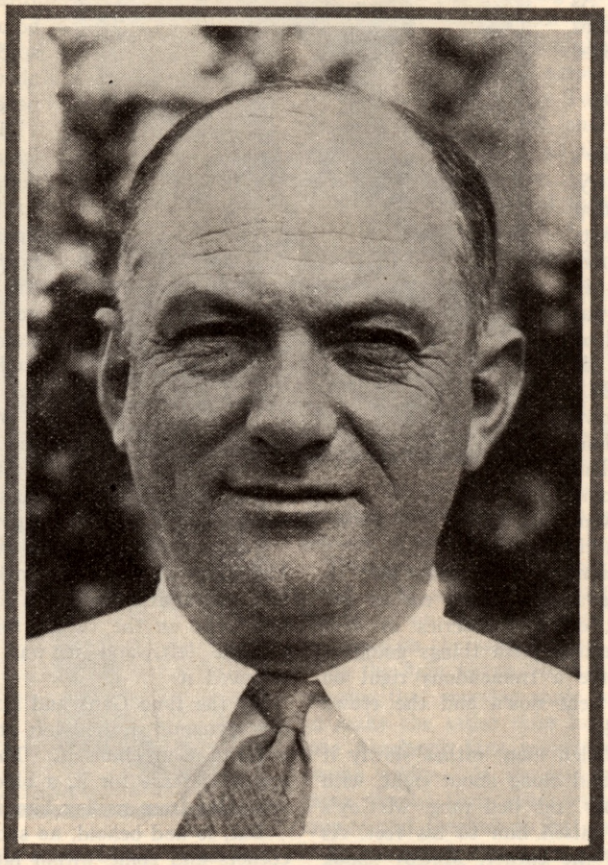
As I have written previously, the promotion of the fight originally was undertaken by Rickard, Charles Cochran, the British theatrical impresario and William A. Brady, who frequently had been associated with Cochran in the production of plays. Cochran had an option on Carpentier's services and Rickard had tied up Dempsey. Brady was stringing along with Cochran.

The articles of agreement stipulated that Dempsey should get $300,000 and Carpentier $200,000 and that the fight should be held in New York State. Cochran sailed for England within a few days after the match had been made and, on his arrival, learned that Governor Miller, in conformity with his own views and those of influential citizens whose views coincided with his, had banned the fight in New York on the ground that a half million dollars was too much to pay to a pair of prize fighters for a few minutes work at a time when, with the first reaction from the war being felt, thousands of men were out of work and in want.

* * *

FROM a distance of three thousand miles, the outlook seemed hopeless to Cochran. He believed that if the fight could not be held in New York, there was no prospect of it drawing a million dollar gate and he hastily withdrew. With him went Brady, of course. The withdrawal of Brady didn't worry Rickard, for he had contributed nothing to the fight but his good will.

Cochran, however, had the money Rickard needed, the plan having been for Cochran to furnish the money and Rickard the promotional skill. Without Cochran, Rickard had two alternatives: To climb out from under, as Cochran had done, or to carry on alone, for in those days he had no backing whatever—no Ringling and no Six Hundred Millionaires.



Mike Jacobs, who made possible the Carpentier-Dempsey fight by organizing the leading brokers for the purchase of preferred seats, thereby giving Rickard sufficient money to carry out his building plans

Rickard elected to stick—and to gamble in a fashion that reduced his operations in the Klondyke to the proportions of a game of penny ante on a Thursday night at the Elks.

His first move was to arrange with the authorities in New Jersey for the holding of the fight in Jersey City. His second, to select Boyle's Thirty Acres as the site for the arena. Now he needed money to go ahead—and he had none.

It was here that Mike Jacobs entered the picture, to make the fight possible and to earn the everlasting friendship of Rickard. Jacobs had evolved a plan to organize the leading speculators for the purchase of large blocks of preferred seats, payment for same to accompany the reservations. Rickard instantly accepted the plan, seeing in it a way out of the difficulties that enmeshed him. He didn't have the tickets but he had a plan of the arena—which, by the way, originally called for only 40,000 seats—and as the speculators laid the money on the line for him he delivered reservations.

The money poured in and, as the original reservations were taken up, more were demanded and the flow of gold to Rickard was tremendous. He quickly saw that he would need more than 40,000 seats and the plans were altered to practically double the original capacity.

Now he had all the money he needed, but the use of it in the construction of the arena and to cover the other expenses that piled up from day to day was exceedingly dangerous. Rickard, undismayed, plunged on.

Long before the fight he had taken in and paid out more than a half million dollars. If all went well and the fight was held according to schedule, no harm would be done. But

what if something—any one of a hundred things—happened? What then? Thousands of persons, having paid their money for tickets, would demand it back and Rickard, unable to return a penny of it, would be ruined.

* * *

AT that time I saw Rickard almost every day and I must say that the strain, which would have broken many a man of supposedly iron nerves, had but little outward effect on him. What his thoughts must have been and how many sleepless nights he must have passed, I had no means of knowing but through the many crises he faced, he retained his composure and masked his true feelings behind that superb poker face of his.

Now and then I saw signs of a slight irritability on his part—but it was an irritability exceeded by the average individual who discovers that his breakfast eggs have been boiled a half minute longer than he ordered. Day after day he sat, imperturbable, at his desk or, puffing his cigar and lightly swinging his cane, strolled about the rising wooden bowl in Jersey City to see how the work was coming on.

Now, I do not know how many times, if any, disaster beckoned to him from the camp which Dempsey had pitched at Atlantic City, where the champion worked out every day before surging crowds, but I do know that twice it beckoned to him from the quiet of Long Island, where I had engaged training quarters for Carpentier.

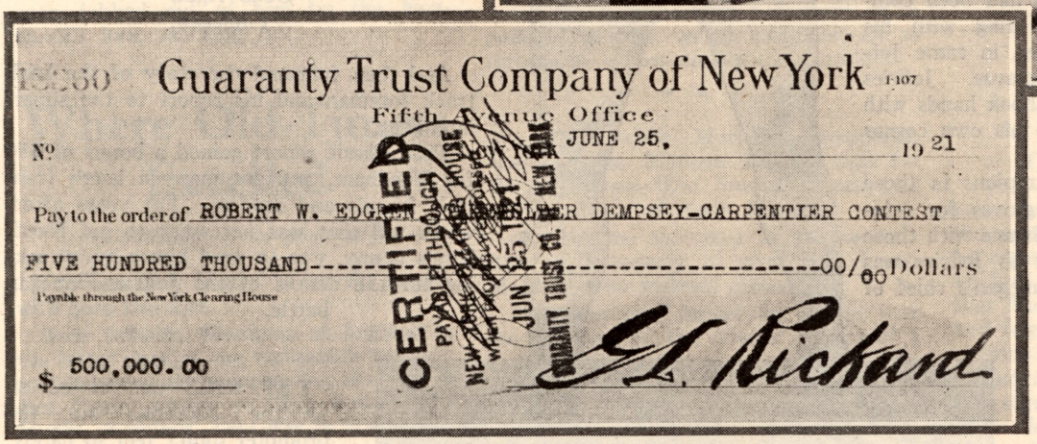
Say, if you will, that a special Providence watched over the Frenchman, or say that he had come under the protection of the luck for which Rickard, through all the days of his promoting, was famous. I do not know the answer—but I know that twice Carpentier scraped close to serious injury or death itself and that on either of these occasions, injury or death for him would have meant ruin and disgrace for Rickard.

The first of these occurred about two weeks before the fight. It had rained all night and in the morning the roads were still wet and slippery as Carpentier, at the wheel of a light, open car, set out from his quarters at Manhasset bound for Great Neck. Between the towns there is a steep grade and Georges, who never in his life went anywhere that he wasn't in a hurry, was coming down it at a high rate of speed when, from a side road obscured by a high hedge, a milk wagon barged in front of him.

Georges threw the wheel sharply to his left and applied the brakes. The car wheels locked on the slippery grade, the car swung around, missing the milk wagon by inches and, from that point to a point several hundred feet away, skidded and whirled about crazily. Had it struck the wagon or, having missed it, had turned over, Georges almost certainly would have been killed or so badly injured as to have made the fight out of the question.

On the Sunday before the fight—which was held on a Saturday, July 2, 1921 — Carpentier had another close call, though in a manner not at all spectacular, as was his joust with the milk wagon.

The smile of contentment —Rickard, his task completed, took Descamps (center) and Carpentier to Boyle's Thirty Acres for an inspection of the arena in which a new epoch in ring history was written



Guaranty Trust Company of New York

Fifth Avenue Office

No. JUNE 25, 1921

Pay to the order of ROBERT W. EDGREN ... DEMPSEY-CARPENTIER CONTEST

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND ---------- 00/100 Dollars

Payable through the New York Clearing House

$ 500,000.00

CERTIFIED

JUN 25 1921

GUARANTY TRUST CO.

J. Rickard

The $500,000 check that Rickard gave to Bob Edgren with which to pay the fighters.

One of his closest friends, who had come over from France to see the fight, was Jean Mallet, a brother of Capt. Pierre Mallet of the firm of Revillion Freres, who makes his home in New York. Georges spent much of his time with the brothers Mallet and on this particular Sunday, they, with him, were guests of Georges Bourne at a party on his yacht on Long Island Sound. It was a perfect day and as the yacht rode at anchor, the guests swam or fished or lounged about on the deck in their bathing suits. Calm and peace and joy—but with danger, unthought of, lurking just behind them. That Georges was not overtaken by it was due to the unwitting aid of a comely girl.

Georges and Pierre Mallet, having been swimming for a while, lay in the sun on the deck to rest and fast were becoming drowsy when this girl smiled at Carpentier. Instantly he shook off his drowsiness and, getting up, joined her where she sat in the shade of an awning. They found each other's company congenial and chatted and lunched in the shade while Pierre Mallet, left alone, quickly fell asleep, to be roused a couple of hours later and to join in the laugh that was prompted by the look of bewilderment (*Continued on page* 41)

"OFF AGIN; ON AGIN; GONE AGIN—FINNEGAN"

By HAROLD McGHEE

"IT'S off agin, on agin, gone agin, Finnegan," was a terse message that an Irish track foreman once sent to the district superintendent who had issued orders to him to see that a derailed freight train was placed back on the tracks. The Finnegan yarn fits in well with the story of a bout that James J. Jeffries had at the Cadillac A. C. of Detroit, on April 6, 1900, a few months after Jeff had won the heavyweight title from Bob Fitzsimmons.

Jeffries at the time was on a vaudeville and exhibition tour, and being extremely popular in the middle west, arrangements were completed to have him show at the Cadillac Club. Fighters who would be willing to clash with the Coast boiler-maker for an exhibition fee, were scarce and the directors had some difficulty in locating an opponent. Finally it was decided to accept the services of Jim Finnegan, a heavyweight of Pittsburgh.

On the night of the fight, the club was packed. It seemed that every fight fan in Detroit had come to see the conqueror of Fitz.

When the preliminary bouts had been completed, Finnegan entered the ring with his retinue and a few seconds later, in came Jeffries amid thunderous applause. Jeffries walked over to his opponent, shook hands with him and then walked back to his own corner to don the gloves.

As was customary with champions in those days, they carried their own gloves for exhibitions rather than to take a chance with those supplied by the club and just as Jeffries was about to put his mitts on, Finnegan's chief of staff offered strong objections. For a time it seemed that the affair would be called off. The second insisted that Jeff would have to wear the gloves supplied by the club, but the Californian was equally insistent that the gloves were too hard and too small.

Finally Jeff asked that Finnegan be brought over for a conference. The referee and the club president tried to straighten the tangle, but the best they could do, was to obtain a negative answer from Finnegan, who, backing his handler, declared there would be no fight unless the club gloves were used.

To Jeffries' plea, Finnegan replied:

"Nawthin' doin'. You'll fight with these gloves or not at all!"

Jeffries was angry, but didn't lose his temper. Rather than to disappoint such a large gathering, he took one sly look at Finnegan, shoved him away, made haste to put on the club gloves and announced himself ready for the fray. Finnegan's attitude had made a savage out of Jeff, even though he had kept his temper. His every move indicated that he would try to make hash out of his opponent in quick order.

When the men had received their instructions, Jeff quickly returned to his corner and at the sound of the gong, he rushed forward, stopped momentarily as he reached his prey, took aim and let fly a left that crashed against Finnegan's jaw.

Down went the Irishman with a thud. They could have counted fifty over him, and he still would have been fast asleep. All he could hear was the song of the birdies.

Jeff settled matters with the Smoketown heavyweight with a single punch and with that accomplished, he ran back to his corner to have the gloves removed and seemed greatly relieved when that was done.

Sitting in Jeffries' corner was Bo Needham, famous sports editor of the old *Free Press*. Bo greeted Jeff before the fight began, then turned to ask for a match from a co-worker behind him, and in the few seconds that his head was turned, he missed the entire fight. The next morning the Detroit *Free Press* carried the following headline:

"Off Agin,
On Agin,
Gone Agin,
Finnegan,"

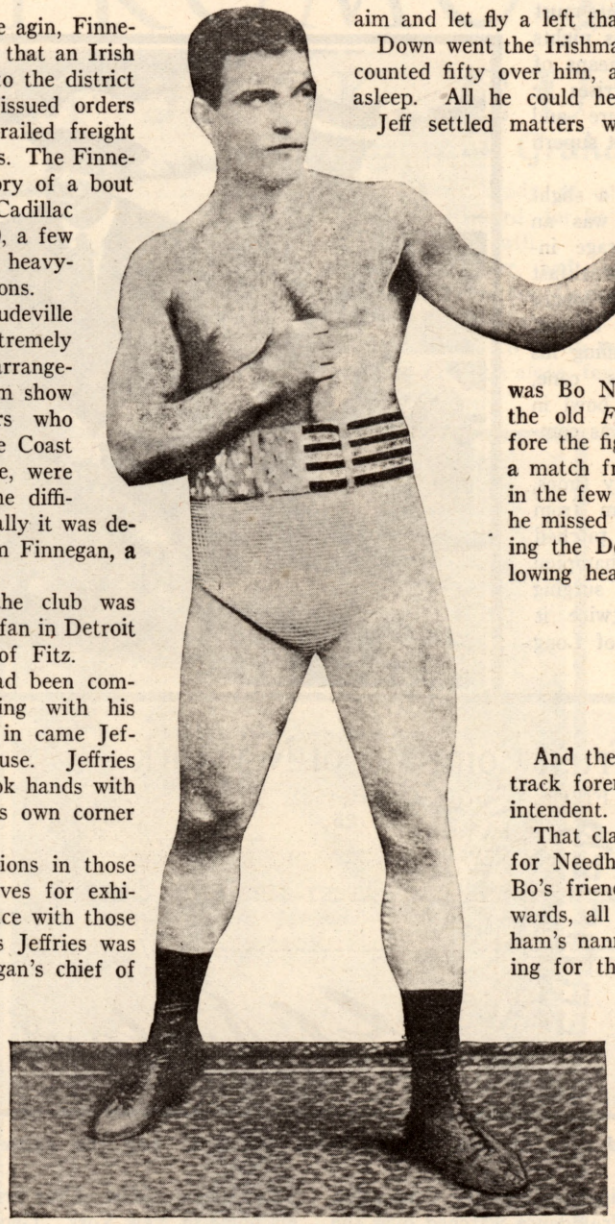
And then followed the story of the Irish track foreman and his report to the superintendent.

That classic report gained a bonus of $50 for Needham, and got many a laugh from Bo's friends and readers. For years afterwards, all that was necessary to get Needham's nanny, was to send him a query asking for the details of the Jeffries-Finnegan battle.

* * *

JEFFRIES was elated at the outcome, but the promoter didn't feel so happy. Many disgruntled fans accused him of pitting a set-up against the champion and for a time, it appeared that a riot would enliven matters. Out in the lobby, the ticket office was surrounded by several dozen burly rowdies who demanded their money back. When this was refused, one made an attempt to raid the office, and when a shout for help went up, the police swarmed into the lobby and a free-for-all started. Clubs were used freely and when the melee was ended, four of the huskies were stretched out as a result of bumping into the clubs and blackjacks of the bluecoats.

That attempted raid on the box office wasn't all. To top the entertainment, one of Finnegan's seconds, peeved at the quick knockout of his man. took a healthy swing at one of the officials, and in less time than it takes to tell the story, there were two other knockouts in the ring, both the official and the second taking the rest cure, one, when the second's fist caught him on the chin, and the other, when a club wielded by a minion of the law, sent him crashing to the canvas.



Jim Jeffries

A Great Battle Recalled

(*Continued from page* 16)

and the police and that he would not permit the bout to get under way until new gloves were obtained. For Dempsey, Jack McAuliffe, his life-long pal and Denny Kelliher acted as seconds while Jimmy Carroll and Paddy Gorman were in the Australian's corner. Hiram Cook, the club referee, acted as third man. Dempsey scaled 147½ pounds to 151½ for his opponent.

The bout was bitterly fought. Dempsey, eager to redeem himself for the defeat he had suffered at the hands of La Blanche, battled like a maddened tiger. Although the lighter man, he proved himself a fighter of punishing power for he both outfought and outboxed his opponent.

Dempsey had the better of the milling from the start and as the fight progressed, McCarthy became a sorry sight. The fighter from Down Under, however, was game to the core and fought until he could no longer stand up. He proved himself a courageous, two-fisted gladiator.

Dempsey won, but he knew that he had been through the mill for the discoloration of the skin over his left wrist showed where he had sustained a bad sprain from stopping blow after blow. McCarthy was so badly done up that he had to be attended to by the club physician after the fight. His strength had been jabbed out of him by the Nonpareil's long reaching left.

Where Old-Timers Excelled

(*Continued from page* 29)

1750 when they fought 14 terrific rounds with bare knuckles.

Tom Johnson, champion of England in the latter part of the eighteenth century, was 41 years old when he lost his title to Ben Brain, known as "Big Ben." They fought 18 rounds. That was in 1791, when close to $1,000,000 was wagered on the contest.

Daniel Mendoza, one of the greatest Jewish boxers, was 42 years old when he had his last fight with Tom Owens in 1806. Mendoza won that fight in 12 rounds then retired to teach his system to the younger generation.

Caleb Baldwin was 47 when he defeated Young Massa in 13 rounds in 1817.

Ben Caunt put up a terrific battle with Nat Langham in 1857. Caunt at the time was 42 years old.

"Yankee" Sullivan was 48 years old when he had his last battle in the far West. He also fought the famous Morrissey when close to 48 years.

Time, the Avenger

(*Continued from page* 31)

"You were right the other day, Sallie," Hyer said. "I am going back into the ring, and this very day I will challenge Morrissey. If I ever get into a fight there will be no quarter. There will be no quitting on his part. Andy shall be avenged."

From Hyer's saloon the challenge went out that evening. Even the old *Herald* became excited over the prospect of Tom's return.

The Morrissey crew sneered. The challenge was repeated and "Old Smoke" had to put up a forfeit. When the time to fight came Morrissey failed to show up. He knew that Hyer was his master and "Old Smoke" was too shrewd a business man to make the mistake of battling Tom.

New York's sporting circles were insistent that Morrissey meet Hyer. A second match was made and when Hyer and his second arrived at the battle ground in Westchester they found five hundred of Morrissey's Bowery Boys and Short Boys on the scene, armed and drunk, and spoiling for trouble. Hyer declined to fight under the circumstances.

Then came John C. Heenan, backed by Hyer. Morrissey was lucky to beat Heenan and when the Benecia Boy demanded a return match Morrissey forfeited the championship. He went on to political success, on to Congress, on to fortune as a boss among the gamblers.

* * *

AND while Morrissey prospered, Sallie Minturn kept a vigil for the day when "Old Smoke" would pay for the death of Andy Mallon.

She became the toast of the town, a star on Broadway to rival Ada Isaacs Menken, who married Heenan.

Morrissey got into serious trouble with the collapse of the Tweed ring, and a woman's influence was seen in his dilemma.

Morrissey was snubbed in Congress, derided even by members of his own Democratic Party, until he was glad to slink back to New York. And a woman's influence was discerned in his castigation.

Morrisey gave the race track and gambling concessions at Saratoga their real start.

But when he was about to reap the real fruits, they were snatched from his grasp. And a woman was behind that!

But on he fought, through the years, while Sallie kept her vigil. And one night, a cold one in December, while the northwest wind carried snow flurries down Broadway, Time took Morrissey on its wings and Andy Mallon at last found his revenge!

Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page* 39)

on his face as he sat up, wondering, for the moment, where he was. . . .

The day of the fight Pierre Mallet, who had purchased a ringside seat, lay motionless on his bed, swathed in oiled bandages and suffering from a case of sun-burn that all but killed him. Even so, he had not been able to lie down at all until a day or so before, nor bear the weight of even the lightest pajamas on his tortured body. Imagine, then, what would have been the fate of Carpentier, with his silky skin and fine textured flesh, but for that girl's inviting smile. The chances are that he not only would not have fought Dempsey when he did but that he would have been incapable of fighting anybody for a year—if, indeed, he had survived.

But Providence—or luck—was with Carpentier, which is to say that it was with Rickard, too. The fight, attractive on the face of it and splendidly ballyhooed as the Battle of the Century, was held on schedule before a crowd of close to 90,000 persons, including some of the most distinguished men and women of our time. Rickard emerged from it with the stamp of promotional genius upon him—which, after all, was but a small reward for the dangers he had faced.

(*To be concluded.*)

A Costly Blunder

(*Continued from page* 34)

nose and mouth tended to further puff the swollen countenance of Maher, and he appeared to be unsteady on his pins. In fact he wabbled, and it was charged that Maher took a leaf from Fitz's book and feigned weakness in order to get an opening.

Choynski was fooled, and, forgetting the sage advice of the Parson, stepped in to deal Maher a knockout blow. As Choynski came forward Maher set himself and let fly with both hands. The left swing hit Choynski on the right side of the face, and the right, which was a half uppercut, landed on the point of Choynski's chin. The victim of the punch was lifted up and then crashed to the canvas with great force, his long, corn colored hair flapping as he fell.

Choynski was counted out, and while Maher was pleased, yet he was unsteady on his feet as he left the ring.

"It's a funny thing," mused Parson Davies, "about these fighters. Either they can't remember what you tell them or they think they know more about the game than their advisers."

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

Owing to the fall in exchange, all orders for books purchased from The Ring Book Shop must be paid for in American currency or an additional 20 percent must be added for orders sent from Canada, Australia or other British possessions, including England.

Fighting Referees

(*Continued from page* 19)

the last fifty years, and I have seen virtually all of them at work. Siler was absolutely fearless and unprejudiced. His only experience as a boxer, so far as I know, was gained as an amateur. Siler handled the Fitzsimmons-Corbett bout and many other famous contests.

"Charlie White was a famous referee around New York whose name always will be prominently mentioned by veterans of the ring when the subject of referees is up for discussion. How many times have you heard somebody say, at a fight these days, "If only Charlie White had been the referee, he would have done this or done that.' He handled the Jeffries-Corbett fight at Coney Island.

"Tim Hurst and Honest John Kelly were famous referees in New York in the old days. Each of them first gained prominence as a baseball umpire. Hurst was as fearless a man as ever stepped between the ropes to give a decision. Tim feared nobody or nothing.

"Kelly refereed many famous fights, among them the Corbett-Mitchell and Lavigne-Everhardt battles. As a National League umpire, he was the first to slap a fine on Pop Anson, who was in the habit of having his own way with the umpires. Kelly fined Anson $110, which was a pretty good plaster in those days.

"Professor John Duffy was another good one. He refereed for the Olympic A. C. in New Orleans, where he was boxing instructor, and was called upon to officiate in the Corbett-Sullivan bout, as well as the fights in that famous three-day tournament in the Crescent City.

"Sam Austin used to do a lot of refereeing around New York in the old days, when he was editor of the *Police Gazette*. He is a judge on the roster of the New York commission today. He gave the decision in the famous battle between Dixon and Erne.

"Johnny White, who was a New York politician, was another good one. So was John P. Eckhardt, connected with the circulation department of a New York newspaper.

"Malachi Hogan was a great referee around Chicago. Eddie Graney was famous in California. Jack Griffin, a San Francisco referee, was drafted to work in the Willard-Johnson bout in Havana. Dave Blanchard handled many big fights in Boston. Jack McGuigan stood out in Philadelphia.

"Jack Dowdell was another good one handling fights in New York in the old days. Eugene Corri was a famous referee in London.

"All these men I have mentioned, had little or no experience as boxers themselves. I think their good work in refereeing fights is plenty of proof that it not only is not necessary for the third man to have had experience with the gloves, but that it is perhaps better when they have not been boxers themselves, as they have no prejudices with which to contend."

Well, that is a point on which I do not care to become involved in argument. You, dear reader, may come to your own conclusions. Certainly, in New York today, there are fine referees who fall into each category.

None could ask for a better official than Jack O'Sullivan and Jack never did any boxing to amount to anything. He, like Hurst and Kelly, began as a baseball umpire, though he did not achieve their prominence in that occupation. It seems certain that managers of fighters in New York would prefer O'Sullivan over anyone else as third man, if they had anything to say about it.

Eddie Forbes, whose experience as a boxer was, I believe, confined to amateur bouts, is also a very fine official. Among the referees who gained fame as boxers there are many highly capable officials, men like Kid McPartland and Willie Lewis, to mention just a couple and hoping that the others will not feel slighted. There are many other good officials.

Temperament

(*Continued from page* 8)

Billy Petrolle, Loughran and Carnera head the list of the passive lads of the present era. Nothing seems to faze them.

Jim Corbett of the old-timers, on the other hand, told me that before a fight he was so restless, so nervous that for several days he was unable to obtain rest. He couldn't sleep, and on the day of the contest he was so jumpy that he could scarcely await the clang of the gong. It was not fear that made him that way. It was just the possession of an overabundance of nervous energy that had to be expended.

Yet, Corbett explains, the moment he entered the ring he lost that nervousness and felt like a refreshed man. He was a high-strung individual who recovered quickly when once he faced his rival. Kid McCoy, Jack O'Brien, Tommy Ryan, were like Corbett. The Kid often would almost go mad a day or two before a fight and required restraint. He would pace hurriedly back and forth, bite his finger-nails, talk in jerky sentences and make it difficult for any of his trainers to remain with him, yet when the hour of a fight arrived he was one of the calmest, coolest individuals in the arena.

Jim Jeffries and Tom Sharkey suffered considerably from nervous strain though it had a different effect on them. They were of the phlegmatic type. Jess Willard was highly strung before battle, but almost all of the present day giants that Dr. Walker has examined—Primo Carnera, Vittorio Campolo, Jose Santa, and others—have displayed scarcely a sign of nervousness. Of Carnera, Dr. Walker says:

"I've seldom examined a fighter who seems to possess less nerves than the Italian. In fact, he is full of humor before a fight. He laughs, jokes and tries to play pranks while waiting for an examination. He is as cool as a cucumber, compared to other big fighters who came before his day."

Many fighters try their utmost to conceal their real condition before they enter a ring. They will do all sorts of things to mislead their friends and their trainers and manager, but they can't fool the examining doctor, for his examination brings out that which they try to hide.

Tommy Loughran, for example, is of the type that lets nothing worry him. He is one of the most calm, collected fighters of the age. Louis Kid Kaplan, Al Singer, Kid Chocolate, Kid Francis, Eddie Shea and Fidel La Barba of the present school, represent boys of the nervous type. On the other hand, nothing affects Maxie Rosenbloom. He, like the late Harry Greb, can remain out all night prior to a fight and have a good time on the day of a battle, then romp off with a victory.

George Dixon never displayed any signs of nervousness before a battle, but Peter Jackson, another great Negro fighter, was of an extremely nervous disposition. Terry McGovern was of the type that had to be humored to keep him from going on a rampage. He was impetuous and hot tempered.

Joe Gans was a most worried fellow on the day of a fight. He would keep thinking of the battle and became irritated at the least provocation.

Many fighters try to hide their nervousness by chewing gum. Johnny Dundee would always enter a ring with a match stick in his mouth and he would chew away at that throughout the fight. Like all great opera singers, the stars of the roped-square invariably are of a temperamental nature, especially after they have reached the top.

Willie Lewis, now a New York State referee and in his prime one of the greatest fighters of his period, was a very religious boy. I've seen him in his dressing room, kneeling and fervently praying just before he was called into the ring.

While Jim Jeffries always was in an ugly mood both at his training camp and just before a fight, Jack Johnson, who stopped him, was a most jovial fellow—always joking and playing pranks. In that respect, Johnson was much like Jack Dempsey in training quarters. Paulino is much like Johnson. At camp he is the life of the party.

Stanley Ketchel was another who had no worries. He was a jolly chap, always full of good humor both in camp and before a battle. He would laugh and joke with friends up to the time he faced his opponent, and then—well, he was a stick of dynamite.

Little Rollo in Sockland

(*Continued from page 33*)

ate travelers called Missing Link. But that is another story.

"Now I will show you Mocks, the Fearsome Savage," Uncle Roddie promised. Yuss-Yussel confronted them, bearing in one hand an English dictionary, and in the other a sheaf of One Hundred Papers, being official programmes for Mocks for the next two years. Each programme was different, showing Yuss-Yussel had Ingenuity, if not Acumen.

"I am sorry that the king of the Tribe is off on a shooting trip," Yuss-Yuss explained. "He is in Germany potting snipe."

Little Rollo became roiled. "With all those hostile tribesmen in Sockland, King Mocks goes off shooting snipe," the Sweet Boy exclaimed. "Why not stay home and shoot Bigger Game —say a couple of Contenders?"

This seemed to irk Yuss-Yuss. "I fear that you have been reading Story Books, Little Rollo," said Yuss-Yuss. "You have been reading how Sullivan met All Comers, and how Jeff and Dempsey liked to keep fighting.

"Well, Times change, and this king of the tribe of Heavy Heavy is different."

Soon a tom-tom sounded through the town, and a lot of Hard Looking Birds began to assemble in the Main Square.

"Our king Mocks gives me a pain," shouted Jackjack Sh-sh-arkey, a Fierce Numidian or Something. "If he is attacked by a Snipe, we would worry, hey fellers? I know you would vote for me as the New King."

The other birds began to Laugh. A smallish guy, who was called Mick-Mick Walker, shouted, "In your hat," and this apparently was the signal for action, as the Fierce Heavy Heavies led by Sh-sh-arkey, formed a circle and began to yodel, off key—

He didn't say yes, he didn't say no,
But off to the snipe hunt he did go.
Though our finances continue light,
He won't stay here, and he will not fight.
We rant and rave, and we holler so,
But Mocks seems content to pass up the dough.

Night came on Apace. And with the coming of the Shadows a miasma rolled in from the Jungle of Sockland. The land had a strange odor!

Cradles of Boxing

(*Continued from page 32*)

mill, Heenan, who throughout much of his career was tagged with ill-luck, was grabbed by the authorities as having participated in, as a second, and encouraged a prizefight, and had to give bonds to regain his freedom. It is a bit late in the day to argue the merits of the justice involved. No other arrests were made.

Price and the Bostonians returned to The Hub rejoicing, all rich in plunder as the result of their successful wagers. Ned found himself the big fighting man of the town, alright, and the sports of New England were pleased to sing his praises and render tribute.

This latter took the form of a series of benefits staged in Boston, Hartford, New Haven, Worcester, Springfield, Bridgeport, Bangor, Manchester, Quincy, Fitchburg, Lowell and Lawrence. At each of these affairs Price sparred with Harry Finnegass, also such local lights as cared to put up their hands. It was one great ovation all the way and it gives us pleasure to so record it, also to note down for all time the doings of this old-time Boston ringster, until now practically forgotten. The accounts here and there concerning him, all seem to agree that Price batted close to 100 percent.

The mill with Kelly was Ned's last appearance as a principal in the ring but it was not until the bell tolled for him in New York in 1901, as we have told in a previous story, that his interest in a great sport came to an end.

When the Referee Was Excess Baggage

(*Continued from page 37*)

Later Gans proved that his victory was merited by putting Dal to sleep in the third round.

Gans' knockout of Frank Erne in the first round of a lightweight championship fight at Fort Erie on May 12, 1902, was one of the fastest on record. There is a bit of history preceding that affair which makes the one-round victory by the Old Master all the more amazing.

Like Dal Hawkins, whose straight left was a marvel to behold, if you were quick enough to see it, Erne had an extremely baffling left. He would start his left straight, then check it for just an instant, and if his opponent blocked for a jab, Frank would turn the punch into a short hook. If the other fellow guessed that Erne would turn the punch into a hook, Frank would shoot it straight. No matter what the other did, Erne had him outguessed. He simply had to do the opposite of what his foe expected. Of course, it took extraordinary skill to turn the trick—but then Erne was an extraordinary boxer, rated by some the cleverest of them all.

In May of 1900, Erne had stopped Gans in twelve rounds, when he poured that left into Joe's face so steadily that he had one of the Old Master's eyes in such bad shape that Joe could not go on.

If there was one thing that rankled Gans, it was to be outsmarted and he realized that was what had happened to him in his tilt with Erne. Master diagnostician that he was, Gans had been unable to figure out a way to escape Frank's left.

As soon as he was able to go on active duty again, Gans set about to discover a way to turn Erne's trick to his own advantage. For months he boxed in the gymnasium, instructing his sparring partners how to employ Erne's peculiar left.

* * *

IT was not until one day when he was boxing with Harry Lenny, now a prominent manager but then just a young boxer proud of the privilege of working with Gans, that Joe got the answer. If Joe knew the saying about wisdom coming from the mouths of babes, he probably quoted it that afternoon in the gymnasium for it was Lenny, the pugilistic babe in arms, who supplied the answer.

Lenny was puzzled to know why Gans was having him use the Erne left and made bold to ask the reason. Gans explained it to him. "What would you do?" said the Old Master.

"Why," said Lenny, "instead of waiting to see whether he turned the left into a hook or a jab and giving him the edge, I would not wait but shoot my right the moment I saw the left start."

That was a simple but effective solution. Gans chuckled.

"Let's try it," he said. They did, and Joe dropped Lenny with a right hand. Perhaps it was the very simplicity of the remedy that had baffled Gans.

At any rate, almost two years after Erne had stopped him, the two met again in Fort Erie. Gans wasted no time putting theory into practice. Only a few seconds after the opening bell, as Erne started his baffling left, the Old Master let fly with his right and put Frank down for the full count.

It was such a sudden and startling denouement that many of the spectators, settling themselves in their seats or lighting belated cigars, did not even see the blow that put Gans on the top of the lightweight heap again. All they saw was Erne, on the floor unconscious, as the referee tolled the count.

For all that he was needed, the referee might as well never have stepped into the ring. It's true that there are some fights in which the third man in the ring is just so much excess baggage.

Black Were Their Skins—But Bright Their Deeds

(*Continued from page 23*)

be good fights to look at. I doubt if the customers would remain seated through the Johnson-Tunney fight, for example. But, as cards go, I repeat that it would be well worth a $3. top.

The writer, who has traveled all over the world, has edited a Manila sports paper and has been associated with Frank Churchill in handling many Filipino fighters, including the great Pancho Villa, has an unenviable reputation as a sap bettor. To live up to it, he would be forced to bet $10 straight, place and show on every Negro fighter in the fights above mentioned.

Dixon to lick Williams; Chocolate to lick McGovern (Hey! Somebody Take Joe Humphreys Off My Neck!) Gans to lick Leonard; Langford to beat Fitzsimmons, and Johnson to beat Tunney—providing we were all awake at the termination of that fight.

Walcott would have an easy time with Jack Britton, despite Britton's cleverness. Joe, it will be remembered, knocked out big fellows who outweighed him fifty and sixty pounds, yet he also lost a number of fights. Remember that Walcott knocked out Joe Choynski, who in turn was good enough to knock out the great Jack Johnson, although early in Jack's career.

Walcott liked to fight big fellows—Kid Lavigne, a lighter man, licked him; Tommy West, Honey Mellody and Mysterious Billy Smith all defeated Walcott. Nevertheless, Joe was a pretty good bet at any old time, and against almost anyone.

The stocky little, long-armed, short-necked "Barbadoes Demon" might be outpointed by a man like Britton, then again, one of Joe's solid wallops might put Britton to sleep in a jiffy. "The old guard dies, but it never surrenders."

To select Tiger Flowers to defeat Ketchell might sound like a joke to some, for Flowers was knocked out half a dozen times in his career. Page Hype Igoe! Yet I contend that against a Ketchell, Flowers would have been an excellent bet. Ketchell was no sharp-shooting puncher, like Jack Delaney, who twice knocked Flowers out. Those swingers and wallopers were a dime a dozen to the Georgia Deacon.

Harry Greb ruined himself betting on Flowers. There was the ONE man who could always lick Greb, and Greb in turn had licked Tunney in a fight, Dempsey in the gym, and a hundred others of repute.

Greb considered Flowers the greatest fighter in the world. He told me so. And remember Greb FOUGHT him—the rest of us merely watched him.

Langford, in my opinion, would have been a copper-riveted cinch with Bob Fitzsimmons. Though never a champion, Langford defeated Joe Gans and Stanley Ketchell, a couple of all-time greats. Sam had to "go along" with a lot of his opponents.

Gans against Leonard would have been a tough fight. Gans' backers would point to Benny's knockouts at the hands of Shugrue and Fleming; yet Leonardites, with a snort of rage, would point at Dal Hawkins, Bobby Dobbs, George McFadden, Frank Erne and Battling Nelson.

But no fighter ever went through his career without a blot or blemish of some kind on his record. John L. Sullivan—the great John L.—was held to a draw in 39 rounds by a little English middleweight, Charley Mitchell; Jim Corbett knocked him out; and he always evaded the Original Gawge Godfrey—"drew the color line." That "color line" is a subterfuge used only by those who fear to face a formidable opponent—in other words, cowards.

How can any man claim a champion's supremacy, when great fighting men, born with black skins through the accident of birth, challenge that supremacy, and are ready to back up their challenges in the ring according to the recognized rules of ring warfare? Jimmy Wilde might, with equal justice, have chosen to evade Pancho Villa, for Pancho was a brown-skin, too.

None of the great colored fighters I have mentioned went through their careers with a spotless 'scutcheon. But then, the same applies to the great white fighters, too. Gene Tunney boasts the best record of them all, believe That or Not—despite his defeat to Greb, and his heave-ho at Philadelphia with Renault.

The great Stanley Ketchell was knocked out by Billy Papke, knocked out by Jack Johnson; defeated by Langford in a no-decision go, and twice defeated by Maurice Thompson, referee's decision. George Dixon, "Little Chocolate," lost many fights, but most of them after he was a ring-worn, shaky-legged veteran with many years of service behind him.

If you don't like my conclusions and deductions in the foregoing, you are at liberty to make your own. I am merely exercising my constitutional prerogative of free speech. I was asked, because of my wide acquaintance with boxers of all nationalities and colors, to write a piece on the Negroes, and this is my contribution—like it or not. What? You think you can do better? Come on, then, I'll take you up. Send in your contribution to The Ring, and if it's real good—mind you, I said real good, Nat Fleischer promises to print it for you. But remember, you must give as good reasons for your choice as I've given. Come on, boys, get busy. Here's a chance to show your merits both as a writer and a student of boxing.

I contend that the most brilliant pages in the annals of boxing belong to the Negro. But that's the statement with which I started this article, and so, since I've traveled in a circle back to where I started from, I will ring off—but don't think that I'm through. The editor liked my style—mind you, not my selection—so well that he's asked me to write stories like the above on the Filipino, Jew, Irish and Italian in boxing. Well look for my next masterpiece. I'll get you into an argument yet, if I didn't succeed with this first article. If you disagree with me why not write your story and send it in?

A Matter of Courage

(*Continued from page 9*)

"I have said that sometimes it is hard to measure a fighter's courage. It was impossible in Brown's case because his courage was limitless. When I hear some fighters talk as they do to-day—fighters who constantly are scheming to get into the ring with divers or set-ups who have no earthly chance to beat them, I wonder if there are any fighters like little Kayo left in the game. Of course there are, there must be. But I don't meet them every day.

"Kayo, now living comfortably on the proceeds of the money he got in the ring, is entitled to all the comforts he can get because he earned every nickel of it. He would fight anybody, big or little, white, black or brown, any time, over any distance and for any amount. I never consulted him in arranging his fights. I didn't have to.

"All I had to do was to tell him where the fight would be held. I didn't even have to tell him whom he was fighting. A word to start training and an engagement to meet me when we were to start for the scene of fight were all he needed.

"I'll tell you a story that, so help me, is true—every word of it.

"At the time Kayo was fighting there was another pretty good fighter before the public. His name was Sam Langford. So, for a joke, I said to Kayo one day:

"I made a match for you to-day."

"Yeh?" he asked.

"Yep," I said. "He's a pretty big fellow."

"Will he stand still and fight or will he run away?" K. O. asked.

"Oh," I said, "he'll stand still, all right."

"Good," he snapped back.

"He's a black fellow," I said.

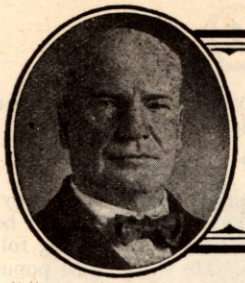
"All right," he replied. "I don't care."

"He'd heard enough about that fight—much more than he usually heard—and he was about to start out of the office.

"Just a minute," I said. "The fellow I was talking about is Sam Langford. You fight him next week."

"All right," he said. "Shall I go on the road in the morning?"

"Courage? It's hard to tell about it, sometimes. But you can say for me that I think Knockout Brown had it."



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Pete Brennan, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I am 17 years old, weigh 147 pounds, am 5 feet 9 inches tall, have a reach of 71 inches and a normal chest of 36 inches and 38 inches when expanded. I would like to know whether you think I am ready to enter the ring?

A.—As for your height and weight you are o. k., but your chest could stand some development. Read "Training for Boxers."

Q.—Does the heavy or the small bag develop the punch?

A.—The small bag develops speed of eye and the big bag aids in developing the wind and endurance. The big bag also helps develop the punch.

Joe McHugh, Toronto, Canada.

Q.—What is the nationality of Ernie Schaaf?

A.—American of German descent.

Harvey Stanckewicz, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—Does Jack Curley's book, "Modern Wrestling," have anything in it about muscle building?

A.—It covers training, muscle building, and wrestling. It is a great book, especially for the beginner. Many college boys, finding the field of boxing too difficult to make headway, are turning to wrestling, and I know of no book that will help such fellows more than "Modern Wrestling."

Mabel Stranf, Holyoke, Mass.

Q.—Should Gene Tunney return to the ring, would he enter against any rival as the heavyweight champion?

A.—No. Schmeling is the champion. Gene gave up his title and according to the rules of sports, he cannot reclaim it any more than could Jeffries when he came out of retirement to fight Johnson.

Alexandria Holcomb, Norfolk, Virginia.

Q.—Do any boxing commissions permit women to box publicly?

A.—Not to my knowledge, and it is better so. Boxing is no sport for women. The American girls are too beautiful to have their faces marred through glove contests.

Frank Battaglio, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—Should a boxer just starting training, use ten-pound dumb-bells?

A.—No. Never use bells heavier than three pounds. One-pound bells are sufficient for the beginner and two-pound bells, later on. Read "Training for Boxers." Get it from THE RING, 11 West 42nd Street, N. Y. C.

Frank Cusack, Quebec, Canada.

Q.—Can boxing be taught by mail?

A.—Certainly. See the advertisements in THE RING. Every advertiser has a course that is recommended by THE RING.

Maria Costello, Helena, Montana.

Q.—Is bag punching harmful for women?

A.—No. THE RING publisher has a daughter eleven years old who began punching the bag when she was nine. Of course, one must be careful. Too much of it will be injurious. Never overdo it.

Charles Franklin, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—Is weight lifting good in training for boxing?

A.—No. It is a muscle builder for wrestlers and strong men. Such exercise usually results in a muscle-bound condition when used by boxers.

Margaret Munoz, Jacksonville, Florida.

Q.—Has the referee a right to stop a fight when he pleases?

A.—Yes. He is sole judge. Should he find it necessary, because a fighter is stalling, is overmatched or is badly beaten or injured, it is within his discretion to halt the bout.

Charlotte Hefferman, Portland, Oregon.

Q.—When a fighter is hit on the jaw and is knocked out, is it because the nerves have been paralyzed? What is the reaction?

A.—This is fully discussed in Dr. William H. Walker's article, "The How and Why of a Knockout," in the February issue of this magazine. Read it. The article is the most instructive on that topic I've ever read.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The Editor wishes to call the attention of THE RING readers to the fact that the cover of this issue was printed before Brouillard lost his title to Jackie Fields.

Ernesto Gonzales, Havana, Cuba.

Q.—In your opinion, isn't it far better to be clever than a hard hitter?

A.—No. If it were left to me to decide between the two, I would always prefer the fellow who is a hard hitter. However, the best men in the ring, are those who combine cleverness with hard hitting. They are the ideal fighters.

Ruth E. Hutcheon, Bronx, N. Y.

Q.—How is Tommy Loughran rated for cleverness?

A.—Tommy is about the cleverest of the big men in many years.

A Reader, Treece, Kansas.

Q.—Was Marvin Hart a recognized heavyweight champion?

A.—No.

Q.—Who, in your opinion, would win a fight between Loughran and Schaaf; Loughran and Carnera; Dempsey and Johnson, both being in their prime; Dempsey and John L. Sullivan, both being in their prime?

A.—Schaaf; Carnera; Johnson; Dempsey.

Tommy Clougher, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Q.—Does the book called, "Gene Tunney, the Enigma of the Ring," contain the fighting record of Tunney?

A.—It is a story of his fighting career and contains every fight of importance including his record.

Allan Dwight, Princeton, N. J.

Q.—Would you advise a college athlete who knows the rudiments of boxing and wrestling, to take up either of these professionally?

A.—That is something which you and your folks should decide. The only advice I can give is that many college boys, finding it difficult to obtain lucrative jobs, are following these sports professionally. At least that is indicated by the large number of technical books on boxing and wrestling that are sold monthly by the Ring Book Shop to college students.

Harvey Maher, Tulsa, Okla.

Q.—I find that I become fatigued after running half a mile. My legs simply won't hold me up. How can I overcome this?

A.—Perhaps you are not training properly. Why not get "Training for Boxers" and study carefully that portion that deals with road running.

Martha O'Hara, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Where can I obtain photographs of Tunney, Dempsey, Loughran, McLarnin, Walker and Schmeling?

A.—The Ring Photo Department sells photos, size 8 by 10 inches, on heavy, glossy paper ready for framing, at $1.00 each.

Thomas McClelland, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Recently I saw a fight in which one of the boys was dropped four times in the first three rounds. At the end of the third round, while sitting in his corner, waiting for the bell to sound, the referee came over and stopped the bout. How would you dope that out? Was he kayoed in third or fourth round?

A.—The man to whom you refer, is listed as having been stopped or knocked out in the third round. If, however, the gong had sounded for the start of the fourth and then referee had halted the bout after the gong had rung, even though the fighter was not yet out of his seat, then it would have been a four-round knockout.

Matt Slocum, Haverstraw, N. Y.

Q.—How is a decision reached?

A.—Chief value is accorded to effectiveness in hitting; second, aggressiveness; third, defensive work; ring generalship and sportsmanship also are considered. At the end of each round the judges mark the name of the winner and the winner of a majority of rounds gets the decision.

Q.—Is the title holder favored when the decision is close?

A.—He should not receive any consideration from judges because he is the champion.

Alonzo Gardini, Havana, Cuba.

Q.—What was the date of the McAuliffe-Griffo fight?

A.—August 27, 1892.

Fistic Attractions That Hold Spotlight

(*Continued from page 5*)

than to be given the chance to see him in an attempt to regain the title he once held, especially now that a German has it.

Of course, Dempsey cannot hope to draw a million-dollar gate if he cannot get into proper condition. A bout under such conditions would not be patronized beyond the $400,000 figures and as the figures the champion and challenger would command would be almost prohibitive, a promoter would be compelled to be on his guard before he arranged such a contest under guarantee. On a percentage basis, a match of that kind would be a worthwhile gamble.

Next in importance to the Dempsey-Schmeling bout, is the Schmeling-Sharkey affair. I think that would draw close to a million, if not more, because the public is eager to see the old argument settled in the ring. Furthermore, the American public stands behind Sharkey and would back him to the limit in a return tilt. It would be the biggest betting bout staged in this country in years and would fill any ball park. If staged at Soldiers' Field in Chicago, I predict such a contest would bring out 100,000 persons for a gate of a million or more. It can't miss.

As I have already said, Dempsey is idolized in Chicago, and for that reason I believe that a Dempsey-Walker fight would net close to $400,000 if staged in the outdoors. Such a match would be a great attraction for Chicago because of the popularity of both in the Windy City. It would gain more publicity than any other fight barring a Schmeling-Dempsey mill.

* * *

A LEVINSKY-WALKER tilt, a Schmeling-Walker and a return battle between the King and Primo Carnera, would be big attractions anywhere. A fight in which Dempsey would appear in the role of challenging for the title would be the year's greatest attraction, provided, as I've already explained, Dempsey proves to the world that he has regained sufficient of his form to give the champion a real, lively tussle, with the prospects of bringing the crown back to this country. That is the "BIG IF."

Next in importance to the leading heavyweight fights, I would place a bout between Canzoneri and Battalino for the lightweight crown. Such a contest in Chicago would be a big money maker and so far as New York is concerned, it undoubtedly would draw equally as well there. Some think better. Perhaps so. At any rate, the fact remains that both boys are extremely popular, command the admiration of every dyed-in-the-wool fight follower because of what they had accomplished last year, and as a result, that bout is an excellent outdoor attraction.

A McLarnin-Canzoneri fight would be next in order, in point of importance so far as gate receipts are concerned. Such a bout would be a $100,000 attraction or more. A Canzoneri-Chocolate, a Canzoneri-Petrolle and a McLarnin-Brouillard engagement, would be equally attractive. Battalino could also fit in nicely with Petrolle, Chocolate and Earl Mastro in good drawing cards.

Canzoneri is a real champion. He is fearless and likes plenty of work. I rank him among the truly greats of modern pugilism. I attribute most of Canzoneri's success to his able manager, Sammy Goldman, whose clever handling has enabled both to reap a fortune out of boxing. Goldman, like George Blake, is the type of manager the sport needs. They, probably more so than any of the present group, handle the affairs of their boys like the old timers. With anyone else at the helm than Goldman, Canzoneri would never have made the headway he did.

The same holds true of Battalino and his manager, Pete Reilly. It was Pete's shrewdness that has brought the Hartford boy from obscurity to fame, from a position of ridicule to one of praise.

* * *

OUT in the middle-west, a Dempsey-King Levinsky battle would also be a fine attraction. The king has a big following in Chicago. He is the most popular fellow developed in that city in years and as such, would help bring in a gate of upwards of $200,000 in his home town against either the Manassa Mauler or Walker.

What such attractions would draw in New York, I can't say, but I do feel, that with the King's recent fine showing against Loughran, he would do well. But I think that the above contests are Chicago fights and would do better there than elsewhere. This is particularly true of a Levinsky-Griffiths mill which would be regarded as a strictly local championship affair.

The contests I have enumerated, are only a few of the many splendid attractions which I think can be made and which I believe the public would patronize as in the years of boxing prosperity. There is no boxing depression. The fans proved that on many occasions in the Garden of New York and in the Stadium of Chicago when well-matched, high class talent was listed. That is the criterion.

Those in the profession bring depression upon themselves when they refuse to cooperate with the promoter, who expects a fair break, and fair play. If the fighters make a New Year's resolution to fight, boxing will experience a revival.

The appointment of Jimmy Johnston to the managerial post at the Madison Square Garden of New York, should help the sport. He is a live wire and knows the game from A to Z. We matchmakers must pool our interests in forcing the issue with those who are trying to kill the sport, and to that end, I shall offer 100 percent to my Eastern Garden rival.

DOWN IN ARKANSAS
By MINOR STUART

THE American Legion, since opening the winter shows here, has shown an increase in attendance. With the class of cards the legion is putting on, the S.R.O. sign should soon go up.

Buddy Cardwell, Fort Smith's flashy featherweight, lost a close eight-round decision to Spider Calmes of Duncan, Oklahoma.

Johnny Moran, Chicago, decisioned Dan Feud, Wichita, Kansas, over the four-round route.

Stinger Steele, the Arkansas Iron Man, knocked out Billy Smith, Oklahoma City, in the sixth round on the American Legion card.

The Victor Ellig Post of the American Legion is now putting on the boxing shows at the National Guard Armory, and since opening for the winter season every card has been a wow. They have been using top boys.

Stinger Steele, Arkansas lightweight champion, and ace of Dr. May's stable, is one of the big drawing cards of the southwest. In his last twenty-one starts there has not been a loss chalked against him—seventeen by K.O., two draws, and two decisions. These have all been against top boys.

Speaking of this boy McCook, he is, in my opinion, the best bantamweight in the southwest. McCook is one of the stiffest punchers in the bantamweight division and is the real K.O. King of the half-pints.

NEBRASKA NEWS
By JIMMIE MURPHY

MUGGY McGRAW, Polish welterweight, defeated Daddy Hanks of Clarinda, in a fast eight-round headliner at Red Oak. Sailor Joe Netzel put Frank Pirrone to sleep in one round.

Tommy Grogan kayoed Mexican Joe Rivers of Cedar Rapids, in the sixth in his comeback campaign at the Auditorium.

Lincoln is putting on monthly shows. Jackie Daniels won decision from Harold Rogers in six. Floyd Morey shaded Buzz Smith in six.

K. O. Christner, Akron heavyweight, won a ten-round bout with Bearcat Wright, Omaha Negro, in Omaha. K. O. broke his right fist in the fourth, and left handed his way to the decision.

New champions were crowned in the amateur tournament at the Creighton Anniversity. Dick Tomilson won the heavyweight title; Peter Marchetti, the light-heavy; Merle Cherry, welter; Gerald Cherry, lightweight, and Sammy Verse, featherweight.

Harry Morse is making good as a third man in the ring. Morse made a hit with the fans around southwestern Iowa by the way he handles the fighters in the tight spots.

Anyone wishing to get a copy of THE RING magazine can do so at 15th or 16th Farman Street. newsstand.

IN CENTRAL WISCONSIN
By JACK MILLER

EAU CLAIRE—Art Lasky of Minneapolis, stopped Big Tim Charles of Louisville in the second round. Jimmy Murray of Rockford kayoed Everett Vinson of La Crosse. This Murray is the greatest crowd pleaser now showing in this section.

Stevens Point—This city has rapidly developed into one of the best fight towns in the state. Matchmaker Win Bowersock has had four cards and four sell-outs. On the last card, Irish Kennedy of Iron Mountain won a close ten-round decision over the rugged Ernie Kath of Sheboygan. Ernie Evans, the classy Waukesha light-heavyweight, again defeated the hard punching Nate Tillman of Marshfield. Midget Palmer of Minneapolis, won from Jerome Wood of Wausau.

Ernie Kath journeyed to Milwaukee where he knocked out Oscar Angele in the fourth round.

Prince Saunders, Chicago Negro, has decided to make Eau Claire his permanent home. This boy has done more to stimulate boxing in this part of the state than any other member of the profession.

Promoters! You that have trouble with managers in booking fighters, get in touch with Charlie Braem of Marshfield, Everett Wells at New London, Percy Paige at Eau Claire, Eddie Metrie at the Antlers Club in Milwaukee and P. G. "Dick" Kerr of Sheboygan.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

UPSETS and surprises galore were in store for the fans during January and ring history was created by the unusual reversal of form. Three champions were beaten in over-weight matches, Maxey Rosenbloom losing to Dave Maier, Tony Canzoneri losing an undeserved decision to Johnny Jadick and Al Brown dropping one to Speedy Dado on the Pacific. Dado has apparently outgrown the fly-weight division and in the future will be classified with the bantams. In addition, the finishing touch to Tommy Loughran's long and honorable career was supplied by Steve Hamas, the up-and-coming heavyweight, who put Tommy away in the second round. Then there was Salvatore Ruggirello, terrific hitting Italian, who stepped into the heavyweight picture with two sensational knockout victories over Walter Cobb and Stanley Poreda and to top it all, came Billy Petrolle's great feat of knocking out Eddie Ran. Petrolle was responsible for setting a precedent in the ratings by leading three divisions. By his miraculous feats of knocking out such welterweights as Eddie Ran in six and Billy Townsend in seven sessions, Petrolle displayed qualities that stamp him as one of the greatest of modern ringmen and puts him in the front ranks in three classes.

In the heavyweight division, King Levinsky stands out with his victory over Paulino Uzcudun in Chicago. Steve Hamas came through with that two-round kayo over Tommy Loughran, and Salvatore Ruggirello stepped into the elite class with a one-round knockout over Walter Cobb and five-round kayo over Stanley Poreda. Max Baer won from Arthur De Kuh. Eddie Benson established himself with a one-round knockout over Giacomo Bergomas. Jack Redman disposed of Matt Adgie in the tenth round. Harold Mays scored over Hans Schonrath.

Hein Muller, who is to fight here under the able George Engel, disposed of Reggie Meen in four rounds in England. Ernest Guhring kayoed Attilo Grisso in the third. Art Lasky kayoed Tim Charles in two rounds and was beaten by Dick Daniels. Frank Moody scored over Natie Brown. John Schwake whipped Angus Snyder and Dave Knost. Red Boyette won from Mickey Taylor and Nick Palmer to retain the heavyweight championship of the New York National Guard.

Ted Sandwina kayoed Frank Montagna in eight rounds and was tossed from the ring with Pietro Corri in the fifth round in a late contest. Yustin Sirutis won over Dick Onken. Leo Lomski kayoed Denny Lenhardt in five rounds. K. O. Christner scored over Bearcat Wright. Charley Massera kayoed Duane Duncan in three rounds, Olaf Herset in four rounds and whipped Lew Seltzer. Dewey Kimrey disposed of Sammy Cohen in seven rounds.

In the light-heavyweight class, Maxey Rosenbloom was whipped by Dave Maier but scored over Frankie Wine. Maier kayoed Abie Bain in one round. Billy Jones defeated Larry Johnson. George Manley won over Matt Adgie. Baxter Calmes whipped Roscoe Manning and Bob Olin. Olin scored over Clyde Chastain. Chastain whipped Ray Swanson and Frankie Wine. Bob Godwin won from Joe Knight and Owen Phelps.

Harry Ebbets kayoed Presidio Pavisi in two rounds. Tony Cancela was beaten by Yale Okun and defeated Joe Lohman. George Nichols kayoed Don Petrin and won from Charley Belanger. Belanger defeated Willie Bush. Fred Lenhart won over Wesley Ketchell and Tom Patrick. Gordon Fortenberry defeated Jim Herman and Johnny Roberts. Al Ettore whipped Sam Weiss and Buddy McArthur kayoed Russ Rowsey in six rounds.

Dave Shade still retains ranking position in the middleweight division. He scored over Joey La Grey during the month. Vince Dundee won from Jimmy Smith. Young Terry kayoed Bobby Brown in one round. Ben Jeby scored knockouts over Al De Lamonte in one round and Eddie Kid Whalen three rounds. Harry Smith and Vincent Forgione went nine rounds before their match was declared "no contest." Chick Devlin whipped Humberto Curi. Frankie O'Brien defeated Benny Miller.

Enzo Fiermonte gained a place among the first ten. He kayoed Barney Shaw in seven rounds and Jack Rosenberg in nine rounds. Rosenberg was also beaten by Jackie Aldare. Henry Firpo whipped Bud Saltis, Willie Oster and kayoed Clyde Hull in eight rounds. Ray Tramblie kayoed Joe McGowan in three rounds and whipped Sammy Kid Slaughter. Sammy was also beaten by Roy Williams. Leo Larrivee won from Joe Zelinsky. Tiger Joe West disposed of Billy Flanagan in six and Joe Walters in seven rounds. Tommy Freeman finished Billy Shell in seven rounds. Jack McVey disposed of Joe Greb in the third session.

Billie Petrolle ranks at the top of the welterweight class through his six-round kayo over Eddie Ran and disposal of Billy Townsend in seven. Ran defeated Franta Nekolny and kayoed Jimmy McNamara in two rounds. Nekolny scored over Phil Rafferty. Teddy Yarosz won over Jimmy Belmont and Jimmy Hill. Hill kayoed Howard McClain in one round. King Tut drew with Jackie Brady. Tiger Roy Smith disposed of Bucky Lawless in three rounds. Mike Payan kayoed Steve Wolanin in three rounds and won from Mike Sarko.

Cerefino Garcia, latest Philipino invader, disposed of Alfred Gaona in four rounds. Gaona won from Tommy Herman. Gaston Le Cadre drew with Jimmy Evans and defeated David Velasco. Billy Light won from George Kennard. Eddie Murdock whipped Meyer Grace. Battling Dozier scored over Tommy King. Vincent Hambright whipped Joe Colucci and Rufus Miles won over Sammy Baker.

Manuel Quintero starts off in the junior-welterweight class with a victory over Freddy Welsh. Contrary to general opinion, Tony Canzoneri did not lose the junior-welterweight to Johnny Jadick because he never held that crown. Jadick assumes an imposing position in the lightweight ranks. Eddie Wolfe made strides with victories over Paulie Walker and Bud Mangino. Mickey Cohen scored over Jose Estrada and Willard Brown. Jack Portney whipped Ernie Caesar.

Eduardo Duarry whipped Frankie Fariello, kayoed Billy Tosk in two rounds and drew with Joe Glick. Tommy Grogan disposed of Joe Rivers in six rounds. Jack King won from Harry Dublinsky and drew with Pee Wee Jarrell. Dublinsky scored over Jackie Davis and Jarrell. Morrie Sherman and Jarrell drew. Ralph Lenny scored over Lew Raymond and Jimmy Swinson defeated Herman Perlick.

The highlight of the lightweight division was the defeat of Tony Canzoneri by Johnny Jadick in an over-weight match. Battling Gizzy made strides with victories over Roger Bernard and Eddie Anderson. Bernard was also beaten by Anderson. Ray Miller defeated Maxie Strub. Wesley Ramey whipped Pat Igo and drew with Eddie Cool. Cool won over Buster Brown. Frank Bojorski split two decisions with Harry Devine. Koli Kolo was kayoed by Young Firpo in one round and Lew Massey in two. Firpo also scored over Mike Marshall.

Tony Falco defeated Bobby Brady. Ernie Ratner whipped Kid Bon Bon. Johnny Gaito scored over Joe Barbara. Harry Blitman kayoed Hal Murray in seven rounds and lost to Patsy Wallace. Tod Morgan whipped Eddie Volk and lost to Don Fraser. Armando Santiago knocked out Cyclone Frakes. Charley Miller won from Goldie Hess. Manuel Villa scored over Bobby Pacho.

Benny Bass headed the junior-lightweight class through his seven-round knockout over Prince Saunders. Saunders scored over Wayne Short. Al Foreman is doing great work in England. He kayoed Fred Chandler in two rounds, Tommy McMillan in two, Glyn Mainwaring in one and defeated Jim Learoyd. Tracey Cox won from Vernon Cormier and kayoed Jimmy Watts in eight rounds. Petey Sarron whipped Mickey Genaro. Davey Abad kayoed Erwin Berlier in four rounds. Maurice Holtzer disposed of Lloyd in four rounds. Mike Dundee whipped Joe Lynch. Chico Cisneros kayoed Freddy O'Connor in six rounds.

In the featherweight class, Baby Arizmendi stepped into the limelight with a victory over Fidel La Barba. Freddy Miller went back into the featherweight class with a victory over Johnny Datto. Frankie Wallace scored over Sammy Farber. Pete De Grasse whipped Lew Pacion and Georgie Goldberg. Pacion was also beaten by Hymie Wiseman. Paul Wangley won over Johnny Nichols.

Al Brown lost some prestige in being whipped by Speedy Dado on the Pacific Coast. Eugene Huat scored knockouts over Francis Biron in four rounds and Mural in the fifth round in Paris. Vidal Gregario whipped Antol Kocsis. Kocsis scored over Augie Ruggiere and Augie turned the tables and whipped Ruby Bradley. Jimmy Thomas won over Mose Butch. Cris Pineda defeated Harry Fierro.

Art Giroux scored over George Paulin. Tony Marino whipped Marty Gold, Johnny Edwards and Frisco Grande. Gilbert Castillo defeated Dick Welsh. Ernie Peters kayoed Billy Ryan in one round. In our column last month we incorrectly said that Benny Bass won over Jackie Pilkington on a foul in four rounds. It should have been the reverse.

Midget Wolgast, topping the flyweight class, defeated Billy Landers. Young Perez scored over Savo in Paris and Babe Triscaro triumphed over Frankie Donnelly which concludes the activity in the 112-pound class.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY:

The following are my ratings for the month ending January 24:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	Title Vacant	World's Champion Lou Brouillard	World's Champion Kid Jack Berg
1— Jack Sharkey	Dave Maier	Dave Shade	Billy Petrolle	Billy Petrolle
2— Ernie Schaaf	Billy Jones	Marcel Thil	Jimmy McLarnin	Tony Herrera
3— Primo Carnera	Lew Scozza	Vince Dundee	Young Corbett	Manuel Quintero
4— King Levinsky	George Courtney	Young Terry	Jackie Fields	Eddie Kid Wolfe
5— Mickey Walker	George Manley	Ben Jeby	Baby Joe Gans	Mickey Cohen
6— Young Stribling	Al Gainer	Gorilla Jones	King Tut	Andy Callahan
7— Steve Hamas	Baxter Calmes	Harry Smith	Eddie Ran	Jack Portney
8— Sal. Ruggirello	Battling Bozo	Frank Battaglia	Roy Smith	Steve Haliako
9— Max Baer	George Nichols	Chick Devlin	Teddy Yarosz	Louis Kid Kaplan
10— Paulino Uzcudun	Bob Godwin	Enzo Fiermonte	Jackie Brady	Ralph Lenny
Lightweights	**Junior-Lightweights**	**Featherweights**	**Bantamweights**	**Flyweights**
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	Title Vacant	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1— Billy Petrolle	Benny Bass	Lew Feldman	Speedy Dado	Midget Wolgast
2— Battl. Battalino	Al Foreman	Earl Mastro	Newsboy Brown	Young Perez
3— Johnny Jadick	Tracey Cox	Kid Francis	Pete Sanstol	Jackie Brown
4— Kid Chocolate	Petey Sarron	Eddie Shea	Eugene Huat	Mariano Arilla
5— Ray Miller	Roger Bernard	Baby Arizmendi	Vidal Gregario	Phil Tobias
6— Billy Wallace	Andy Martin	Fidel La Barba	Emile Pladner	Young Pancho
7— Battling Gizzy	Joey Costa	Freddy Miller	Antol Kocsis	Valentin Anglemann
8— Wesley Ramey	Joe Ghnouly	Tommy Paul	Jimmy Thomas	Babe Triscaro
9— Sammy Dorfman	Mike Dundee	Nel Tarleton	Mose Butch	Johnny Goodrich
10— Eddie Anderson	Davey Abad	Johnny Pena	Archie Bell	Augie Ruggiere

The ten best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Al Ragone, Schenectady, N. Y.

Bantamweight—Tony Marino, McKeesport, Pa.

Featherweight—Jerry Mazza, New York City.

Junior-lightweight—Milton Krompier, New York City.

Lightweight—Ray Gasby, Philadelphia, Pa.

Junior-welterweight—Joe Americo, New York City.

Welterweight—Nick Pastore, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Middleweight—Manie Davis, New York City.

Light-heavyweight—Al Ettore, Philadelphia, Pa.

Heavyweight, Steve Trojack, Winnipeg, Canada.

Along the Great Fite Way

EDDIE BORDEN

THE finest piece of boxing news in two years is that Max Schmeling, world's heavyweight king, will meet Jack Sharkey in a championship contest next June. That should boom boxing. That fight will do more to bring the sport back into its own than any other that could have been arranged.

There was no demand for a Schmeling-Walker fight. But a Schmeling-Sharkey contest is different. It is the only match at this writing that stands out. It is the only contest that will draw the fans as of old.

Regardless of the outcome, regardless of what one's feelings might be, the American public and the Germans are eager to see the "Battle of the Foul" refought. If the return engagement is fought cleanly, the fans will see the greatest heavyweight contest since the Tunney-Dempsey tilt at Chicago. As Nat Fleischer, in his editorial in this issue says. "the Schmeling-Sharkey fight is the outstanding heavyweight match, the only one that the public demands." And that hits the nail right on the head.

Now that Schmeling has seen the light and has accepted Sharkey as his next opponent, it behooves the boxing commission under whose jurisdiction the contest is to be staged, to see that no stone is left unturned to guarantee fair play to the principals. The eyes of the world will be focused on that match and it must be decided this time, strictly on its merits.

The New Year started with a bang in New York for several heavyweights, who as a result of several decisive victories, jumped into the money-making class. Among the fortunate ones are Steve Hamas, former Penn State football star and Salvatore Ruggirello, each of whom scored knockouts.

Ruggirello opened the 1932 campaign in the Big City with a surprising one-round knockout over Walter Cobb at the St. Nicholas Club and followed that with a more surprising triumph over Stanley Poreda, one of the outstanding boys in the new crop of heavies. The Italian knocked out Stanley in the fifth after flooring Poreda three times in the final session and twice previously. In the second, the bell saved Poreda from a knockout.

Hamas did even better than Ruggirello by adding to his list of K.O. victims, Tommy Loughran. The Penn State "phenom," who seems to be going somewhere under the able tutelage of Charley Harvey and his brother, Eddie, floored Tommy twice and then landed the k.o. blow in 1.43 of the second round. The Hamas and Ruggirello victories over Loughran and Poreda respectively, were scored in the Garden show on January 15, which drew a net gate of $21,-266. Quite a nifty sum for these depression days!

Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express, by a series of sensational performances during the month, has proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that he is the outstanding contender in the lightweight, junior welter and welterweight divisions, and he could rightly be heralded the miracle man of the age.

When a fighter can dispose of two outstanding gladiators as Billy Townsend and Eddie Ran, and by the knockout route at that, he surely deserves special mention.

Until Petrolle put the hard-hitting Ran away in the sixth round at Madison Square Garden, the critics figured he would do better as a junior welter than a full-fledged welter. But that most recent victory stamps the Fargo Express as the greatest hitter of the present crop in all three divisions and has earned him a shot at the welter and lightweight titles. If Billy can continue to fight as he has since he started his sensational comeback, the most sensational rise in recent boxing history, there's no stopping him from winning the three crowns, if the junior welter is to be considered.

The way Petrolle whizzed into Ran, Poland's hope for championship laurels, was most thrilling. Yet in defeat, we should not forget the Polish boy who is a comer.

Chick Devlin, who was on the supporting card, continued his winning streak. His one-sided victory over Humberto Curi of Argentine proved that he will have to be figured with when the final reckoning is made in the settlement of the middleweight honors. On the same card, a young Southerner, Eddie Kid Wolfe, handled by Sammy Goldman, manager of Tony Canzoneri, made a most impressive showing in defeating Paulie Walker.

A young Italian who bears considerable watching is Enzo Fiermonte, who thrilled the Garden fans with his splendid exhibition against Jack Rosenberg whom he stopped in the ninth round after dropping him to the canvas six times. Rosie went down four times in the ninth and was reeling when the bout was halted. Watch the Italian. He has the making of a champion. A few more willing, heavy-socking, fast fighters like Rosenberg and Fiermonte will soon bring out the crowds of old.

A little advice to Tommy Loughran—Your real friends are those who are urging you to hang up your gloves. Don't give them heartaches by continuing to fight when your ring days are over. You've earned your rest. You're a credit to the sport in which you made such a high mark. Quit now.

It looks like the year 1932 will be one of big fistic surprises if the month of January is taken as a criterion. It also looks like the biggest year for heavyweights since Dempsey and Tunney fought their memorable battle in Chicago. In addition, the advent of new blood in other classes, presages a quick return to normal.

Revival of interest in wrestling and a slump in boxing, are reflected in the reports of the New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois and California boxing commissions for the past year. In New York, for example, so strong was the interest in the mat sport, that the receipts helped to offset diminished boxing revenue and raised the state cut on these sports by more than $4 000. The total amount paid in to the New York treasury was $190,082. In Illinois, the state benefited to the extent of $104,904.61, a shrinkage caused by a fall in total receipts of $242,536.62 for the year.

Considering what other business suffered during the year, boxing did not feel the blight of general business conditions as much as did other commercial enterprises.

Two fine old veterans in the boxing game are sure to be in the big money this year. Charley Harvey, manager of Steve Hamas and Joe Woodman, who has brought Salvatore Ruggirello into prominence. The fifteen-round bill passed in Illinois, should give Nate Lewis a great break. Ray Alvis added a new member to his vast stable when he brought Baby Colima, hailing from Torres, Mexico, to the Windy City. Scotty Strachan boasts of two fine prospects around Detroit, Frankie Donnelly and Johnny Mitchell. Ray Tramblie, Chicago middleweight, went south for the winter and started his campaign with a three-round knockout over Joe McGowan. Wesley Ramey proved a disappointment in the East, but he redeemed himself back in Grand Rapids. Wesley was technically knocked out by Pat Igo in Philly and also drew with Eddie Cool but came back to decisively whip Igo in a return go.

Not much of a furore was caused when Johnny Jadick was declared the winner over Tony Canzoneri. Tony did not lose his junior-welterweight title for the simple reason that he never held it. Berg is still the rightful owner of that diadem by every right that is sacred under boxing rules. The Philly critics were indignant at the raw deal accorded the lightweight champion by giving Jadick the verdict but those things will happen and they do occur in every part of the country. A few days before, Paulino Uzcudun rightfully whipped King Levinsky in Chicago but the verdict went to the King Fish. Being an eyewitness to that encounter, it was very understandable how the decision went that way. Sentiment was with the King from the start and every time the King landed on arm, elbow or shoulder a hugh roar came from the crowd but Paulino scored three and four blows successively without a murmur from the fans. That thing is prevalent wherever boxing exists.

Sammy Richman and Lew Barnett are tutoring Johnny Rousseau, a likely looking heavyweight from Montreal—Danny Fifi Rosen, Hebrew lightweight from the East Side of New York boasts of a regular Irish following which is rather unique and worth mentioning. Sammy Binder, likeable local lightweight, is making headway with each succeeding bout. He looked very good in stopping Joe Haas and gets better as he goes along. Ben Horwech, Bayonne lawyer, takes time from his regular routine, to inform the populace that Carmen Roman is being avoided by his Jersey rivals and that Young Zazzerino refused a thousand-dollar guarantee to meet him. Guarantees are mighty hard to get nowadays and there must be some reason for Roman being avoided so studiously. Harry Alberts takes time out from his duties of managing Joe Glick to let everyone know that Murray Brandt is the best prospect in New York today and weighs 136 pounds.

Harry Traub, former bantamweight, and Larry Le Boeuf have teamed up in partnership. They are managing a stable of boxers that includes Eddie Kid Dennis and Mel Williams. Nat Rogers is running around to notify one and all that his latest protege, Ernie Sims, of Waterbury, Conn., is living up to expectations and looks highly promising. Tom Gallery made a running trip to New York for a few days and rushed back to the Coast. He expects to stage a few big shows in Los Angeles. Eddie Benson ruined the aspirations of Giacomo Bergomas, latest Italian importation, by flattening him with a left hook in the first round of their bout at the Brooklyn Elks. Benson is poison to most of the leading heavyweights in the East and such stars as Ernie Schaaf, Charley Retzlaff and Steve Hamas have passed him by. On the same card, Vincent Parrile, South American heavyweight, kayoed Billy Rodenbach in five rounds, Charley Massera disposed of Duane Duncan in four rounds, while Trader Horn whipped Billy Donahue, Abe Feldman won from Julius Vigh and Chris Karchi whipped Charley Young.

Some serious complications arose when Battling Battalino came in nine and three-fourths pounds overweight for his featherweight championship tilt with Lew Feldman who weighed in at 125 3-4. Technically, Battalino automatically lost his title in the afternoon when he came in overweight and Feldman usurped his position but under the present rules that govern the New York State boxing rules, Battalino loses his title and it is left open for competition. Feldman received an unfortunate break and was deserving of better treatment. He trained faithfully for the match, paid training expenses, sparring partners, trainers and other incidentals necessary for an important fight and could not demand the forfeit because Battalino failed to deposit same. Feldman got a shabby deal any way you look at it.

The National Boxing Association seems to delight in taking issue with every move adopted by the New York body. Either accidentally or on purpose, they always seem to conflict on every important move that arises. After the New York board decided that Battalino had lost his title, the N. B. A. decided that Bat still held the title. After New York decides that Schmeling is permitted to tackle Jack Sharkey for the world's heavyweight title, the N. B. A. does an about-face and declares the heavyweight crown void. There is plenty of improvement that could be worked into the boxing game without creating antagonism unnecessarily and it would enhance the interest and restore order in boxing circles to have a little co-operation. Boxing commissions are supposed to furnish initiative and put over suggestions for the betterment of boxing instead of making themselves ridiculous and targets for silly attacks from various sources.

The Mirror Radio Fund staged a show at the St. Nicks which produced some exciting action.

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Eddie Ran finished Jimmy McNamara in the second round of a thrilling match. Franta Nekolny was given a lucky decision over Phil Rafferty and Mike Payan trimmed Mike Sarko in the opening ten. A good profit was realized for a most worthy cause. Gus Wilson would like to get some action for Joe Ghnouly, his St. Louis junior-lightweight. Ghnouly has compiled a good record in his home town and has made good in the East. He deserves a crack at the best boys. Jerry Sachs is promoting boxing and wrestling shows at Ashtabula, Ohio, and is also handling Tony De Marco, a middleweight from Geneva, Ohio. Mickey (Soldier Boy) Farr is an all-around assistant to Nate Lewis, Chicago matchmaker. In addition to helping with the matches, Soldier acts as head of the entertaining committee for out-of-town managers and no one has registered any complaints about lack of hospitality. Sam Pian is helping Leonard Sacks with the Dempsey tour.

Heinie Martin, of the Grand Rapids *Herald* passed through New York to go on a honeymoon tour to Cuba. Speedy Dado seems to have stepped out of the flyweight class. He gave Al Brown a thorough licking in an overweight match on the Coast, following Brown's defeat by Newsboy Brown at the same place—Bill Miller, handling the publicity for the Churchill Enterprises, is flooding the country with notices on the latest Filipino sensation, Cerefino Garcia. He celebrated his American debut with a knockout over Alfred Gaona. Eddie Gordon is still around New York trying to get a break for Battling Bulahan, Sergio Radam and Young Harry Wills. One of the most pathetic figures is the case of a once great fighter, who, four years ago, was the most lauded figure in the country. His money is gone and now he is attempting to make up for some of his old errors. A comeback plan with his ability and spark a thing of the past. Just one of the pranks of fate. If anyone ever predicted a finish like this a few years back, they would have been laughed into silence.

Four exceptionally good prospects around New York are Charley Miller, Milton Krompier, Charley Bedami and Philly Stark. Hans Mueller may never reach great heights as a fighter but he is persistent, if anything. Immediately after being kayoed by Walter Braun in two rounds, he sought a return match and kayoed his erstwhile conqueror in the third round. Karl Lautenschlager returned to New York after spending several weeks in Kansas City. A Garden program that looked mediocre on paper, developed into the most exciting bouts witnessed in years. Loughran was kayoed by Hamas; Ruggirello disposed of Poreda while Fiermonte put the finishing touches to Jack Rosenberg. Ben Jeby hasn't done much lately on the big-time circuit so he stepped into Jamaica and put over knockouts over Eddie Kid Whalen and Al De Lamont. Eduardo Duarry, the hard-hitting Cuban, was halted temporarily by Joe Glick who fought him to a draw.

Harry Blitman established a modern record when he floored Hal Murray twenty-three times before putting him away. Al Cuillo, Brooklyn 130-pounder, will have to be looked upon for future reference. He is a southpaw with terrific hitting powers and looms impressively over the balance of the local boys. Georgie Ward used to spar with Mickey Walker when Walker first started his boxing career. Eventually they were forced to meet and in their two meetings the master was credited with whipping the pupil in no decision contests. Mickey is making strenuous efforts to be recognized as a serious heavyweight contender. No moral to the story whatever but it seems strange. Ward, a master boxer, clean liver, conscientious in every detail, is now retired while Walker, the slugger, with running wild methods, is going better than ever.

Fidel La Barba was given a fast one in Mexico when they awarded a decision to Baby Arizmendi over him. It's a pity to rate the Mexican with unknown qualities but records have to be followed accurately and Arizmendi will be rated among the foremost featherweights for the time being. Mike Payan went over in the Garden in good style by scoring a knockout over Steve Wolanin. The featherweight situation will be in a confused state unless something radical occurs.

Vidal Gregario evened the score with Antol Kocsis by winning their second engagement. If Earl Mastro had been matched with Battalino instead of Feldman and the weight difficulty arose, there is no question but that Mastro would have been universally recognized as the actual champion. Feldman did not have the high standing of Mastro and suffered the consequences. In the meantime, Mastro is idling his time away instead of making hay. His mistake will be realized when it will be too late to rectify.

Eddie Anderson showed plenty of pep in his victory over Roger Bernard. Anderson is another mystery of the ring. He has been going for a long time, starting his career as a flyweight, and now after ten years of activity, is still showing plenty of life. Stillman's, Pioneer and Grupp's are New York's leading gymnasiums and they are doing plenty of business in spite of the times.

Max Hoff purchased a new gymnasium in Philadelphia which is located at 6 North 13th St. Harry Bloomfield has discontinued boxing shows at the Columbus Hall of Yonkers. Bobby Leitham, Montreal bantam, came down to New York on a week-end to see the sights and returned for home. Lew Brown and Benny Embinder are bolstering Johnny Pena's claim to featherweight honors. Pena is one of the finest club fighters in the country today and is a miniature Jackie Berg. Mentioning Berg, recalls that Jackie is back again and this time brought his kid brother, Teddy, who ran up twenty-two straight victories on the other side and has what Jackie lacked, a knockout wallop.

Ernie Ratner, fast rising Newark lightweight

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, AND VICINITY

By ADOLPH PIZZI

MAX SCHMELING, heavyweight champion, made his first appearance of his exhibition tour at the Paterson Armory, before a large crowd. Max boxed one round each with George Panka of Pittsburgh, George La Rocco of New York, and Pedro Lopez of Oklahoma. Joe Jacobs, his manager, refereed the workout. In the main bout after the exhibition, Jimmy Phillips, of Bernardsville, fought a draw with Al Diamond of Paterson, in 8 rounds. In a six-rounder, Georgie Forrester of Elizabeth defeated Lou Chumura of Clifton.

A few days after his Paterson exhibition, Max Schmeling appeared at the Newark Armory. In a scheduled six-rounder bout on the same card, Jack McVey, colored middleweight veteran of New York, k.o.ed Joe Greb of Oklahoma, in the third round.

Hans Mueller of Germany k.o.ed Joe Green of New York in the second round.

Jack Poliseo, Newark heavyweight, beat Frank Carlo in four rounds on the Schaaf-Bergomas fight at Boston. Poliseo is in the Buckley-Sharkey stable.

Ralph Aquino of Newark, known as the Texas Kid in Florida, scored a k.o. over Dan Mahoney of Wilkes-Barre at Miami. Ernie Galiano, also of Newark, fought a draw with Joe Guzman of Key West.

Tony Lambert, Newark welterweight, was the victim of a technical k.o. at Plainfield recently, at the hands of Chick Scruggs, colored southpaw of Plainfield. Lambert was floored three times. Referee McCoy stopped the bout in the second round.

Billy Buck Boyle, welterweight, and Herman Folins, lightweight, both of Newark, went to Allentown, Pa., on Christmas day, and both turned in victories. Boyle k.o.ed Eddie Tray in the second round. Folins beat Joe Blake in eight rounds. Both boys originally hailed from Allentown, before making Newark their home.

Herman Folins, Newark, beat Kid Dixie, Newark, in 8 rounds at Belmar, and Wilbur Marsh of Montclair drew with Johnnie Daniels of New York.

At Jersey City Jimmie Batchelor, Newark featherweight, outpointed Nick De Salvo at the Oakland A. A.

Charlie Russo, lightweight of Hackensack, defeated Ernie Ratner of Silver Lake, but lost by a technical k.o. to Herman Folins, in his second bout at Elizabeth.

Eddie "Kid" Wolfe has become Newark's biggest drawing card since Freddie Polo has retired. Wolfe defeated Jay Mecadon in 10 rounds, then followed with a victory over Bud Mangino of Bound Brook in 10, both at Laurel Garden. Much credit must be given to the Donley brothers, who are doing a fine job with Wolfe.

Newark's light-heavyweights, after making a fine start in the first round of the N. B. A. tournament, ran into some hard luck in the second round. Roscoe Maning k.o.ed Buddy McArthur in the first round, then lost to Baxter Calmes of Oklahoma City. Don Petrin was stopped by George Nichols of Buffalo in the fifth. Abie Bain defeated Harry Fuller of Buffalo, then was knocked out in one round by Dave Maier, Milwaukee southpaw.

Al Rossi, Silver Lake welterweight, will soon make his debut in Madison Square Garden. Rossi, who is a brother-in-law of Vince Dundee, is the best prospect in the state.

Jack Hoskey, welterweight of Garfield, died recently at Colorado. Stephen Colletti, was the real name of Hoskey, who had been in over 100 fights.

At Laurel Garden, Newark, Ernie Ratner, Silver Lake, beat Kid Bon Bon, of Jersey City, 6 rounds. Georgie Morrison, Irvington, k.o.ed Bob Martin in the first round. Eddie Durano, Montclair, k.o.ed Charlie Quinn in the second round.

Doc Conrad, Newark middleweight, who is making a comeback, defeated Bobbie Mess in 6 rounds. Another lad making a comeback, Frank Montagna, Madison heavyweight, k.o.ed Manus Hartman of Trenton in the first round. On the same card, Frank Corse, Silver Lake welterweight, k.o.ed Mickey Jones of Newark in the fifth. Watch this boy reach.

At Market A. C. of Newark—Felix Ignacio, Morristown flyweight, defeated Howard Artt, of Newark, and Bushy Brooks of Trenton. Both bouts were 4-rounders, and were fought before capacity crowds.

At Orange:—Bert Eisner, Elizabeth featherweight, beat Long Sing Que, New York Chinaman, in 6 rounds. Dominick Risso, classy Jersey City welterweight, k.o.ed Richy Powers, Trenton, in the first round. "Mookie" Goldman, Elizabeth, beat Gene Dundee, Orange, in 6 rounds. Walter Pluckard, Orange, defeated Johnnie Murphy of New York by a technical k.o. in the third round. Dick DeMave, younger brother of Jack De Mave, Bayonne heavyweight, technical k.o.ed Paul Dors, Whitehouse, in the third round.

Elizabeth:—Kid Dixie of Newark held Billy Buck Boyle, Newark, to a six-round draw at the armory here. In a later bout at the same club Boyle defeated Dixie in a six-rounder. Herman Folins, Newark, stopped Charlie Russo, Hackensack, in the fifth. Tom Rizzo, Linden, beat Andy Teleymondi of Newark in 6 rounds. Charlie Russo, Hackensack, beat Ernie Ratner, Silver Lake, in 6 rounds. Jimmy Phillips, Bernardsville, beat Al Perretti, Bloomfield, in 6 rounds. Al Rossi, Silver Lake, defeated Joe Biondi, North Newark in 6 rounds. Andy Teleymondi, Newark, beat Joie Masters, Silver Lake, in 6 rounds.

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In and Near Chicago

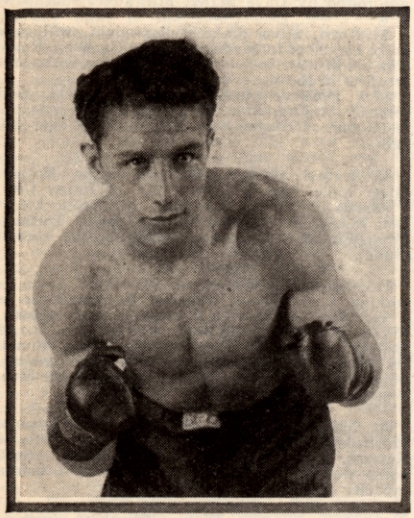
By FRANK MASTRO

WITH the Lou Brouillard-Jackie Fields welterweight title fight decided, Chicago Stadium officials are awaiting the two survivors of the light-heavyweight championship tournament for the final bout which will decide the successor to Maxie Rosenbloom in National Boxing Association territory.

The Scotch-Wop, Johnny Dundee, one of the greatest boxers who ever wore a glove, came into a discussion at the Arcade gymnasium. Barney Abel, who was the principal speaker of the Dundee eulogizers, told this one about Dundee:

Dundee was honored with a banquet by his countrymen on the eve of a match at Kansas City and the large room was filled and every seat taken. The good turnout looked promising for the battle the next night and Billy McCarney, who was handling Dundee at the time, was all smiles. It was raining pitchforks the next night and Dundee fought to an almost empty arena. Prof. McCarney was highly disappointed and asked Johnny what he thought was the matter. "Well," Dundee replied, "my followers haven't got any umbrellas."

Lou Raymond, New York fisticuffing man, who was in town with Eddie Borden, made an interesting statement. He said that recently he promoted a show at New York, drew $100,000 and lost money, while years ago, he staged a card, drew $23 and made money. Pete Reilly was one of the fighters on the latter card and he received $1.00 for his services.



Jimmy Phillips, Newark welter

Raymond is a colorful ring character and he has a flock of other stories but the one I think will hold your attention is how he made a dandy match while promoting with John the Barber. They had a small arena but that didn't stop Lou and his partner from trying to get the best matches in the world. A natural contest at that time was a match between Charley Weinert and Billy Miske, and Raymond went about signing it in this way. He invited Weinert's manager, Pearl, to look over the small arena but in order to give the impression that the place was big Raymond had the club interior cleared of everything but the bleacher seats. In the center of the arena he had ring lights beaming down on empty space. Manager Pearl looked the place over and said Weinert would fight Miske for $2,500 with a privilege of 30 per cent of the gate receipts.

Raymond, giving the impression Miske was already signed, when as a matter of fact he wasn't even approached as yet, told Pearl he would give him either the 30 per cent or the $2,500 guarantee but not both. Pearl signed Weinert for the $2,500 guarantee. With one half the match in his pocket, Lou went after Miske and his manager, Harry Pollok. Pollok was a sharpshooter and a hard man to do business with and Raymond feared he would be unreasonable as to terms.

He laid out a plan for the signing of Miske. The first thing he did was to get $500 worth of five- and ten-dollar bills and then invited Miske and Manager Pollok to dinner. When the meal was over, Raymond called for the check and took out that big roll off bills to pay for the dinner. That took effect and Pollok escorted Raymond to the men's room where he immediately asked for a loan of $200.

Lou countered with: "I'll give you the $200 as a present if you sign for Miske to meet Weinert, for $2,500." Pollok wanted $5,000 but Raymond told him the terms were a joke as the match wouldn't draw that sum. Miske's manager finally demanded $3,000. Lou told him not to be silly as the $200 present and the $250 forfeit, which he would file but Pollok would collect, together with the $2,500 amounted to almost as much. That clinched the argument and Pollok signed articles.

A strong supporting card and the Miske-Weinert match enticed $18,000 worth of customers into the small arena, which was packed to the rafters, netting $9,000 profit for the promoters. The place was a mad house and the disorder was so great that the New York commission took away Raymond's promotional license. He had his license returned when he closed to stage a charity show for the G. A. R., agreeing to give the big organization 50 per cent of the gate receipts.

This is hot off the griddle, friends: Prince Saunders was 25 years old on January 25th when he fought Benny Bass, former junior-lightweight champion, at St. Paul. . . . Ben Rhams returned to the ring sport after an absence of eight years. He was one of Eddie Shea's early managers. . . . Morgan Gardner, son of George Gardner, light-heavyweight champion 25 years ago, received $5,500 damages from the Checker taxicab company, when he said he was forced to give up boxing because of an injury acquired when a Checker he was riding in overturned. . . . Joe Jahelka, Jr., amateur boxing star several years ago, will graduate from a physical culture school next month. . . . Wm. (Kid) Mulligan, who knows boxers since the days of John L. Sullivan, is still tenoring at loop gymnasiums. . . .

Jack Root, former light-heavyweight champion, was greeted vociferously by Joe Jahelka, Sr., and a flock of other Bohemian friends upon his arrival here from New York. They awaited the arrival of Root's protege, Franta Nekolny, European welterweight champion, whom they banqueted before his fight with Jackie Brady at the Stadium.

Tommy Thomas, one of the Illinois Athletic Commission's best referees, had a crack at broadcasting fights over the radio recently and did a good job of it. Thomas, who fought the best of them 30 years ago, is a radio fan as well as a fight expert and the combination worked well. He has refereed several championship bouts and many near title combats but the job he likes best of all, is directing the activities of his two children.

Johnny Baima, Dave Mearns' middleweight protege, won a ten-round decision over Chuck Heffner, of Denver, Colo., here and the following day married his manager's 22-year-old sister, Isabella Mearns. Baima is 23 years of age and the Heffner bout was his 19th pro encounter. He has lost two, and has boxed a pair of draws and scored nine knockouts. Before coming here three years ago from St. Louis, Johnny was a coal miner. He will celebrate his third month of wedded bliss in February.

Chicago Chapter No. 2 of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War staged an amateur boxing show at Merry Garden arena, Sheffield and Belmont Avenues, to acquire funds to meet the demands made upon it for service to the membership and their families. Twenty-five hundred fans paid $2,750 to watch the show which was held under the jurisdiction of the Illinois Athletic Commission and the Central A. A. U. Matchmaker Frank Mastro booked two feature matches. One bout brought together George Haberski, Catholic Youth Organization champion, and Leo Rodak, intercity Golden Gloves title holder. The other feature match was between Nick Scialaba, international Golden Gloves champion, and Bud Marcy, C. Y. O. title holder.

The National Boxing Association of America is an incorporated body and has for its object the control of fighting in this country for the purpose of keeping the sport clean and acceptable to the fans. By mutual consent of its members the organization enforces discipline by upholding suspensions and mandates of the various commissions of states, provinces and countries. Twenty-nine states of the United States, Canada, Porto Rico, Cuba and Mexico, as well as Indiana and Tennessee are members in good standing. California and New York have expressed themselves in accord with the National Boxing Association policies and there is no dissatisfaction in the N. B. A., according to Gen. John V. Clinnin, president of the organization and chairman of the Illinois commission.

Bill Miller, witty press agent and dialogue writer, is back on the job with the Churchill Enterprises of Los Angeles. The title of his latest piece he sent around the country, "Famous Crossings," is a scream. Bill's there, make no mistake about that.

There are 15 famous crossings before we come to the "greatest of all"—Ceferino Garcia's crossing of the Pacific Ocean. Garcia boasts the welterweight championship of the Orient.

Do you know that—Frank Dane, alias Cecarelli, now manages opera stars. Marion Matuszak scored two knockouts in a pair of starts since going under the managerial wing of Izzy Marks. Jock Malone, erstwhile St. Paul phantom, is an actor at the Lake Shore Pleasure Club of Chicago. Paul Berlenbach, Georges Carpentier, Jimmy Delaney, Battling Siki, Young Stribling and Gene Tunney were fighting for the light-heavyweight leadership.

Illinois referees must wear dark blue trousers and white shirts and provide themselves with an extra shirt for change in emergency. Jackie Fields' need for southpaw sparring partners brought Henry Lenard out of a seven-month retirement. Al Sweeney's 30-day suspension by the Illinois commish is up. Matty Capone, Al's young brother, is working out at Trafton's gymnasium. Joe Humphries, nationally known announcer, made his first announcement 29 years ago in a men's room and was given the raspberry.

Harry Dublinsky says he is going to fight "the first" and when his inquisitor asks "first of what" he answers "first chance." Paul Pantaleo made his first start in several months against Bob McCormick. Henry Firpo uses vaseline on his bald head so that when he ducks punches, they slide over his dome. Ray Alvis read Burleycue and Phantom Fame. Bud Taylor manages Sammy (Kid) Slaughter.

Charlie White was getting $500 per week for his daily broadcasts over W-G-N. Tony Herrera and his brother, Carlos, have three sisters and a widowed mother to care for. Young Geno is an Italian and his right name is Geno Marinageli. Costas Vassis is managed by Alex Chacharon, who is part owner of the Parkway Cafe in Glencoe.

Mike Cantwell arrived in town from his home in Wheaton and was immediately asked by wise crackers, "How is the wheat in Wheaton?"

Here's one for the books, friends. Jimmy Carres of Chicago received a telegram from Jimmy Carres of Wilmington, Del., seeking the services of Chicago Jimmy Carres' welterweight boxer, Tommy Rios, for December 4. And what! They're cousins.

We have one of the most colorful heavyweights here. He is Andy McCann, who recently won the South Suburban championship. He acts and looks like a brake-beam traveler but owns a big farm in Bismarck, N. D.

Patsy La Rocco, rugged New York featherweight

Here's something I learned yesterday and you'll probably gasp with surprise when you hear it, just as I did. Wolcott Langford, south side middleweight, was training for a fight and he's blind as a bat. You know, Langford lost his eyesight before his fighting days were over because of neglect. Well, the blind Wolcott was going to fight a blindfolded Indianapolis colored boxer, named George Smith, at Evansville, Ind. They were scheduled to fight eight rounds at 160 pounds. Ripley that if you can!

King Levinsky, Chicago heavyweight, and Baxter Calmes, Oklahoma puncher, met in a feature on Promoters Jack Lund's and Frank Knipper's card at Merry Garden arena. Levinsky seconded Tony Muscarello, Central A. A. U. featherweight champion, and Calmes was bottle holder for Joe Roman, Joliet, Ill., Golden Gloves champion. Walter Jerz, Lawndale Polish walloper, fought on the same card.

Received a card from Peewee Gale, brisk bantamweight breeze from Three Rivers, Mich. I mention this to let you know that Peewee is still up and around and would like nothing better than another combat here.

ST. LOUIS DISTRICT
By BOB RILEY

ST. LOUIS community fund workers were cheered with the $17,000 received from the monster boxing-wrestling program at The Arena. The huge crowd which turned out to see the show were treated to four hours of entertainment. "Peewee" Kaiser and Howard Scott, local featherweights, fought five blistering rounds with Scott down for nine, three times in the early rounds and Kaiser on the run from Scott's terrific haymakers in the last two heats. Kaiser gained the official decision. John Schwake beat Dave Knost, in an interesting fight. Amateur fighters toiled in four events on the show while the wrestlers heaved and grunted. Jimmy Londos, wrestling champion, defended his title against the assaults of Gino Garibaldi. All in all the evening was a real success.

Good fight shows may come and go, but the recent card at the Coliseum, which featured King Tut versus Jackie Brady, welterweights, will linger long in the minds of the lucky fight fans who witnessed it. The show started with Larry Pruitt, Elwood, Ind. jr. lightweight, and Roy Logsdon, Litchfield, Ill., throwing a continuous stream of punches for six rounds with Pruitt getting the nod. Next Dave Barry, St. Louis featherweight, made it twelve straight by whipping Bobby Allen, Chicago, in a sizzling eight rounder. Then "Peewee" Kaiser resumed hostilities with Howard Scott, another local, in an eight round thriller. Kaiser was down for nine from the very first punch. For the next six stanzas, the St. Louis veteran bombarded Howard with punches, dropping him for full counts three times, but the final round found Kaiser floored with a terrific right hander, from which it seemed he could never get up. Get up he did, however, with the elongated puncher in hot pursuit, throwing punch after punch, but Kaiser lasted the round and gained the verdict. King Tut put Brady down for nine in the opening round but Jack refused to stay put, and got up to fight ten gruelling rounds with honors even. John Schwake belted Angus Snyder, Dodge City heavy, and was belted in return for 10 hard rounds with Schwake getting an edge.

"Kid Bandy," St. Louis boxing promoter, promoted the above show. "Bandy" books all his fighters through Boxing Productions booking office, and is lavish in his praise for this organization which makes it possible for him to secure attractive matches at a minimum of effort and expense.

"Chick" Rains, leading local middleweight, scored four straight wins at Springfield, Mo. "Chick" knocked out Wilson Dunn and Bob Hamilton and defeated Al Jennings and Dunn via decision. Rains holds two wins over Baxter Calmes and one over Tom Patrick.

"Tiny" Dick Powell, college and pro football star, who claims 21 knockouts in 35 ring battles, is our latest heavyweight addition. Powell is six feet three inches tall, weighs 220 and is fast as a streak.

Howard Scott, though losing two decisions to Johnny Kaiser is very popular. The slim featherweight is a hard puncher.

Davey Barry, St Louis featherweight hope, has rung up twelve straight victories in local rings. Six via knockouts and six by official award. This kid developed his punch by shoveling coal in a mine. He is one of the best local drawing cards.

Roy Logsdon was welcomed back to St. Louis with a big hand from the fans. Though losing a "duke" Roy made a good showing.

The Blytheville, Arkansas scrapper, Leroy Dougan, who has two 10 round decision wins over Barry, the only times the local youth has ever been defeated, should be brought before St. Louis fans again with a view toward matching him with Barry.

Larry Pruitt, who beat Roy Logsdon here, would make a dandy go with Howard Scott. The Indiana 130 pounder is a puncher, as is Scott.

Do not fail to buy and read "Modern Wrestling" and "Gene Tunney," both books by Nat Fleischer. They are the real "McCoy." Well worth the price of $1.00 each.

Fighters and managers seeking booking in St. Louis, get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium, St. Louis, Mo., headquarters of Boxing Productions booking office.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRIBUTES
By CLIFF SCHIEBERL

BELIEVE it or not, but 1932 looks like the most promising year for boxing down here. Did you notice in the few naturals that were put over how they drew? When the smart managers and fighters quit demanding exorbitant guarantees, we will have some real fights and real crowds again.

Right now around here the Tribune Golden Glove Tournament has the Spotlight. Leo Kautz, the big sports writer for the Davenport *Times*, is busy putting on matches in nearby towns in Illinois and Iowa, finding talent to represent his paper in the finals at Chicago. The amateurs are getting tougher and tougher every year. There are some in the ranks who have been battling for three and four years with a couple hundred bouts under their belt. In experience they are wised up like a pro, so the youngsters must make up their minds to get in there and battle to overcome that ring generalship acquired by experience.

The *Times* tournament claims a lot of interest in this section of Iowa and Illinois. Charlie Shuler, a great boxing fan and sport, along with Mayor George Tank and Leo Katz, has equipped a gymnasium and hired as an instructor Cliff "Peanuts" Schieberl to give all the *Times* entries boxing lessons free. The gym was just recently opened at 317¼ West 2nd Street, Davenport. This gym will be continued and run permanently by the writer, and any boxers or managers who will send in a picture at the above address will be remembered in my will.

Lets give the Davenport entries a mention before the eliminations start, so they can say their name was in this great RING magazine. Here are the boys who are training at the Cliff Athletic Club: Cliff Mohler, Leo Kline, Emmett Pate, Ray Ponce, Cliff Bordeaux, all 112 pounds. Russell Doughty, Bud McWane, 118 pounds. Frank Buss, Eddie Humphrey, Herbert Saling, Cameron Haynes, Bob Lucier, Warren Peters, Ray Lohf, 126 pounds. John Erving, Skeets Mohler, Zeb Collins, Walt Smith, Bill Williams, Joe Schimko, Harold Schroeder, 135 pounds. Alfred Woods, Frank Schimko and Eric Linse, 147 pounds. Buss Roemer, Herb Bartosch, and Jarome Bulings, all heavyweights.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

BELLEVILLE, KANS.—Tommy Saballos and Don Carmen fought 10 rounds to a draw. Russ Sanders shaded Jimmy Moore in 6. George Sanders knocked out Roy Davis in 2 rounds.

Neodesha, Kans.—A packed house witnessed these amateur bouts at the Legion Arena. Earl Chancey beat Eddie Dupuy. Billy Hemphill beat Johnny Martin. Everett Ogle beat Howard Williams. Roy Newberry beat Red Gravel. Tolly Lugenbeal knocked out Mat Pierce in 2. Melvin Bell Beat Babe Routh. Blaine Heady knocked out Tommy Weaver in 1. Howard Green beat Kid Davis.

Tulsa, Okla.—Paul Wangley beat Johnny Nichols in 10. Ora Smith drew with Jimmy Owens in 10. Larking Colley and Jack Smith fought 4 rounds to a draw. Madero Villareal and Kid Granite drew in a fast 6 rounder. John Casey outpointed Neal Johnson in 6 rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing bout results. Bud Schildknecht beat Joe Torkelson. Dick Meiers beat Paul Humbert. Pat Kissinger beat Tommy Rollins. Joey Alcanter beat Peewee Weideman. Jerry Jenkins knocked out Pete Hildago in 1. John Davidson beat L. Scott. Mike McLarnin beat Bus Crowe. Oscar Jordan beat Cap Hardy.

Ft. Scott, Kans.—Perry Rhine, matchmaker for the American Legion, states he will start boxing shows again soon.

Okla City, Okla.—Tommy Scott defeated Ora Smith in a hard fought 10 round event at the Merrie Garden. Kid Granite won a 10 round decision over Frankie Graham.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing bout results. Bruce Jaffrays knocked out George Gross in 3. Joey Alcanter knocked out Vonley Dishong in 2. Jerry Jenkins knocked out Chief Rainbow in 1. Herschel McMillan beat Johnny Hilton. Joe Piersol beat John Davidson. Joe (Red) Haas beat Johnny Morgan. Tom Pacheco beat Joe Shearer. Woodrow Price beat Jack McGrew. Billy Howard beat Jackie Law.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing bout results. Bud Schildknecht beat Jack Baumas. Mel Beal beat Bruce Jaffrays. Jess Delaney beat Chick Powell. Roy Donohue beat Mel Taylor. Bus Ward beat Henry Garcia. Spud Malone beat Kenneth Mauton.

Fighters and fans should purchase the book on GENE TUNNEY, the Enigma of the Ring. It is good reading. Don't miss it. The book is edited and published by Nat Fleischer, of THE RING, and the price is only $1.00.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing bout results. Jack Daniels beat Houston Ash. Bruce Jaffrays beat Joe (Red) Haas. Jess Delaney beat Gene Daniels. Pat Kissinger knocked out Irving Boe in 1. Herbie Mack beat Young Joe Ciro. Jackie Burns beat Gale Torres. Ken Thompson beat Frankie Frazon. Bus Crane beat Lloyd Johnson. Harry Helt beat Jackie Law. Vic Crescencia beat Oscar Jordon.

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Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

JEFF DICKSON'S December promotion at the Royal Albert Hall was a sell-out. The magnet was without a doubt, the appearance of Jack (Kid) Berg who had for his opponent Marius Baudry, the French light-weight champion. In the early stages of this bout, Berg was the victim of a foul blow and although suffering much pain, he refused to take the easy way out. He gradually worked the effect off and set about the Frenchman to such purpose, that Baudry cried enough in round 5.

In the chief supporting bouts, Fred Webster was disqualified in the 9th round of his contest with Cleto Locatelli (Italy) and Leo Phillips, the 17-year-old Birmingham youngster who made folks rub their eyes when he appeared at the last show here, succeeded in stopping that real good performer from Wales, Billy Granelli, in round 3. Phillips looks like a coming world-beater.

Johnny King, the Manchester idol, was defeated in a championship fight by Dick Corbett at Belle Vue Manchester. That he was tackling King in his own home town and before many thousands of his own followers, had not the slightest effect on Dicky. Corbett as cool as an icicle, boxed in cautious manner at the start, then opening up he gave King the lesson of his life to win easily. Corbett is a worthy champion and it is difficult to name any bantam in England who would be capable of giving him a "run," if I except Johnny Peters, but the "snag" here is that Peters and Corbett are stable mates.

The principal supporting bout to the Corbett and King scrap was a 12-rounder between Johnny Peters and Dick Burke, the Liverpool star, with Peters winning.

One of the most pleasing features in boxing during the year just ended, is the coming of Leo Phillips of Brimingham, a youngster of 17 years who boxes at the lightweight poundage. Jeff Dickson has taken him under his wing and will make his headquarters in Paris, where he can be under the watchful eye of Europe's Tex Rickard, who fondly believes that in this youngster he has netted a potential world's champion.

Len Johnson, the accomplished Negro has been out of the fistic game for some time, but idleness has become irksome and he has started conditioning in real earnest for several prospective engagements the first of which will probably be in Paris 2 or 3 weeks hence. From now onwards Len's business arrangements have been entrusted to yours truly.

Jack Peterson, the young Cardiff heavyweight prospect still keeps pegging along. He has as yet to taste defeat since joining the professional ranks. In his latest bout he outpointed Gunner Bennet.

When Alf Howard, the Liverpool "thunderbolt," recently K. O'ed George Rose in the 2nd round at Bristol, Rose sought a return bout and Howard stopped his man in the 7th round at Bristol.

There was a packed house in attendance at the Music Hall, Edinburgh, to witness the fight for the bantamweight championship of Scotland between Frank Markey (holder) and Willie Vint (challenger). Vint was awarded the decision.

A boy who is liable to cause a fluttering in the "dove-cotes" of the welter-weights, is Johnny Quill.

Rumour has it that there are prospects of a meeting between Reggie Meen and the veteran Tom Heeney. More of this anon.

Jim Winters' Scottish champion suffered his first defeat since joining the ranks of the paid brigade, when he was technically K. O.'ed in the 15th round by Charlie McDonald at the Music Hall, Edinburgh.

Jack O'Brien, middleweight champion of Ireland, K. O.'ed Albert Rea (Scotland) in the 9th round, and Billy Gilmore, Irish welterweight champion, stopped Jack Hunter in the 4th. Both contests were staged at St. Mary's Hall, Belfast.

Jerry Daley, Welsh middleweight champion, cleverly outpointed George Smith, a young heavyweight, over the 15-round route.

Archie Sexton is now seeking wealth and glory in the ranks of the middleweights. He has the hunch that there is no time to waste for in his last scrap he K. O.'ed Bill Webster in round 2 and his two previous fights ended in defeating Les Bandias (4 rounds) and Barney Kieswetter (2 rounds).

"Wildcat" Jimmy Tarante, the American Negro middle and light-heavyweight, stopped Harry Crossley, Britain's Cruiser champion, at the Blackfriars Ring in the 10th round.

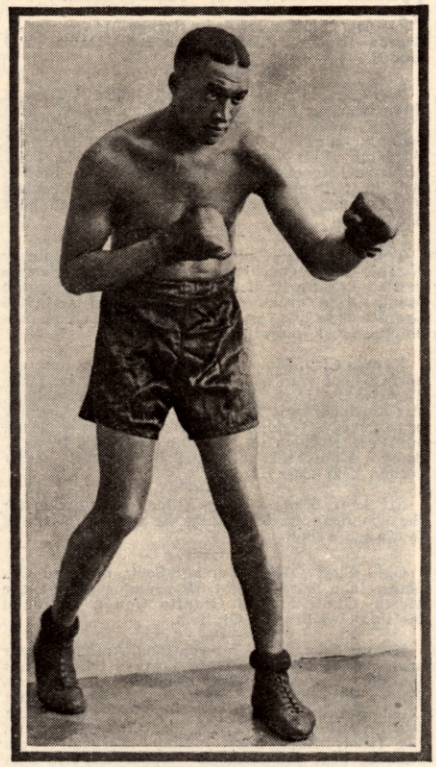
A useful young heavyweight is Charlie Hickman who comes of fighting stock. He was discovered when he won the heavyweight competition outright at the Crystal Palace just before Christmas.

Young Johnny Brown who has now definitely retired, was awarded a testimonial benefit at the Pavilion Theatre, Whitechapel and the net result will surely gladden the heart of Young Johnny. Apart from exhibitions and the introduction of celebrities, the real serious scrapping provided a real treat. Johnny Peters stopped Kid Pattenden in the 6th round. Pattenden publicly stated that this was his last fight owing to failing eyesight. Jules Styert (Belgium) outpointed Moe Moss over 15 rounds and Kid Farlo stopped Joe Rogers in the 2nd round.

Dave Crowley, flyweight, who is being labelled as a likely customer to dethrone Jackie Brown, further emphasized his merit by outpointing Emil Degand, the flyweight "King" of Belgium, at the Blackfriars Ring.

The testimonial benefit that was organized on the behalf of Arthur Gutteridge, is likely to result in a substantial amount of "dough" being handed over to the old veteran. As the subscription list was only closed on the last day of the year, I am as yet unable to state the actual amount which will be handed over.

Nel Tarleton, the new feathers champion, has, after the festive season, got into strict training again and vows that he will have one fight a week. This is all very well Nel, but where are you going to find opponents? Nel is without a doubt the best feather we have produced since Jim Driscoll, the peerless one.



Larry Gains, an outstanding heavyweight in Europe

ENGLISH BOXING RESULTS

At the Ring—Dave Crowley outpointed Bert Kirby in 15 rounds. Phineas John easily beat Billy Reynolds in a 15-round bout. Selwyn Davies also scored a points win over Kid Berry in 15. Archie Sexton K. O.'ed Bill Webster in the 2nd. Seaman Harvey outpointed Jack Casey in 8, Johnny Peters beat Sandy McEwan in 8 and Bud Walley beat Sandy McEwan in the 8th.

At Edmonton—Harry Vaughn outpointed Ashton Jones in 15 rounds. Lauri Raiter stopped Stan Waller in the 8th. Billy Bird outpointed Rene Evans.

At Kilburn—Johnny Stanton defeated Boy Wally. Ted Kendal and Billy Barr boxed an exciting 15-round draw. Charlie Chew outpointed Billy Webb. This was Chew's second fight of the day as earlier on he had boxed a 15-round draw at another hall in London.

At Bloomsbury—Jimmy Lindsay defeated Billy Jackson. Bert Swaddle scored a points win over Billy Chilton. Johnny Clift outpointed Billy O'Callaghan (Dublin).

At Croydon—George Meachem outpointed Ted Giles in 12 rounds. Bob King beat Harry Barnes.

Stadium Club—Len Beynon comfortably outpointed Roy Edge. Teddy Berg and Les Burns boxed a hectic draw.

At Whitechapel—Benny Caplan outpointed Kid Socks in 8 rounds. Teddy Berg K. O.'ed Billy Jackson in the 2nd. Billy Adair stopped George Brown in 4.

At Ilford—Wally Rice outpointed Jackie Long in 12. George Wicks beat Steve Merritt.

At Paddington Baths. Tom Davey K. O.'ed Johnny Clift in the first, Harry Jenkins stopped Fred Turpin in 8.

PROVINCIAL

At Liverpool—Alf Howard stopped Harry Jenkins in the 6th round. In a 12-rounder the undefeated Ernie Roderic outpointd Tom Bailey, and Young Nat Williams defeated Dave Taylor on points.

At Leeds—Ginger McLeod outpointed Sandy McEwan in 12 rounds. Jack Manley defeated Howard Powell. George Fielding stopped Jack Richardson in 6. Johnny McGurn and Eric Jones boxed an exciting 12-round draw. Harold Coule and Tommy Kenny boxed a good draw.

At Barnsley—Don Shortland stopped Tony Arpino in 9. Tiny Smith and Frank Markey boxed a clever draw.

At Preston—Harry Woodward outpointed Jim McAllister in 12, and George Williams received a points win over Ernie Sherratt.

At Blackpool—Bob Lamb outpointed Spud Murphy. Nipper McFarland beat Tommy Rose on points. Jack Dunn K. O.'ed Jim Kelley in the 6th round.

At Sheffield—Little Minor outpointed Willie Farrell in 12. Joe Myers and Tom Cowley boxed a very entertaining draw.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne—Benny Sharkey outpointed Frank McAlorum in 15. Peter Cuthbertson outpointed Benny Sharkey. Seaman Watson defeated Peter Cuthbertson by a good points margin.

At Birmingham—Boy Edge beat Harry Hill on points in a close bout. Tiger Smith was a very lucky fellow to get a draw with Harry Corbett in 15.

At Plymouth—Jack Delaney narrowly defeated Tommy O'Neill on points. Young McManus outpointed Bill Riches over the 15-round route.

SCOTTISH BOXING RESULTS

At Glasgow—Jack Lusk comfortably defeated Kid Johnston in 10 rounds. Paddy Doherty easily outpointed Nipper Varle in a 10-rounder. Joe Frame stopped Jasper Carter in the 7th round. Alf Barrett got a points decision over Tony Butchers.

At Greenock—Pat McGuire beat Bill Corbett on points in a 12-rounder.

IRISH BOXING RESULTS

At Belfast—Gunboat Smith outpointed Bobby Traynor in a 10-rounder. Jim Boyle K. O.'ed Billy Howney in the 2nd round. Jackie Quinn outpointed Jim McMeekin over a dozen rounds. Louis Sloan beat Jack McKnight on points over 10-rounds. Jack Flynn stopped Jim McCleery in the 7th round, Billy Downey stopped Jim McQuade in the 4th round. Billy Warnock stopped Mick McAdam in round 7.

WELSH BOXING RESULTS

At Cardoiff—Jack Peterson, the local heavyweight hope, outpointed Leo Bandias, the Australian cruiser champion in 10 rounds, George (Panther) Purchase was disqualified in the 7th round of his bout with Ivor Perkins. Barney Keiswetter outpointed Billy Nicholas and Len Beynon beat Ivor Drew on points in 12 rounds.

Gossip from European Rings

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

YOUNG PEREZ, who defeated Frankie Genaro in the late fall of 1931, is keeping up his good work in the ring. He lost to "Spider" Pladner on a point decision after his win over Genaro, but he went out of his class when meeting the bantamweight. Perez weighed 116 to 117 for the Spider. 16,000 paid to see the bout. The latest fight Perez had was against Giovanni Savo, champion flyweight of Italy.

In the supporting contests, Kid Armand, bantam, defeated Martinez in six rounds; Sarim defeated Brin in a featherweight contest and welterweights Debeaumont and Ledger put up a slashing draw. In another ten-round bout Lelong of France stopped Mario Dobriz of Italy in the seventh.

Tarante, American colored heavyweight, has been doing very well in Europe recently. He fought a ten-round draw with the Frenchman, Gandon.

Maurice Holtzer, one of the rising young featherweights of France, defeated Lloyd of England by a knockout in the fifth at the Paris Ring. In the third and fourth rounds the Englishman received some hard punishment and it did not take Holtzer long to put over a finisher.

Popesco, the Roumanian featherweight champion of Europe, made short work of Pannecoucke, the North of France boxer, at the Paris Palace des Sports. The finish came during the second round.

A match between Midget Wolgast and Young Perez at the "fly" limit would be a good attraction for Paris. Such a fight would probably draw a bigger gate in Paris than in New York. I doubt, however, if Promoter Jeff Dickson would offer any guarantee for the match. Jimmy Johnston of Madison Square Garden is also after the bout.

The Palais des Sports is playing daily to big houses for ice skating, hockey, and other sports outside of boxing.

Marcel Thil, who gave Vince Dundee quite a beating, has received several offers from American managers to make a trip across, but none of same came from responsible persons, therefore he did not consider same. The game is pretty good in Europe just at present and such a boxer as Thil can do very well in France.

During the year of 1931 Europe saw the inauguration of two really outstanding boxers, Cleto Locatelli of Italy and Young Perez of France. Then there was Marcel Thil who made a great return to form. Vince Dundee and Pete Nebo can tell the folks at home that they found a couple of hard battlers in Europe.

The new French welterweight champion, Edouard Tenet, is a lad well worth watching. He is clever and he has a hard punch in addition.

Looking over the European boxers from all angles in 1931 I think that Cleto Locatelli of Italy and Franta Nekolny were the class. Locatelli's fight against Pete Nebo was one of the best bouts witnessed in Paris. It was the fastest twelve-round bout I ever saw.

Then against Harry Corbett of England, Locatelli had the Englishman so badly punished in the seventh session that the referee stopped the bout.

Eugene Huat, the French bantamweight, knocked out Murall of Spain in a match at Lyons. Huat is well booked up for matches this season. He is a very popular little fellow, one who always puts up a good bout.

Tiger Humery who, this season, was making a very satisfactory come-back under the management of Francois Descamps, received a bad set-back when meeting Heintz, the Lillie lightweight. Humery was compelled to abandon the fight in the fifth round after having received a bad beating.

Bobbie Tassin, the former featherweight champion of France, defeated Jim Terry in a ten-round bout which was held at the Central Sporting Club of Paris.

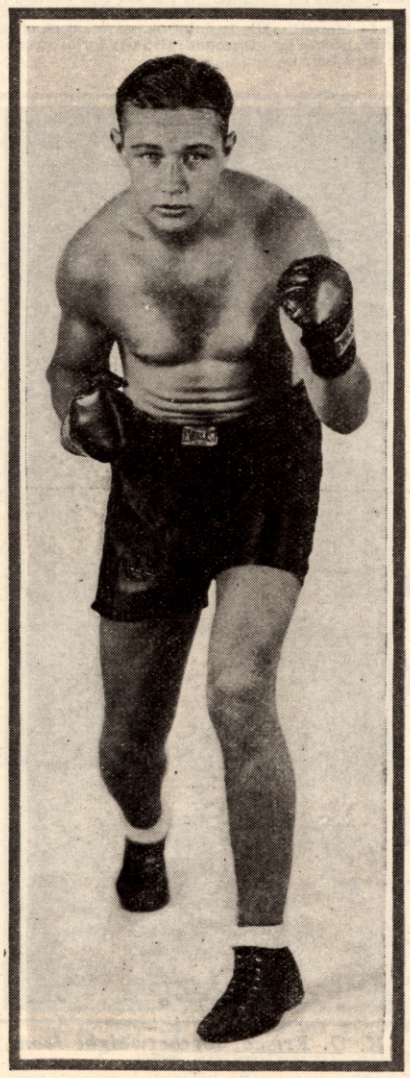
Primo Carnera, dreadnaught champion of the world, whatever that signifies, on his arrival in Italy declared that he is eager to join the Italian Army. He declared that his greatest ambition would be to be a member of Mussolini's body guard, and now the Italian military authorities are seriously considering drafting him despite the fact that Primo is listed as a Frenchman. He renounced his Italian citizenship two years ago.

At Madrid, during January, several fine boxing cards were run off. Martinez Alfara of Spain defeated Lebrize of France on points, and Alfara defeated Habaiz on points. The bouts which were held at the Cirque Puce attracted a big attendance.

Joe Carr, an ex-champion English amateur, was knocked out in the second of a scheduled ten-round bout at the Paris Ring by the French youngster, Hugenein.

With the tremendous interest which is being taken in boxing throughout France, some rare performers are bound to turn up. There is hardly even a small village in any part of France where boxing it not catered to.

Heine Muller, the German heavyweight, gave the British champion, Reggie Meen, a bad beating in their bout which was held in Leicester. The English champion received a hard right hook in the fourth session which opened a big gash over the right eye, the cut bled so freely that the sight of both eyes was impeded and the referee stopped the bout. Up to the time of the stoppage the German had a lot the best of the milling. Heinie is a good fighter and will do well in America, where George Engel will manage him. Watch this German.



Willie Klein, German middleweight, now in New York

The "Paris-Soir," which caters largely to sports, is following in the footsteps of several Englishmen who are endeavoring to find a British heavyweight world's boxing hope. The French publication, at the Palais des Sports of Paris, during March, will run off a tournament which will have over sixty or more young Frenchmen between the ages of 18 to 25 and who scale over the light-heavyweight limit. All of the contestants will be composed of those who have never appeared in a Paris ring.

Rene Devos is trying a come-back stunt. He is doing his competition at the Paris Ring, which is a small but exceedingly comfortable place. As the price of admission is only $1.15, the boxers do not receive much for their services. Rene has been fed some easy one to date and has put them away in short order.

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Greater Boston and New England

By DOC ALMY

FOR weeks when Eugene Buckley, member of the State Boxing Commission for 11 years, retired from office, until within a few days ago the public has pulled daisy petals in its efforts to determine who was to be his successor. The field was full of candidates for a $3000 job, each and every one of whom was sure he was going to land in the berth. But, a few days ago Governor Ely selected a dark horse for the job—Edward L. Casey, head football coach at Harvard. But to the surprise of the boxing fraternity, Casey turned down the post. He consulted with a few friends who pointed out to him that he was in a fair way to mingle in a whole lot of trouble and that football needed his continued services as an expert more than boxing, a tyro commissioner. Casey listened, heard and was convinced. He wrote to Governor Ely that he would not accept the position.

More than 8000 cash customers greeted Max Schmeling, world's heavyweight champion, at the Boston Arena in connection with the regular fighting show of the Argonne A. A. They saw the champion flash his exhibition stuff with three sparring partners. Joe Jacobs, his manager, acted as master-of-ceremonies. A majority of the cash customers cheered, while a few booed. "They used me very nicely, far better than I expected here in Jack Sharkey's home city," declared Schmeling after the exhibition.

Incidentally, Sharkey was present, occupied a front seat, as also did Georges Carpentier, the former champion of France. The latter, now an actor, was showing at a Boston theater. Sharkey was asked into the ring by Schmeling and complied. They shook hands and showed no ill-feeling.

The appearance of Schmeling and the Argonne A. A. fighting card at the Boston Arena, was marked by a brand new departure in Boston fisticuffs. For the first time in our ring history, every seat in the house was priced at $1 per. All were reserved, and no "Oakleys" were given out by Promoter Eddie Mack except ringside tickets to the working press. The idea went over 100 per cent. The expected disorder and general rush for seats did not develop. The one-buck-per will continue in connection with all future tourneys of the Eddie Mack organization.

The fighting part of the show was a good one—much better than several of the official decisions. In the main event of 10 rounds, Billy Hood, the British middleweight, defeated Mickey Bishop, of Stoughton, Mass., but the award went to the latter. Bishop, who was a star in the amateur ranks, also made good as a "pro" prelim boy, was fighting his first feature contest. The fact may have influenced the ring officials in giving him an award which rightly belonged to Hood. In the semi-final, Bob Moody, a good-looking colored fighting proposition from Syracuse—or, so billed—defeated Nate Brown of California, a member of the Jacobs stable, in eight rounds. Both showed plenty of stuff. An attempt is now on to bring either Moody or Brown against Sharkey or Schaaf in a Boston ring.

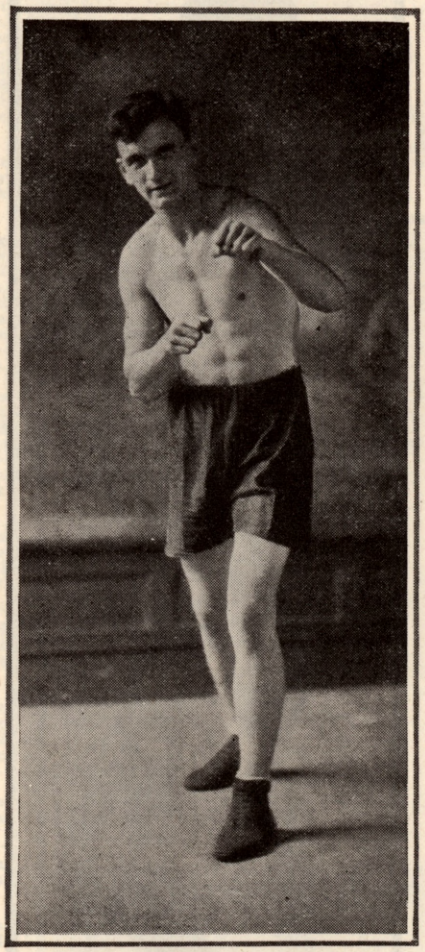
Under the two foregoing features, was the usual long string of four-round prelims. Outstanding was a muss between George Ostrow of Revere, and Earl Douquette of Cambridge, boys who are regarded as the two best bantams in New England. Ostrow was dropped in the second round for four, but came back with a rally and won the decision. George Salvator of Oak Bluffs, Mass., a big lightweight, defeated Spec Friend of Brockton, formerly of Oklahoma, in their melee. George Perry, Jr., son of the former heavyweight of that name, bowled over Jack Laverne of Malden several times and received the award. Bert Tubbs of England, a middleweight, made his inital bow in Boston, and defeated Dutch Leonard of Waltham, a two-handed slugger, by outboxing him.

Al Grayson of Charlestown, a heavyweight who has come to the front in about four jumps, so mussed up Benny Gershman of Dorchester, a far more experienced ringster, in the first round, that the referee stopped the bout and gave Grayson the award. Grayson's connection with the ring has been very brief. He is a decorator by occupation, and an art student at Harvard University. He also is a fine, clean, intelligent chap with features that hardly associate themselves with the ring game. He does not know a great deal about boxing, but can slam.

He made his first appearance about two months ago in the amateurs. Jim Toland, manager of the Boston gym bearing his name, is acting as his mentor. Grayson worked in several "pure" tourneys, and in each pounded his opponents to a pulp. That ended his career as an amateur—no one would fight him. So, he was forced to turn "pro," and, as we have stated, won his first "pro" fight by a kayo. How far he will go, however, remains to be seen.

Many of the country's older fight fans will recall the name of Billy "Honey" Mellody of Charlestown, Mass., one time world's welter champion through his defeat of Joe Walcott. He was one of the best of the lot in a day when there were plenty of fighting fighters of real merit. Mellody is dead and so is Johnny Mooney, his oldtime manager, but his name has been revived. Joe Ferrente, former national amateur featherweight champion, now turned "pro," having recently become a resident of Charlestown, has adopted the name of "Honey Mellody." Differing from the average Italian, this youngster is a blonde with blue eyes—is of the Nordic type. Also, he is a very promising proposition. George Carter and Nate Seigel, the latter a former N. E. champion, are bringing the boy along. He fought on the Argonne A. A. card, his second "pro" bout, and defeated Al Gillette of New Bedford, a larger and more experienced ringster than himself.

The Bay State has several boxing laws which do not tend to encourage budding youth in its endeavors to become ring greats. One of these laws requires that all boxers, whether main bouters or prelim boys, "kick in" $25 as a license fee. Another requires that all managers do the same. Thus a boy, before he can box in this state, must pay over $50 to the Commonwealth. As the average prelim boy gets but $50 or less, unless he is attached to one of the big stables which has the power to "put the screw" on the promoter, he is forced to fight one or more bouts for nothing. If the kid gets beaten, he goes into the "he is a bum" class. If injured, that's up to himself. His training expenses, cost of his outfit, license for his second, also pay for his second, he must borrow.



K. O. Frisco, featherweight from Boise, Vt.

As we have stated, such a prelim boy frequently gets nothing for his services except blows and abuse, and, when it is all over, owes himself money. Such was the experience of one or more of the minor performers in the recent Boston Arena tourney. We are making a fight for these boys for principle's sake. We have no personal interest in any of them and do not care whether they box again or not.

A law, however, that makes a $50 prelim boy pay $50 to get a break, and charges no more for a main bout performer who receives $10,000 for similar service, is, in our opinion, dead wrong.

Since the last issue of THE RING, Boston has lost another member of its "Old Guard" in Patrick J. Minehan, of Charlestown, better known as "Paddy" Minehan. He passed out on January 10th, after an illness of nearly a year. A native of Ireland, he came to this country when a youth, and for close to 40 years had been actively connected with sport, boxing in particular. At one time he was known throughout the country as the mentor for the famous fighting Gardner brotherhood of Lowell, Mass.—George, Billy and Jimmy, all of whom were ringsters of the first class.

We have seen them all in action and they certainly knew their business and could fight. Jimmy Gardner, now supposed to be in Chicago, was one of the best middleweights in his day. He had a left hand that shot out like the bite of a snake or the lash of a whip. We saw him more than once do plenty of execution with it. Minehan also guided the ring destinites of Abe "Kid" Goodman, of Chelsea, Mass., a lightweight, who, while never a champion, was one of the best two-handed fighters for his pounds ever turned out in New England.

Boston has had its annual Golden Glove tourney—an amateur event staged by William H. Cuddy under the auspices of the St. Joseph T. A. Society in the Mechanics Building the night of Jan. 4. The affair attracted fully 5000. Twenty four bouts were put into the ring, the majority of which were very good. The contests in the heavyweight division, however, were not so hot. The following were the winners of the final in each class—112, Herb Bradley, Malden; 118, Pat Giganti, Everett; 126, Joe Ricciotti, Boston; 135, Tommy Breslin, Quincy; 147, Joe Sylvia, Taunton; 160, Eino Nyholm, Maynard; 175, Al Zappala, Lawrence; heavyweight, Chet Lanier, West Medford.

Speaking of Billy Ames, a few days ago he blossomed forth in an illustrated interview wherein he called attention to the official expense of staging boxing in Massachusetts, the crowding out of small clubs in Boston and vicinity because of the fact, also the growing custom for two or three managers of big stables to jam in their proteges on the promoters to the exclusion of other managers and their charges. The general subject is one we have pounded on for some time.

While the wrestling game at the Boston Garden has temporarily slowed down due to a legal tangle in the courts between that organization and matchmaker Ray Fabiani, which difficulty seems to have been straightened out, the sport continues to flourish here, and that mightily. Promoter Paul Bowser remains out in front and going strong. Omitting detail as concerns the numerous and various tournaments, Bowser put across a big one at the Boston Arena when about 9,000 cash customers turned out to see Gus Sonnenberg in action against Billy Bartush.

A measure to put horse racing, ice hockey, wrestling and baseball under the jurisdiction of a state commission, also levy a five per cent tax on gate receipts, as is the present case with boxing, has recently been introduced into the State Legislature. It is likely to meet with plenty of opposition. Horse racing in this state is rather a negative proposition. On the final day of the last visitation to Massachusetts of the Grand Circuit, several years ago at Readville, Mass., but 427 cash customers filed through the gate. Ice hockey, wrestling and baseball, however, can be hard hit. While these sports are open to a five per cent state tax, which would be passed along to the fans, any official meddling or interference would tend to seriously cripple the activities of the promoters and clubs.

Because of the early going to press of the last issue of THE RING, due to the Christmas holidays, our annual selection of the best New England boxers in each of the eight divisions for 1931, failed to make connections. As even thus late the same may be of interest, here they are:

Flyweights—Gene Bianco, George Ostrow, Dark Cloud Bradley, George Paulin, Jack Herman, Joe Fournier, Flash Dutill, Emil Marquis, Alex Veradt.

Bantams—Earl Duquette, Frank Garcia, Art Chapdelaine, Jackie Collins, Scoops Roullier, Louis Silva, Buster Nadeau, Joey Gayer, Joey Duggan, Midget Dundee.

Feathers—Bat Battalino, Andy Martin, Johnny Harko, Roland Lecuyer, Billy Champigny, Vernon Cormier, Stanley Winneryk, Vincent Trescott, Paris Apice, Joe Dow, Joe Ferrente.

Lightweights—Andy Callahan, Sammy Fuller, Louis Kid Kaplan, Pancho Villa, Harry Devine, Johnny Hanlon, Victor Lotti, George Salvatore, Pete Herman, Paul Junior.

Welters—Lou Brouillard, Johnny Indrisano, Werther Arcelli, Billy Sims, Nap Proulx, Leslie Baker, Patsy Santo, Charley Parker, Louis Nemis, Jack Renault.

Middles—Leo Larrivee, Oddone Piazza, Frankie O'Brien, Norman Conrad, Ray Lopez, Mickey Bishop, Leo Salvas, Joe Venuti, Ruddy Marshall, Charley Kelley.

Light-heavies—Tony Shucco, Jack McCarthy, Ring Larsen, Joe Zelinsky, Harry Allen, Jimmy Mendes, Buster Price, Billy Gonyea, Bud Mignault, Al Gainor.

Heavies—Ernie Schaaf, Jack Dorval, Jim Maloney, Marty Gallagher, Tom Kirby, Al Friedman, Unknown Winston, Big Boy Rawson, Terry Mitchell, Dan Martin. Jack Sharkey being a national figure, we omitted his name. There have been several changes, upsets and shifts since our list was first made public but, as we have given it, it applies to the year 1931 and the doings of the ringsters in that period.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS
By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

JACK McGRATH and his mammoth pachyderms continue to maintain their hold on the local wrestling faithful. Two shows during the month featuring Champion Henri DeGlane against Billy Bartush and Herr Gus Sonnenberg of Dartmouth fame against Marin Westenberg, both drew capacity houses and continue to prove that there is no "depression" in the wrestling industry. Both cards were thrillers from bottom to top. No boxing has been staged here in two months.

With DeGlane defending his crown in a two out of three fall encounter, a capacity throng saw the first fall go to the youthful Chicagoan, Billy Bartush with a barrage of headlocks, armlocks and scissors in 16 minutes, 22 seconds. The deciding falls went to the Frenchman in 14 minutes and 50 seconds with a front crotch head chancery and body slam and one minute and 22 seconds with a slam. The semi-final found Dr. Len Hall and Panther Joe Malcewicz drawing in 30 minutes. Casey Kazanjian flopped Lillo Nardi in 6 minutes and 14 seconds with a series of "Kazanjian" hammer throws. The curtain raiser found Lennert Anderson and Pat Reilly going to a 30-minute draw.

The second tussle found Sonnenberg putting Marin Westenberg out of the picture in the first of a three fall match. The semi-final found Pat Reilly being pinned in 28 minutes 45 seconds of a one fall affair by Lennert Anderson with a double reverse arm lock and body slam. Casey Kazanjian used his popular hammer throw to pin Eddie Elzear in 12 minutes, 7 seconds. Count Zarynoff drew with Charlie Hansen in 30 minutes.

Tony Celli, probably the best middleweight amateur fighter reared in this section of the state is being handled by Al Lippe of Philadelphia. Tony is owned by Vic Rose of the Worcester Sporting Club and went West in hopes of keeping busy. According to reports, he has several shots in line.

Billy Champaney, recent conqueror of Vernon Cormier, stopped Johnny Sims of New York in the ninth round on the Max Schmeling exhibition card held at North Adams.

The Worcester Sporting Club at this writing boasts of 485 members. Included, is Lou Brouillard, who trains here for his title defenses.

It looks as if Eddie Shapiro will achieve the distinction of sending a boxer to the Olympics for the second successive year. His boys this year show unusual promise. His best prospects are Angelo Manna, bantam and featherweight; Tony Louzonis, featherweight; Paul Liangos, flyweight; Frankie Paul, lightweight; John McCarthy, welterweight; Charlie Simkus, middleweight. Watch for the names of these lads in the future.

The writer may be reached at the Worcester Sporting Club, 20 Madison Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

HOLYOKE, MASS., NEWS
By GEORGE "KID" ROSS

FRANKIE O'BRIEN of Hartford, Conn., won a hard fought fight from Benny Miller of New York, at the Valley Arena of Holyoke.

Abie Miller, brother of Benny, won over Frankie Martin of Pittsfield, Mass., in the semi-final of eight rounds.

Al Celentano whipped Maxie Carson in four fast rounds.

Ray Trueheart won by a knockout in the third round of a four-rounder over Solly Myers, and Billy O'Brien was given a decision over Charles Pepe in the opening four-rounder.

Max Schmeling showed in an exhibition against three of his sparring partners at No. Adams, Mass. Billy Champney of Worcester, Mass., won over Johnny Sims of New York by a technical k.o. in the ninth round on the supporting card. Mike Toronto of Bridgeport, Conn., won a decision over Joe Mangold, the hard-punching middleweight from Pittsfield, Mass., in the eight-round semi-final.

Sol Carter of Worcester, Mass., won a decision over Lou Boschetti of No. Adams, Mass., in a six-round bout. Jimmy Patterson knocked out Young Bard of Adams, Mass., in another six-rounder.

Earl Duqutte of Pittsfield, Mass., beat George Ostrow of Boston, Mass., on the Max Schmeling exhibition card at Boston, Mass.

Johnny Dwyer of Athol, Mass., is in Holyoke training for a comeback.

Paul Junior of Lewiston, Me., won a decision over Jackie Pilkington of New York, in the main bout of ten rounds at the Valley Arena, Holyoke.

Johnny Pena of New York won over Roland Lecuyer of Holyoke, Mass. Lecuyer dumped Pena to the canvas in the first round.

Augie Ruggiere of New York won over Ruby Bradley, which decision the fans booed.

Maxie Carson of Holyoke, Mass., lost to Ray Trueheart of Easthampton, Mass., in a four-rounder, and Jim Burte of Springfield was k.o.ed in the second round by Jack Keller.

The Berkshire A. C. of Pittsfield, Mass., ran a show featuring Ray Powers of Holyoke, Mass., who k.o.ed George Gibbons of Worcester.

Frankie Martin of Pittsfield, Mass., won over Rene Peloquin of Springfield, Mass., in the semi-final of eight rounds.

Tommy Romano of Albany, N. Y., knocked out Al Gauthier in the fourth round.

Matchmaker Lucien Ducharme is putting on some fine cards at the Valley Arena, Holyoke.

Joe O'Brien of Springfield, Mass., has opened up a boxing club and gymnasium in Springfield, Mass.

Ruby Bradley, flyweight champion of New England, is about to start a barnstorm trip to the West Coast, according to the latest reports.

MAINE BOXING
By FRANKIE BREARD

ART GIROUX, state flyweight and bantamweight champion, won in 12 rounds from George Paulin, of Bath, and lost on a foul to Bobby Leitham, of Montreal.

Frank Berard, matchmaker for the Kennebec A. C., will attempt to put boxing back on a paying basis in Waterville. In his first show, Jerry Dupree, state middleweight king, whipped Joe Venuti, of Boston; Blacksmith Lavadieu, kayo artist, drew with Timmy Burns, Bangor, and Young Villa, Waterville, lost to Young Govin, Bangor.

In the third bout of their series, Louie Nemis, the Toy Bull Dog, outclassed Spec Friend, of Brockton, Mass., at Augusta.

Paul Junior, Maine's lightweight boss, invaded Holyoke, Mass., to win an easy 10-round go with Patsy Pascull, of New York.

Max Berg, of Auburn, won over George Glover, of Boston at Portland. Louie Memis, Bangor, drew with Johnny Caspar, Boston, and Ginger Beck, Portland, beat Young Villa, Waterville.

Ted Kid Drew, Bidderford's veteran lightweight, won all the way from Kayo Costello, of Texas, at Lewiston. Kayo Blouin, Lewiston, drew with Young Audit, Waterville.

Charlie Miller, who won the state lightweight crown as Young Jack O'Brien a few years ago, is to promote weekly shows at the Bangor Chateau this winter.

Leo Larrivee, of Waterbury, Conn., one of New England's leading middleweights, won the nod over Joe Zelinsky, of Boston, in 12 rounds at Portland. Buster Price, Lynn, Mass., easily won over Steve Ketchell, Boston welter; Phil Chester, Dover, N. H., beat Eddie Chefordoni, Lynn, Mass., and Flash Dutill, Lewiston, out hit Johnny Naples, Portland.

Sailor Sharkey, of Dover, N. H., lost to Heywood Storey at Bidderford. Young Wills, Lewiston, lost to Harry Emmerson, Saco, and Iron Man Butler, Waterville, whipped Jackie Ledger, Dover, N. H.

In a benefit bout for the unemployed at Bath, Ginger Beck, Portland lightweight, won by a decisive margin over Cyclone Jimmy Sawyer, of Bath.

Al Rodriques, a new Portuguese middleweight, who recently arrived in Boston from the Pacific Coast and placed his affairs in the care of Bobby Goldman, former manager of Al Mello and others, scored a kayo victory at New Bedford. In a hot bout with Bert Tubbs of England, Rodriques put his man out for the full count in the tenth round.

Fall River, Mass. returned to the boxing map, and in the feature bout of the Casino A. C., Johnny Hanlon, the Lynn lightweight star, defeated Manny Sousa of Fall River. Eddie Holmes of Providence, defeated Tony Acquaro of Lynn in the other half of the double windup.

Frank DeRice, the Portland, Me. promoter, who is keeping the game out in front in the Pine Tree State, staged Paul Junior of Lewiston vs. Johnny Gonzales of Boston, the latter a Dan Carroll protege, at his club on the night of January 12. Junior received the popular decision. In another bout, Henry Surrette, a former amateur heavyweight star, who hails from Leominster, Mass., bested Dynamite Dan Martin of Dover, N. H. Billy Sims, the University of New Hampshire sophomore, and Charley Kelley of Newton, Mass., went to a draw.

The Boston Park Department has added boxing to its long list of athletic instruction courses at the various gyms throughout the city. Johnny Morris, the former "pro" boxer, now an official state referee, has been appointed "professor of boxology" and already is instructing about a dozen classes in the "noble art."

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THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

JOHNNY JADICK who recently was awarded a ten round decision over Tony Canzoneri at the Arena, is now recognized in Pennsylvania and by the N. B. A. as the junior-welter king, although Jackie Kid Berg insists he is still the holder of that crown and ring precedence backs him up.

Not all of the 7,634 spectators who paid $15,492 thought Jadick had actually beaten Canzoneri, although judges Al Voice and Larry Coles and referee Leo Houck, agreed Tony had been outfought. Wally Sears, Phillie 180 pounder, spotted Chester Matan of New York, 24 pounds, and handed him a six round beating at the Arena.

Making his first Arena appearance, Jimmy Smith, rugged Kensington 151 pounder, put up a game bout but lost to Vince Dundee of Newark. Smith was almost knocked out in the sixth round but rallied to go 10 rounds.

Benny Bass, former world's junior-lightweight champion, flattened Prince Saunders of Eue Claire, Wis., in the seventh round at the Arena. Saunders invaded the Quaker City with quite a build up but it was claimed he was not at his best against Bass owing to an attack of tonsilitis and grip but agreed to go through with the bout. Saunders went into a shell early in the tiff. A right hand smash on the jaw knocked the rubber cushion out of his mouth, 57 seconds after the seventh round started and the colored mid-westerner was knocked out. Bass weighed 129½.

Tony Falco, clever stablemate of Bass, pounded out a ten round victory over Irish Bobby Brady of Jersey City, in the holiday card. Falco, who entered the ring at 133, proved entirely too clever for Brady but the bout furnished plenty of action.

Rallying after the fifth round, Wesley Ramey of Grand Rapids, was awarded a ten round decision over Eddie Cool of Philadelphia, at the Arena. The two judges voted for Ramey but referee Spud Murphy cast his ballot in favor of Cool.

Ralph Lenny of Union City, N. J., reversed the decision against Lew Raymond of Baltimore, by beating the Marylander in ten rounds. In the same Arena ring, Raymond surprised the Phillie fans by beating the elusive Lenny two months earlier. Raymond at 140, had the edge of a pound and a half.

Young Firpo, Pennsgrove, N. J. slugger, evidently was in a hurry to get home, judging by the way he finished Koli Kolo in less than a minute of boxing at the Broadway A. C. On the same bill, Jackie Willis beat Matty White in six rounds; Joe Foglietta outslugged Teddy Baldwin in six rounds; Billy Passemento beat Frankie Mc Cann in six, and Mike De Camillo won from Joe Borelli.

Johnny Dixon and Billy Ketchell, rival middleweights, again battled to a ten round draw in the windup at the Cambria Club. This was their second stalemate in less than a month. On the same Cambria bill Benny Schwartz won from Tommy Conway in eight rounds; Joe Smallwood defeated Frankie Little in six rounds; Joe Camilla stopped Joe Lynn in five rounds and Harry Serody beat Wally Corbett in six rounds. It was Serody's fifteenth consecutive victory.

License fees in Pennsylvania during 1931 totaled $16,909.03 while fines placed on boxers and wrestlers brought in $485. The biggest month was April when the state collected $8,265.75.

Terry Decker, former West Philadelphia flyweight who fought twenty years ago, is in the ice business in Phillie but lives in Manoa, a suburb. His real name is A. H. Murphy.

Lou Kaplan, North Philadelphia middleweight, who underwent an operation on his nose, is in training again at Max Hoff's gymnasium and will answer the bell soon.

Leo Houck, former Lancaster middleweight, coach of Penn State College boxing team, expects another winning outfit, although the only veterans are Captain Stoop, former 115 pound intercollegiate champion; McAndrews, star 135 pounder, and Lewis, 145 pound college titleholder.

Benny Schwartz of South Philadelphia, scored a quick knockout over Buddy Bezenah of Cincinnati, in the second round at the Cambria Club. On the same card, Billy Purnell of Chester, gained a close six round decision over Tom Conway of Olney, and the battle between the two Als, Markie and Monahan, famous Kensington rivals, went the limit with the latter awarded the decision.

Jimmy Mack, 120 pound Philadelphian, was an easy winner over Al Martin of Baltimore, in the Christmas Day ten round wind-up at Wilmington. Morris Gross, 138 pound Philadelphian, gained a six round decision over Ray Romney of Wilmington.

Tommy Keenan, Port Richmond lightweight of thirty-five years ago, is in the Auditor General's office in Philadelphia. For many years Keenan was also a boxing referee.

Jack Palmer of Phillie, stepped into something when he collided with Rattle Kichline, 171 pound Phillipsburg, N. J., in the latter's home town and was knocked out in the first round. Joey Pierce, another Quaker City lad, was beaten by Larry Reina in six rounds.

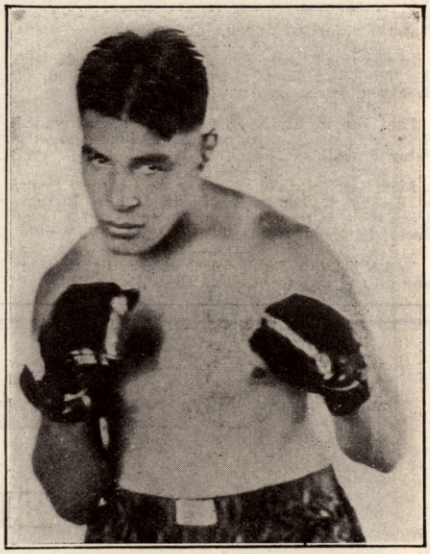
Harry Blitman established what comes pretty close to be a record for knockdowns when he dropped Hal Murray twenty-three times in their recent bout at Altantic City. The Philadelphian had Murray down once in the first round, five times in the second, four in the third, three in the fourth, four in the fifth, and three times in the sixth and seventh before Hal was finally counted out.

The veteran fight manager Sammy Hahn, has taken Leonard Dixon, elongated colored heavyweight, in charge and plans a busy campaign in 1932 for him. Dixon sparred with Tommy Loughran while the former world's light heavyweight champion got in shape for his bout with Jack Dorval.

Lew Lafferty, former Phillie amateur star, lost a six round decision to Pete Gulotta, a cousin of Pete Herman, former bantamweight king.

Max Hoff, prominent Philadelphia fight manager, has opened a beautiful gymnasium. It is conveniently located, right in the heart of the city, at the N. E. corner 13th and Market Streets. Every star in Philadelphia including such boys as Tommy Loughran, Al Ettore, Johnny Jadick, Harry Blitman, Benny Bass, Tony Falco, Yg. Joe Firpo, Jimmy Mack and Mat Adgie train there.

Some of the boys under Max Hoff's care are, Young Joe Firpo, Roger Bernard, Tony Morgano, Jimmy Mack, Al Ettore, Matty White, Young Patsy Wallace, Leo Duncan, Gene Buffalo, Morris Gross, Ray Gadsby, and Gene Savista.



Joe Banovic, rugged light-heavyweight from Binghamton is fine performer.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By TED GRESS

BILLY BUCK knocked out Eddie Tray at Bethlehem in a "natural" staged by Joe Lagenza. This fight had all Lehigh Valley talking for days.

Your correspondent received a pleasant surprise in the form of an autographed copy of "Gene Tunney," the Enigma of the Ring, from its author, Nat Fleischer. What a pip of a book, and well worth the one dollar which is its purchase price.

Speaking of books . . . will the unappreciative bozo who took my copy of "Modern Wrestling" from my desk return it. It's tough if you can't afford to pay a buck for such a worthwhile tome.

My hearty congratulations to Mr. Fleischer for bringing such valuable information within the reach of everyone. He has done more to popularize wrestling and boxing through his timely and low priced books than anyone we can think of. Get the books you fans from The Ring Book Shop, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City.

Amateur boxing still going big. Bill Granoff gave Harrisburg something to talk about in his great show at the Zembo Mosque. Several thousand fans turned out to witness one of the greatest simon-pure cards seen in these parts in years. Granoff matchmakes for Bill Runkel, head of the Motive Power A. A. Bill Reindel handles the publicity.

Art Feeser, Lebanon thunderbolt, got back in action in a return bout at Reading with Puggy Snyder. Joe Kennedy, genial promoter, is still serving them first rate shows at Reading.

Arthur Cobb, general manager of the Zembo Mosque, introduced wrestling in Harrisburg with Dick Shikat throwing George Hagen in the main go. More than 3500 fans paid nearly $7,000 to see the show.

Now they are talking about some big fight shows in the Capitol Theater.

Dick Rudegeair, Lebanon welterweight, and Danny Dern, East Lebanon slugger, both are training hard and are ready to step out. Both are good prospects.

Tommy Liberto is still finding it hard to get some of the better lightweights into the ring with him. Liberto has met the best and is willing to meet anyone up to 138.

WILKES-BARRE NOTES
By HUGH A. CARR

JOHNNY KELLY, local welterweight, who is managed by Tex Jaffe, is anxious to take on Tony Stetz or Charley Russo.

Eddie McCarthy, former Avoca boy, is making rapid strides, judging by the reports coming from the middle-west. McCarthy recently put up a great battle in Detroit with Benny Perry of Hazelton, another coal region product.

Jackie Britton, Pringle featherweight, returned here from Cleveland to spend the holidays.

Mack House, colored heavyweight from California, who has located here for the past year, failed in his comeback attempt when he was kayoed recently at Syracuse by Joe Freeman, Akron, in five rounds.

Wildcat O'Connor, promising Carbondale lightweight, continued his winning streak by copping the decision from Tony Stetz, Baron City southpaw, at the Carbondale Armory. O'Connor had several offers to go west but he prefers to do his battling near home.

DELAWARE DOPE
By DAN McVEY

AT Jack Redderer's show, Jimmy Mack of Camden, gained the verdict over Al Martin of Baltimore. Morris Gross got a break when the judges gave him the nod over the veteran Ray Romney. Kid Gutherie redeemed himself by knocking Frankie Wells for a loop in the third stanza. Gene Savistio put Sol Burdo away in the second round.

Al Jones, who has won all of his fights to date, added another to his list by trimming Lew Zello in the opener. Al has been ducking Earl Blackwell since winning a close one from him; Earl has won all of his fights with this exception and wants to wipe it off the slate.

In a slam-bang show headed by Tommy Rios and Billy Angelo, Rios got a draw although the sport scribes gave it to Angelo. Young Goldie received his first setback when Referee Denny stopped his fight with Earl Dunlap in the first round. Eddie Faris lost to Duke Deveise. Johnny Marlow was stopped by Georgie Mullins in the fourth. Mullins looks promising. Earl Blackwell beat Al Re in four. Rumors have it that Pete Tyrell is making the matches at the Auditorium. Pete is a good man for the position.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

WITH wrestling going at fast pace, big crowds attending and plenty of local interest due to Ed Don George, who lives at North Java, N. Y., near here, the fight game is having a hard time of it this winter.

Promoter Charlie Murray of the Queensberry Club, working with the Paul Bowser syndicate, has a strangle hold on George's Buffalo services. The big ex-college football player and former crack amateur wrestler has attracted some fine gates since he first won recognition by throwing Gus Sonnenberg in Los Angeles for the world's championship of the Bowser group.

A peculiar ending cost George his only Buffalo defeat recently when Ed Don dove out of the ring in a contest with Joe Malcewicz of Utica, N. Y. An injured back prevented George from continuing and Malcewicz was given the official decision.

George Nichols and Lou Scozza, both making Buffalo their home, are in the Chicago Stadium's light-heavyweight tournament. Both won their first matches but rough seas are ahead. Billy Jones and Dave Maier are two tough babies to encounter.

Sam Edinger has assumed the management of Sam Bruce, negro welter, succeeding Harry McCoy, who has temporarily retired from the game.

Pete George and Tom George, Buffalo boxers, are on the Pacific Coast. Pete, a young light-heavyweight, is a fine prospect. His recent defeat at the hands of Lou Scozza was decisive and set him back locally but Pete, if he takes care of himself, will come through all right.

Charley Murray will show Jack Dempsey at the Broadway Auditorium this month. Jack will pull a great house in an exhibition of four rounds no matter whom he faces.

Over in Toronto, Playfair Brown, who has used many Buffalo boxers, figures on running weekly shows at the Arena Gardens and building up some new fistic timber. A couple of years ago, when Frenchy Belanger was fighting his way to the top of the flyweights, Brown's club drew one gate of $27,000 and two others close to $25,000.

Two young referees here, Dick Coffey and Jimmie Goodrich, former lightweight champion, are doing exceptionally good work here.

Oliver (Snowflakes) Wright, Negro middleweight, who started in the tournament at Milwaukee, is making Buffalo his home with Sam Edinger doing his business.

Frisco Grande, colorful Filipino flyweight and his brother, Al Grande, bantam, are back in Buffalo from Terre Haute. Frisco has fought all the best flyweights and is a clever little ringman.

Joe Miller is promoting wrestling at Port Colborne and Welland, Ont. Joe is passing up boxing this Winter.

Vince Plunkett is putting on amateur shows again for the Orioles and drawing very well.

Plunkett's junior welter, Steve Halaiko was recently married and hasn't boxed in the past five weeks. It will be at least a month before Steve re-enters the ring as he is now on his honeymoon. The former National amateur champion lightweight is one of the cleverest boxers of his weight in the country.

Freddie Mueller, several years ago a real lightweight star, is running a nicely equipped gym at East Eagle and Jefferson streets, Buffalo.

Bobby Clary, North Park bantam, looks very good again and has won several matches out of town.

Tommy Moore, hustling Jamestown promoter, is biding his time and as soon as things pick up he will be staging boxing again at Jimtown. Moore knows the game from A to Z and has given Chautauqua county some sizzling shows during the past dozen years.

Tony Sciolino, through the sedate and clergy-like Thomas Aquinas Timlin, his manager, is tossing challenges right and left at Tommy Paul. Timlin believes a Sciolino-Paul match has local color and will draw fairly good.

Good boxers of all weights (with good records) should write to Hugh Shannon, 163 Norwalk ave., Buffalo. Heavyweight wrestlers also write. All must be free from contractorial obligations with other managers.

Billy Moorehouse, former Montreal promoter, is requested to get in touch with Hugh Shannon, 163 Norwalk ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

BOXING promoters in this section are still giving the fans some dandy cards and, consequently, the promoters are doing a fairly good business.

The past month saw Sailor Burke, local gym manager, enter the field of promoters. Burke also uncovered some very good talent. Looking over some of the results of his shows, we find that Ray Mann, local welter, making a come-back after a month's lay-off, defeated Pat Maloney, in six rounds. Al Pahl and Spider Reeves fought four rounds to a draw; Young Tod Morgan held Kid Mack to a four-round draw and Little Bearcat Wright (colored) and Young Kid Slater fought four rounds to a draw.

Nate Dax staged a bout in which Leonard Monte, Sioux City junior lightweight, won over Buss Smith of Liberty, Neb., in six rounds. Bobby Mack, of Yankton, So. Dakota, defeated Nole Johnson, of Heron Lake, Minn., in the four-round semi-windup. Jimmy King, of Heron Lake, Minn., won over Buddy Smith, of Liberty, Neb., on a T. K. O. in the first round. Bob Heiman, of West Point, Neb., scored a knock-out over Leo Hart, of Heron Lake, Minn., in the second round.

Bobby Paul took a trip down to Lincoln, Neb., with three Sioux City boxers, and brought back two winners and a loser. Joey Rich, local bantam, made a hit with the fans, when he defeated Jerry Moore in four rounds. Otis Cortez won over Henry Aquiro, in four. In the six-round main event Harold Rogers lost to Jack Daniels.

Cherokee, Iowa.— Five T. K. O., a real knock-out, and a draw featured the seven slam-bang boxing bouts on the Legion's Charity card here George Fritz, Fort Dodge, Iowa, light-heavyweight, and Tuffy Dial, of Estherville, drew. Jimmy Salvatore, of Fort Dodge, Ia., won over Indian Allie Ray, Sioux City bantam, by a T. K. O. in the fourth round. Glenn Musselman, Fort Dodge, won by a T. K. O. over Glenn Johnson, of Estherville, in four. Young Weaver, of Moville, Iowa, won by the same route over Kid Spragg, of Albert City, Minn. Kid Newman, of Merrill, Iowa, won over Speed Becker, of Cherokee, in the third round by a T. K. O. Max Carroll, of Vermillion, So. Dakota, knocked out Billy Siebrand, of Sioux Falls, So. Dakota, in the first round. Dr. F. A. Barnes, of Cherokee, and Sailor Burke, of Sioux City, were the third men for the bouts.

Sioux Falls, So. Dakota— The largest crowd that ever saw a fight here turned out to see Jack Dempsey, former king of the heavyweights, box three heavyweights. He won over Louie Zack, Sioux City heavy, knocked out Herman Raschke, of Watertown, So. Dakota, and outpointed Charley Paulson, of Sioux City. Arlo Van Buskirk, knocked out Rildy Kiehl, in three rounds. Tommy Corbett shaded Jimmy Thompson in six. Mickey O'Day won over Jimmy Johnson in six. Kid Carr won by a knock-out over Wild Bill Boardman in the second round. Henry Smith knocked out Fred Roe in the third round.

WEST VIRGINIA JABS
By HUD HUDSON

BILLY WILLIAMS, promising young lightweight, is now managed by Charlie Bibb. Fairmont—Charlie Baxter, 137, of Louisville, won via technical knockout in third over Lou Saunders, 136, of Beaver Falls, Pa.; Tony Vecchio, Morgantown, beat Jimmy Columbo, Clarksburg.

Wheeling—This town forged ahead with the glove idea last month and put on several fine shows. Tony Marino, Pittsburgh, won over Johnny Edwards; Freddy Boylestein, 148, won over Jackie Herman; Sammy Madison, Wheeling, stopped Benny Burns of Akron in the fifth.

At another fiesta held here, Mike O'Dowd of Columbus, won over Ken Shuck, Louisville, (10); George Bordell, Keystone lightweight, won over Tony Datollo in a hot six-rounder.

Clarksburg—Buddy McArthur, Fairmont, stopped Russ Rowsey in the sixth; Scurrio, Trenton, N. J., lost a hard one to Jimmy Columbo, by a technical knockout in second.

Charleston—Bobby Grant dropped his first bout in many months when he lost on a foul to Mickey McAllister of Portsmouth. Speedy Price, Charleston colored scrapper, drew with Phil Anderson of Ironton, Ohio, (6).

Ross Leader, Charleston's ace promoter, opened the 1932 season with a bang, headlining his initial card with Johnny Cataline, Charleston, and Lou Bloom of Columbus, Ohio. These two lightweights stung and blocked each other for twelve fast rounds, Cataline gaining the nod. Billy Greer, St. Albans, beat Jack Kearns, Charleston, in a thriller.

Tony Legore, 140, beat his way to a six-round nod over Mike Wisman of St. Albans and Johnny Weir, Charleston, beat Young Hippert, (6).

LISTEN TO THIS . . . Russ Rowsey put up a fine front to Lou Scozza, but lost by K. O. in third . . . Whitey Bloom is now promoting in Logan . . . Head Man Ross Leader surely gave the game a boost with his opening card . . . The Quality A. C. has a bright future . . . Lonnie Bowden dropped one on the banks of the Wabash to Rosy Baker, ten rounds at Vincennes, Indiana . . . Close to two hundred and fifty fighters have been licensed so far in the State . . . Lightweights rule the roost as to numbers on the books . . . Jack Kearns, Charleston heavy, has decided to cast in his lot with Harry Bartley . . . Billy Manley, light-heavyweight, plans a tour of the South . . . Johnny Devlin, peppy little flyweight, is all set for 1932 dates . . . Beckley's new Memorial Building lifted the lid with an ace-high card . . . Address the writer at Athletic Club, 711 Fife Street, Charleston, W. Va. . . . Read "Gene Tunney, the Enigma of the Ring" . . . This book gives one an insight into the Gene of the ring that was unknown to most of us, and the illustrations are stories in themselves . . . No one but Nat Fleischer can write a book that fighter and fan alike can read and enjoy fully . . . The price is only $1.00 . . . At The Ring Book Shop, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City.

NEWS AND VIEWS FROM COLORADO
By T. W. McNIEL

THE boxing game in the Rocky Mountain Region is certainly in the doldrums at the present time.

Mickey Cohen, Denver's premier lightweight, now under the management of Frank Bachman, is sojourning in the sunny South.

It looks as though it was high time the Mountain District was developing another heavyweight boxer. Not since Jack Dempsey came out of the hills around Montrose, has Colorado produced a boxer that even remotely resembled a heavyweight contender.

George Manley is a first-class light-heavy, but lack of ambition will keep "Good-time George" from ever attaining the top rung.

Incidentally, Denver has a coming welterweight in young Morrie Rust.

John Pesek, "The Nebraska Tiger Man," tossed Glen Wade of Michigan, at the City Auditorium. Pesek won in straight falls. Pesek, in the writer's humble estimation, is the daddy of 'em all in this "rasslin' " racket out here.

IN LAKE COUNTY, FLORIDA
By DOCTOR DEMKO

THE boxing show held at Leesburg under the auspices of the American Legion had plenty of punch to it. In the ten-round main event Kid Miller, featherweight, of Cairo, Georgia, met Luke Searcy of Lakeland, Fla., in one of the hardest fought battles seen for some time around here. The fight was stopped in the fifth round and Miller won by a T.K.O. Miller has not lost a fight this season, winning three by a K.O. and two by the decision route.

Bill Temes of Ocala, another flashy featherweight who has met some of the best boys in the South, wants to show his wares at Leesburg.

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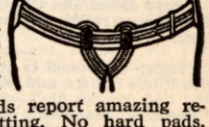

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CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

JACK DEMPSEY made one of his exhibition appearances at the Public Auditorium for Joe Lewis and played before a capacity crowd. Dempsey wanted to step in against Johnny Risko for four rounds but Danny Dunn held out for ten rounds against Dempsey and they couldn't get together. Dempsey takes all these four-round affairs seriously and makes a real fight out of every one of them. He doesn't hold back and his opponent isn't supposed to pull his punches either.

Jackie McGann, formerly of Pittsburgh, is now making Cleveland his home. He went over big in Cincinnati when he whipped their good little flyweight, Ace Hebe, scoring three knockdowns.

Gordon Mackley, Mansfield, and Frankie Stellmack, Cleveland, engaged in a slam bang ten-round draw at a charity boxing show sponsored in Bucyrus, Ohio.

Kayo Christner knocked out Steve Demeter, Navy champion, in two rounds at Toledo, Ohio.

Patsy Perroni, who whipped Joe Seykra at Dayton, was forced to cancel his match with Adolph Heuser, John Buckley's German light-heavyweight, owing to an injury received in the gym.

The wrestling game is going over big around Cleveland. The Equestrium and Public Auditorium, with Joe Savoldi the best drawing card, does well regularly.

Mannie Robins is the busiest little manager around Cleveland, not only with his pro's, but also the amateurs. There isn't a week passes by that he isn't jumping from Cleveland to Chicago, Milwaukee, Grand Rapids, or New Orleans. He is a quiet little fellow, and a credit to the boxing game. Mannie was quite a boxer himself until he quit the game to become a manager.

Joey Goodman, little Jewish junior-welter and welterweight contender of Cleveland, had returned from a trip to the South.

Chet Smallwood, Cleveland, outpunched Lew Severo, of Meadville at the Equestrium.

Jimmy Vaughn knocked out Eddie Meyers, Chicago feather, in the fourth round. Eddie Bojack defeated Tex Takla in six rounds. Joe Forchione decisioned Jackie McGann, Johnny Moke stopped Jimmy Walsh in the second round of the opener.

Phil Zwick and Rosy Rosales have been released by Tommy McGinty. Zwick is planning on going to Boston.

Jack December, Michigan welterweight, added Freddy Fitzgerald to his list of victims at the Equestrium.

Don Gonzales, local Golden Glove champ, got off the floor three times to win over Johnny Raible, another Mich. boy. Eddie Latko won over Eddie Bojack. Pete Mazzeoy won the duke over Johnny Forchione, Canton flyweight; Harlow Worthington outgalloped Don Bernard, while Gene Marsh won the opener over Harold Lepke.

Babe Triscaro whipped Frankie Donnelly in the feature bout at the north wing of the Public Auditorium. Larry Atkins ran the show.

Eddie Meade's opening show at the Moose Hall presented Frankie Wallace, local featherweight champ, in a victory over Sammy Farber in a slashing six-rounder. Roger Brooks won the nod over Frankie Chatterton.

Joey Kushner defeated Jackie Goldman; Eddie Edelman won over Press Johnson, while Ernie Swartz flattened Frankie Brasio in the second.

Cal Delaney, who has been inactive for some time, is now teaching boxing at 2077 West 25th Street and lining up a flock of youngsters for the Golden Gloves tournament.

Delaney fought Charley White, K. O. Chaney, Pinkie Mitchell, Willie Jackson, and all the stars of the olden days.

Eddie Simms looks like a better fighter than his brother Frankie. He has scored eight straight knockouts.

Jimmy Dunn and Chuck Sotak will have plenty of amateurs ready for the Golden Gloves tournament.

Charley O'Connell is still on the Pacific Coast with Eddie Simms, and Billy Hughes.

Bucyrus, Mansfield, and Wheeling will start operating next month and run regularly.

Larry Keough, who has a contract with Henry Firpo, is having a lot of trouble with the Louisville middleweight.

Dick O'Leary hasn't lost a fight since going under Keough's management. He is the best 126-pounder around Cleveland outside of Frankie Wallace.

Eddie Simms knocked out Jack Pallat in the last round of their fight at the Equestrium.

Ross Fields is coming along very fast for a youngster and looks like he will get ahead.

Johnny and Ollie Downs have Babe Triscano, who looks like one of Cleveland's future stars.

Suey Welsh has added George Manley to his list of scrappers. He bought Manley's contract outright.

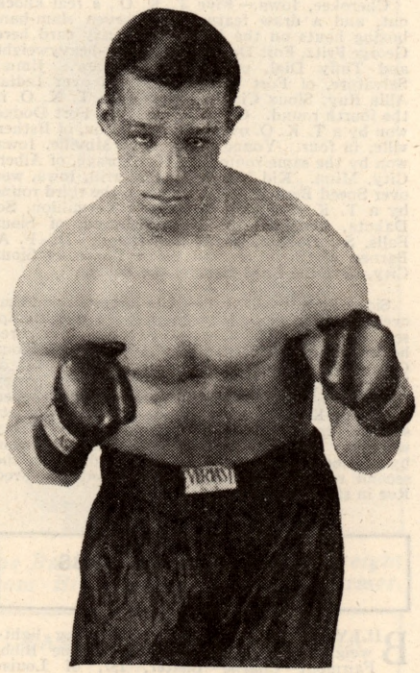
Johnny O'Donnell and Henry Goodale are teaching boxing at 722 Superior Ave., and have a large stable of boxers.

A Little of This and a Little of That.

It seems like old times around Tuma's gym, with black Joe Tremaine and Joe Peppers teaching the boys the old tricks of the boxing game. Fat Eddie Meade didn't make any money but he did put on a swell opening show and he is likely to pack his place from now on. He has a gorgeous place, well laid out. Johnny DeTirro was a little worried when Joey Kushner got that smash in the tummy, but little Joey soon got his bearings—and the smile came back on DeTirro's map.

Tom McMahon is working with Jack Pallat—It's pretty tough on Tom to take those punches, but the old boy still can smack 'em.

Tremaine has taken off 14 pounds since he started. Piker Moran is thinking of doing a comeback—Walter Taylor is drawing some good crowds—Vaughn is a big favorite there—should be boxing better boys—Larry Madge and Eddie Lord stir up the crowd when they go to it at the Argonne—they sure nail one another all over the place—Joey Goodman looks fit right now—They taught Eddie Lord to play bridge at the Y. M. C. A. and he spends his spare time at the card table.



Lew Murrelli, Torrington, Conn., lightweight.

MICHIGAN MITTS
By BILL PERRY

MORE than 7,000 fight fans turned out at Flint to witness the return match between Eddie Anderson of Chicago and Roger Bernard of Flint. In the semi, Eddie Terry, lightweight from St. Louis, outpointed Don McLeod of Detroit.

Peter LaCrosse, Indian light-heavyweight from Fort Wayne, surprised the fans at Kalamazoo when he held Martin Levandowski to a 10-round draw. At the same club two weeks later, Frankie Wine and Pettit Ferrarer, state heavyweight champion, went 10 rounds to a draw. In semi, Leon Jasinske knocked out Bobbie O. Signac in the 5th round. This is the first time that O. Signac has ever taken the count.

Ray Miller, Chicago lightweight, who has won his last eleven starts in Detroit rings, added another by outpointing Maxie Strub of Erie, Pennsylvania, in 10 rounds. On the same card were two Muskegon boxers who made sensational debuts before the Detroit fans. Oris Mosher gave Roy Collins a neat pasting in 6 rounds and Stanley Wellise stopped Jack Londos, Pittsburgh heavyweight, in the third. Wellise had Londos on the floor four times in the first.

Harry Dublinsky of Chicago won a referee's decision over Peewee Jarrell Mishawaka at Niles.

Morrie Sherman of Detroit and Peewee Jarrell engaged in a 10-round draw at Saginaw. Jack Banchin of Detroit defeated Bob. O. Signac, in 10.

The 1932 boxing season got off to a good start at Grand Rapids when a capacity crowd turned out to see Wesley Ramey outpoint Pat Igo, lightweight from Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, in 10 rounds. It gave the Grand Rapids boxer ample revenge for the flukey knockout he suffered at Igo's hands at Philadelphia a month ago. It was Ramey's first victory under his new manager, Pat Reilly.

Cadillac staged a show during the month, the first held there in quite some time. Al Wolgast, one time state welterweight champion, won over John Decantis of Detroit in 8 rounds.

Send your news items for this column to the writer at: 1527 Sixth Street, Muskegon, Michigan.

MONONGAHELA VALLEY, PA., DOPE
By MICKEY TODD

BUCK McTIERNAN, the Swissvale Irishman, intends to mix it with the light-heavies.

Tiger Joe Randall, "The Black Shadow," is a real welterweight threat. He stopped Tug Phillips, local welterweight contender, at Motor Square Garden in his last time out. Keep your eyes on Randall!

Young Saylor, the veteran Charleroi welter, plans a comeback. He recently recovered from a broken jaw received at the hands of Tiger Joe Randall several months ago.

Battling Gizzy, the highly-touted Donora lightweight, now holds decisions over Sammy Dorfman and Roger Bernard. The writer predicts a brilliant future for the Battler.

Watch THE RING for the photos of your favorite local fighters.

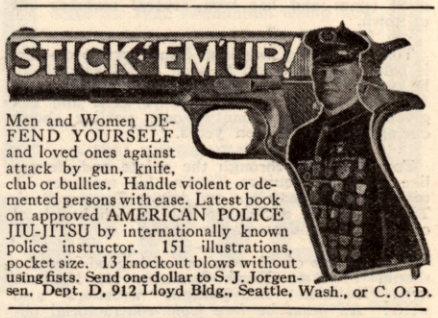
Speedy Dado, Midget Wolgast and Newsboy Brown refused offers to meet Mose Butch, Pittsburgh bantamweight sensation, after Mose's bout with Champion Al Brown was canceled.

Donora Dope—Dave Innes is a big help to the aspiring boys in Donora. . . . Howard Mayberry, former bantamweight champion of Canada, together with Alex Miller took out a managers' license. . . . They will start out with Lee Sala, local middleweight star, and Scotty Graham, a bantamweight. . . . Graham is anxious to meet Johnny Edwards or Frisco Grande. . . . Watch Scotty from now on. . . . Bruno Sala, of Donora, leading light-heavyweight in the Pittsburgh district, will return to the fistic warpath shortly.

The outstanding boys in this section are: Heavyweight—Al Fay, Harry Fay; light-heavyweight—Bruno Sala, Charley Massare; Middleweight—Mickey Fedor, Le Sala; Welterweight—Jimmy Belmont, Tiger Joe Randall; Lightweight—Battling Gizzy, Tommy Heilman; Featherweight—Steve Senich, Fritzie Zivic; Bantamweight—Tony Marino, Scotty Graham, and Flyweight—Willie Davies.

Since it has been enlarged, the Todd A. C. is one of the best simon-pure clubs in the Monongahela Valley district. Among some of the members are Joe Buttman, Andy Todd, Young Smitty, John Kilvady, Manillo Sala, Nick Kovalak, Young Battling Gizzy; Joe Preco, Ed Papke, Russ Sickles, John Polachek, Hugo Valisseri, and many others. Managers of amateur boxing clubs that want to use some good amateurs should get in touch with Joe Todd, Donora, Pa.

Attention managers and fighters! Send your dope, and photos, for publication in THE RING to Ray Mickey Todd, 232 Castner Ave., Donora.



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"All for $1.00, see page 53 about Gus Martel, the K.O. Record Holder of the World, and Developer of Champions."

WESTERN RHODE ISLAND
By A. SOLOVEITZIK

HOOKIE JACKSON, Westerly's slugging middleweight, made his debut in fast company when he lost to Hy Diamond of Boston in ten rounds, at the Providence Auditorium. Despite the defeat at the hands of Diamond, Hookie is still a big favorite in Providence.

Joe Russo pasted Aldo Nocchi of Worcester in a six-round fight at New London. Russo dropped the Bay Stater three times. Following the fight it was disclosed that Russo had broken a bone in his right hand.

Big Boy Burlap, Westerly heavyweight, lost an eight-round feature affair to Obie Dia Walker of Atlanta, Ga., at New London. The Southern boy was given plenty of opposition by the Westerly battler. Walker dropped Burlap twice, once in the first round and again in the sixth.

Louie Rochette was shaded by Rocco Muolo of New Haven in a six-rounder, on the same card. The Westerly boy put up a fine scrap. Despite the decision, many at the ringside thought Louie had won the battle.

Jimmy Rossi successfully inaugurated a comeback campaign when he stopped Jack Bogart of New Haven in two rounds.

A right hand shot to the chin midway through the second round, brought to an end a battle between Willie Lizzio of Westerly and Joey Izzio of Hartford, with Izzio the victor.

Although defeated in the Battle of the Nations at Providence, Al Austin, Westerly amateur, turned in such a fine performance that he has been picked as one of the contestants in the state simon pure finals.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., CHATTER
By ANTHONY PETRONELLA

PROFESSIONAL boxing seems to have struck a happy chord in this section with the coming of the new year. Although the "gates" have been nothing to write home about, interest appears to be gaining momentum and a big season promises to be in store for promoters and fans, alike.

Sam Price is promoting at the Providence Auditorium, the biggest club in the state. Woonsocket, home of outdoor shows during the past summers, is going in for indoor attractions, with the dashing Jimmy Kiley at the helm. Jack "Duke" Farley, who formerly managed the Providence A. C. amateur shows, has opened his pro shows at the old National A. C. The Fall River Casino in the Spindle City has been offering cauliflower entertainment weekly for the past month with good patronage.

Two good shows were staged at the Providence Auditorium last month. In one, Tony Catalano and Paris Apice, Providence junior-lightweight stars, defeated Johnny Gonsalves and Al Denave, respectively, in the two ten-round features. The victims are fellow Mexicans, hailing from the coast.

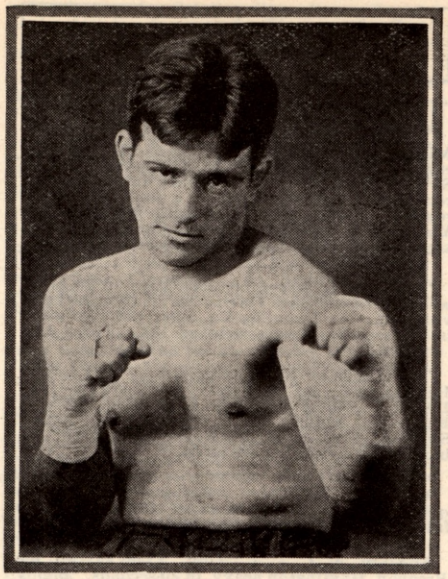
The other mitt presentation at the Auditorium saw Eddie Holmes, Providence welterweight gamester, score a four-round technical kayo over Frankie Herlihy of Lynn, and Hy Diamond, Boston middleweight, win a decision over Hookie Jackson of Westerly in the attractions for the night.

Incidentally, Eddie Holmes ran his string of victories to eight straight when he defeated Young Lefty of Fall River at the latter's homestead during the month. Eddie's manager, Manny Almeida, is highly elated over the showings his protege is putting forth and is gunning after the "big shots" of the 147-pound division for his boy.

A promising pugilist in this section is none other than Johnny Martin, a Providence lightweight and brother of Terry and Harry Martin, star bantams of a decade ago. Johnny has been coming along finely in the prelims, winning all his bouts, most of which ended in kayoes. Martin is under the management of Jack Degnan, who also handles the reins for Billy Lynch, Providence junior-welter flash.

All the boxers of parts in this neck-'o-the-woods do their training at Manny Almeida's gymnasium on Transit street in Providence. The likeable Manny has a swell, up-to-date place there, with all the modern conveniences of big-time training halls. Among others who have found the gym to their liking for training are Lou Brouillard, welterweight champion of the world, Johnny Datto, hard-hitting Cleveland featherweight, and all out-of-town battlers who invade the city for bouts.

Ernie Mandell, Providence junior-lightweight luminary, who recently surprised by holding Sammy Fuller to a draw, has joined the ranks of benedicts recently. An added voice for Ernie's cheering section when he fights again.



Johnny Cataline, Providence, R. I., junior-lightweight

The amateurs are going great guns again in Providence after a mediocre season last year. The shows are now being staged by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, under the generalship of Jim Donahue, a local boy who fought for the stars and stripes in those trying times.

Infantry Hall was formerly the scene of the simon-pure tourneys, but owing to the happy increase in patronage, Donahue has changed battlefield to the Providence Auditorium.

The wrestling game is still holding on hereabouts with semi-monthly shows at the Providence Auditorium under the direction of Cy Mitchell. Gus Sonnenberg, ex-champ of the Paul Bowser clique, remains the biggest card and his appearances have meant success for Mr. Mitchell.

CONNECTICUT NOTES
By STEVE KELLY

WILLIE LEWIS, claimant of Connecticut's mythical junior-welter title, won only two rounds against Eddie Conley of Danbury, but was presented with the decision. Rudy Marshall, New England middleweight champion, is going great guns. Rudy whipped Nick Fedore in Brooklyn and stopped Pete Horton in the fourth round at White Plains. Joe Martin, Greenwich welter, lost by technical kayo to Eddie Moore, New England's leading welter, at Bridgeport.

Jack Delaney looked very good in a three-round exhibition against Gus Holmes, Bridgeport heavy, at Red Men's Hall.

Jackie O'Neill lost to Fighting Dick Reinhardt of Norwalk, after Reinhardt belted O'Neill to the canvas a half dozen times.

Cliff Warner, New Haven lightweight, won from Teddy Barnes. Irish Jimmy O'Brien, Bridgeport junior-welter, handed a sweet pasting to Willie Lewis, in a ten-round star bout.

Red Snee stopped Steve Fusti. Joe Smith, veteran handler and manager, has teamed up with Young Peppy, Connecticut's leading handler, in a new gymnasium in Red Men's Hall.

The writer and many friends wish to extend their sincerest regrets to the family of Nick Chioffe, former lightweight boxer of Norwalk, who was killed by a shot from a revolver.

Lou Gazlio of Port Chester, and Mickey Donato of Harrison, are two pleasing fighters. Silent Barrett, Stamford's deaf mute lightweight, beat Kid Cement of Norwalk, who previously won all his bouts in Stamford via the kayo route. Barrett is the most popular fighter in Connecticut.

Johnny Troncone of Norwalk, otherwise known as Frankie Smith, lost to Young Clemens, New York National Guardsman at White Plains. Mike Esposito won from Ernie Gatling at White Plains. Phil Baker of Norwalk, lost a close one to Art Chapadelaine of Springfield. Joe K.O. D'Andrea won from Ernest Torres in an eight-round star bout.

Billy Bridges, Norwalk Terror, was getting to Al Gauthier when an accidental low blow lost the fight for him.

Eddie Lord, former Waterbury lightweight, is working out of Cleveland and meeting with great success.

Will Jackie Pilkington please drop a line to his old pal Lou Fox, whose address is Parsonage Lane, Castle Hill, N. S. W., Australia.

Ruby Dark Cloud Bradley, flyweight, will tour Connecticut shortly and is wanting a shot at Kayo Morgan.

Max Schmeling, heavy champ, boxed a three-round exhibition at New Haven Arena, using George La Rocca, George Panka and Pedro Lopez for a round apiece. Ernie Sims won from Al Annone, Springfield kayo artist, in a great fight.

Joe Oliver, New Haven lightweight, and Georgie Russo, fought a gruelling fight, each boy kissing the canvas, with Oliver grabbing the decision.

Baby Bear, world's colored feather champ, beat Johnny Fitzgerald of New York, having Fitzgerald on the floor several times. Irish Jimmy Quinn lost to Jimmy Paternostro in a very tame fight.

Lew Anger and Billy Prince, joint promoters of Bridgeport and Danbury, are putting on real action shows and are using local boys, which accounts for large gate receipts.

Promoter Joe Chimbole of Stamford has deserted the army of the unemployed and gone to work as ticket collector for Billy Prince at Bridgeport.

Willie Angelo, a good club fighter, is idle these days.

When Willie Lewis, Stamford junior-welter, remarked in his usual way that he would flatten Irish Jimmy O'Brien in three rounds, and then took a shellacking from the Irish one for ten rounds, the fans received a treat.

Managers of fighters, throughout Connecticut, please send in news of your fighters and good clear pictures.

The writer still lives at 42 Cedar St., Stamford, Conn.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON
By GORDON M. CONNELLY

FOR Ralph Gruman, Leo Lomski, 186, Portland, knocked out Denny Lenhart, 178½, Portland, in five. Ray McQuillan, 155, Portland Negro, won a close six-round decision over "Punch 'Em" Paul Delaney, 152½, Tacoma. Ernie Peters, 122½, Chicago Cherokee Indian, chilled Billy Ryan, 122½, South Portland, in one. Teddy Fox, 136, Salem, technically kayoed Ad Cadena, 134, Los Angeles, in six. "Turkey Red" Torchy Yarnell, 156, Eugene, stopped Bobby Dolan, 152½, Portland, in two.

On Joe Waterman's New Year's card, Tod Morgan, 140½, ex-junior-lightweight champion of the world, outboxed Eddie Volk, 138¼, Portland sensation in six. "Cyclone" Lee Page, New York Negro clown, outslugged Johnny Hansen, 147½, Portland, in six. This was Hansen's first defeat in the local ring. Carl Johnson, 130, Seattle, outboxed Pastor Caliope, 131¾, Manila Filipino, in six. Pete Ripter, 165½, Vancouver, Washington, and Dave Humes, 160½, Port Angeles, Washington, drew in four. Kenneth Kent, Long View, Washington, decisioned Gene Cobb, 150¾, Butte, Montana, in four.

Leo Lomski defeated Frank Sawyer, 203, Vancouver, B. C., in six. Neil Kilbane, 156¾, Tacoma, won the nod over "Showboat" Ray McQuillan in six. There was some dispute over the decision. Ernie Peters and Al Mustola, 122, Clatskanie, drew in six. The crowd believed that Peters earned the verdict by scoring a knockdown. "Bearcat" Baker, 180, Seattle Negro, stopped Tom Moore, 171½, Los Angeles, in one. Denny Lenhart put the skids under Art Mayer, 185, Portland, in one.

Jumbled Gems— Tex Salkeld, local manager, is ready to furnish fighters in all weights for Oregon and Washington bouts. . . . Promoter Waterman is drawing capacity houses at all of his shows, and is lining up a welterweight tournament for the Northwest.

At Salem, George Hval, 135, Portland, beat Kim Albertson, Salem, in ten at the Armory. At Burns, Bob Robinson of Burns, defeated George Dixon, Portland Negro, middleweight, in ten. At Tillamook, Bill Ellingsworth, Tillamook, stopped Earl Beebe, Portland heavyweight, in five. At Eugene, Johnny Hansen decisioned Pete Becker, Salt Lake City. "Turkey Red" Yarnell chilled Brownie Buskirk, Pendleton middleweight, in three.

The writer deeply appreciates the book "Gene Tunney, the Enigma of the Ring," sent to him by Nat Fleischer, the author. This book makes interesting reading and is an inspiration to young boxers. Everyone should get a copy of that and "Modern Wrestling." They are great books and cost only $1.00 each.

FRISCO LEFT HOOKS
By J. MALDONADO

MOOSE TAUSSIG has Bobby Andrews and Jimmy Eddy working hard for future battles. Paddy Ryan declares that his featherweight, Joe Conde, has more class than any other featherweight on the Pacific Coast. Dan Drew asserts that his featherweight, Speedy Clayton, is the goods and bears watching. Silent John Burdick says that Cookie the Cat throws a better left hook than most fighters. Hippo Burns has Benny Marquez, former amateur, working for pro bouts.

Harry Jacobson has a very good Mexican lightweight in Charley Heddricks. Al Young is promoting shows at Golden Gate Ballroom. There are now two shows at Oakland every week. Promoter Parente, and Oscar Klatt, were granted the license to promote there.

Paul Negri, Joe Dutra's welterweight, after a layoff of six months, went over with a bang. He stopped Fred Bitnoff in two rounds in his first bout.

Jack Thompson, now under Joe Dutra, will fight as a middleweight.

Remember Tiger Jack Payne? He will soon be seen here. This baby sure is a tough nut. He has won over K. O. Christner and a lot of good heavyweights. The Tiger scales but 165 pounds.

Looks like the flyweights will have a busy season here in California this year. Yg. Pancho (the late Pancho Villa's brother) is due in California. Freddy Lattanzio, will invade, so will Frisco Grande, and Leo Modzy.

Yg. Sport, Chato Laredo, T. N. T. Robleto, Yg. Tommy, Speedy Dado, are flyweights who are doing most of their fighting here in California. Word was received that Pablo Dano, who whipped Newsboy Brown, will leave the Islands soon.

Paddy Ryan, manager of Joe Conde, claims the featherweight title of California and the Pacific Coast, in behalf of Joe. Conde has improved a hundred percent since I last saw him box. He will give any featherweight in the game a mighty tough tussle.

Now a word about Don Colgate, who looks like Max Schmeling. Don is under the management of Dan Drew, who had Chet Shandell and looks good.

Promoter Ed Lynch, ordered the Referee to throw out Harry Smith and Vince Forgione, at the opening of the tenth round. Both fighters were suspended.

Tommy Cello, recovered from an operation performed on his eye, is back with his stable of fighters.

"There's Gold in them thar fights." So says Jack Dempsey who is to appear here in a bout at Stockton.

The ten best prospects in the bay region are: Speedy Rara, flyweight; Babby Sacco, bantam; Rudy Gabbani, featherweight; Speedy Clayton, Jr. lightweight; Charley Heddricks, lightweight; Sidney Brent, Jr., welterweight; Paul Negri, welterweight; Mickey Evans, middleweight; Jack Newlon, lightheavyweight; Tiny McCumber and Don Colgate, heavyweights.

Pinto DeSa won a ten round decision over Raymon Montoya of San Diego. It was a close fight crammed with action.

Frankie Klick, featherweight, will be seen in the East. Tab that boy, folks. He's the goods! He is the next featherweight champion! I may be wrong, but I'm sure I'm not.

Speedy Dado gave Al Brown a neat licking, and wants to fight Brown over again for the title.

Newsboy Brown started the row by beating Al Brown, then Speedy stepped in and repeated.

Tiny McCumber, tall lumberjack, took the show at the Golden Gate by storm. He fought an uphill battle and won from Clyde Fairchild, in four rounds. Tiny is a good prospect.

How about matching Pinto DeSa with Joe Conde, Mr. Bert Perry? A natural and it will turn them away.

Baby Sacco is some baby and keep your eyes on him, he hails from Iowa and he's a comer.

Nat S. Fleischer has a new book on Gene Tunny. Get a copy from the Ring, Inc., 11 West 42nd St., New York City. You can't go wrong. Price only $1.00.

As usual, for conditions, in California, get in touch with writer at 923 Union St., San Francisco, California.

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AT CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

"RAMBLING RUFUS" MILES got his long awaited "Big Shot" down at the Armory, when he clashed with Sergeant Sam Baker. Miles gave him a lacing in ten rounds. Dewey Kimery stopped Sammy Cohen in six rounds. Jimmy Swinson whipped Herman Perlick in another ten rounder. Al Massey lost on a foul in the last round of his six round bout with Bill Feamster. Young Bass, local featherweight, won a technical kayo over George Allen in the second.

"Tiny" Eller scored his 20th kayo in 26 bouts when he stopped Jack Owens, heavy, from Jacksonville, Fla. At Danville, Va. Eller put him away in the second. Owens weighed 183, "Tiny" 185.

The ratings for N. C. boxers during 1931 follow: Heavyweight—Jeff Carroll; Light-heavy—Jake Denning; Middleweight—Hugh Jacobs; Welter—Rambling Rufus Miles; Lightweight—Jimmy Swinson; Featherweight—Howard Swansen; no bantams or flyweights are rated.

Charleston, S. C. . . . Rufus Miles put the quietus on Harry Schuman of Chicago in one frame here.

Hickory, N. C. . . . "Tiny" Eller kayoed Joe Brennan, Huntington heavy, in 20 seconds. Bobby Swinger, Mt. Holly lightweight, stopped Den Turner. Hugh Jacobs of Charlotte outpointed Hal Hartley and Tommy McGovern, Charlotte, stopped Jacky Brady.

Salisbury. . . . Little Boy Safrit stopped Grant Brown in the third. Safrit has fought Jim Swinson twice.

Rock Hill, S. C. . . . Ben Logan, Winnsboro light-heavy, won the nod over Terry Roberts, McAdenville, 178. Mike O'Brien, 127 pounder of Rockingham, stopped Wade Farmer, 129, in the second heat. Babe Grant, 128, outpointed Lawrence Raley, 127, in a four rounder.

THE RING IN PORTO RICO
By FRAGATO

FOR the first time in San Juan there will be open air boxing this year. A new arena is being prepared there and will get under way soon. Luisin Rosario who will promote fights at the new stadium is due in San Juan from Venezuela within two weeks and with him are coming Joe Ralph, Tommy White and Hector Chaff (Henry's brother).

Here is more good news. Ignacio Ara, Young Jack Thompson and Jack Kid Berg will arrive in Porto Rico soon and will be seen in action at the new place. These are Rosario's plans.

K. O. Tiger, the Reform School's hard hitting featherweight and pride of Mayaguez, who has been enjoying a vacation is now ready for action again.

Arturo Gigante, who managed Koli Kolo, holds the reins over Sixto Escobar, who recently made a hit in South America. It was under Gigante's wings that Sixto whipped Firpo Zuliano, Simon Chavez, Pica Pica and Phil Tobias in the Venezuela rings.

"HEAD OF THE LAKES" SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN
By JOHNNY ENNIS

AFTER fourteen years, Superior, Wisconsin, at one time one of the best boxing centers in the country and host to such gladiators as Bob Fitzsimmons, Battling Nelson, Johnny Ertel, Jack Dillon, and many other notables of the ring, has resumed its boxing activities.

The first show was held at the Gym Arena, owned and operated by Eddie Kelly of Superior. The show was an over-whelming success, both from the spectators' viewpoint and the financial aspect.

William Hart, Wis. State Boxing Commissioner from Eau Claire, and Mr. Mahoney, Minn. State Boxing Commissioner from Duluth, were interested spectators at the ringside.

Mickey Standsfield, Superior, Wis. light-heavyweight, lost to Johnny Erjavac, light-heavyweight of Duluth. Gordon Harmon, lightweight, Superior, won from Izzy Levine, Duluth. Harry Benson, Superior middleweight, beat Norman Reydahl, Ashland, Wis. Chubby Dovedoski, Superior, Wis., K.O.'d Billy Notton, Ashland, Wis. lightweight.

For information regarding boxing at the Head of the Lakes, write to Johnny Ennis, 1713 22nd Street, Superior, Wis.

DETROIT AND VICINITY
By RAY POWERS

THEY gave the fight game here an extra large push when they sent it on its 1932 errand. Scotty Monteith was the director and was aided by his thousands of followers who figure that anything Mrs. Monteith's son William fixes up, has got to be the puree.

The old prodigal son, Ray Miller, was the drawing element of course, and the opponent was Maxie Strub, clean from Pennsylvania. They made their one-night stand at the Arena Gardens, where Scotty plans to build up his lads to such a point that they'll be fit for a packed house at Olympia.

Miller and his potent left hook failed to score a knockout or even a knockdown over the aggressive little Erieite, but it was good enough to make referee Slim McClelland award him the nod. Half of the packed house disagreed but then half of the house usually does on a close fight. So what?

So they were satisfied with the semi-final joust that had more thrills in it than a small riot. Jimmy Hill, a lithe little Filipino and carded as that champion, waltzed around his Lansing opponent, Howard McLean for a few seconds, throwing jabs and hooks and then connected with one jolting left. Pop! It snapped McLean's pork chops back like a rubber band and the Lansing kid slipped through the ropes and into sleepy time.

Both were southpaws. And that alone was some sort of a novelty to the fans. Immediately following the scrap Scotty signed Hill to meet Tommy Grogan in the same emporium two weeks following.

In the supporting scrimmages, Ora Mosher, Muskegon lightweight who gave Eddie Koppy a good first-class lesson in fighting not so long ago, repeated the session to Ray Collins of Erie, Pa., in the third bout of the night.

Jack Londos, Pittsburgh light-heavy, was stopped by Billy Welise of Muskegon, in the third round of their bout. Benny Perry and Eddie McCarthy drew in the opener.

Detroit's initial Golden Gloves tournament, sponsored by the Detroit *Mirror*, has been raging for the past three weeks. It started with more than 700 entries, most of them entered in the sub novice class. Elimination rounds have been staged at the various clubs throughout the month. The finals are all set for Lincoln's Birthday, Feb. 12, at Olympia.

'S'too bad that a goodly portion of the city's amateur champions have already been upset by the barrage of free-wheeling boxers in the giant meet but that's the way it's going to come out. If present plans materialize, Detroit will bring its team to New York and Chicago in the Spring.

Eddie Anderson put Flint back on the fistic map and Roger Bernard on the floor in their battle there during the first week of the New Year. Approximately 8,000 fans crammed the M. I. A. hall to watch their favorite struggle through the ten-frame heat with the Chicago kid. Anderson won eight of the stanzas, having the Flint lad down in the third with a rocking right.

The remainder of the card was no sleeper, either. Eddie Terry beat Don McLeod; Frankie Donnelly beat Jackie Light, and Johnny Mitchell beat Juan Cruz.

Wesley Ramey and the townsfolk of Grand Rapids were avenged of the three-round kayo Pat Igoe held when the former decisively trounced the Philly battler in a ten-rounder on December 11. Igoe looked slow and out of condition while Ramey was in superb form throughout the scramble.

Benny Duke beat Ruben Edmonds on the same card while Marcus Nole kayoed Pete Petroskey, Morey Bowman beat Jimmy Fletcher, Sammy Goldman beat Archie Maynard and Len Hendrickerson beat Dutch Allen.

Louis Newman, former Arena Gardens promoter who just couldn't, has moved his fountain pen and papers to Saginaw and is acting under the V. F. W. banner. The hard luck jinx that has prevailed at all of Louie's meets this time, fell on Joe Rugguzzoni, Detroit's state middleweight champion. He lost his bet and a good portion of his prestige when little Frankie Misko, an eighteen-year-old Saginaw youth, who started boxing less than three years ago as a lightweight, boxed rings around him.

If you want the real inside stuff on Gene Tunney, his life, his road to fame, his habits, ambitions, successes and failures, a graphic account of the two battles with Dempsey and all in all the most colorful story ever written about the Marine, don't fail to get yourself a copy of Nat Fleischer's new book—"Gene Tunney, the Enigma of the Ring," price, $1.00.

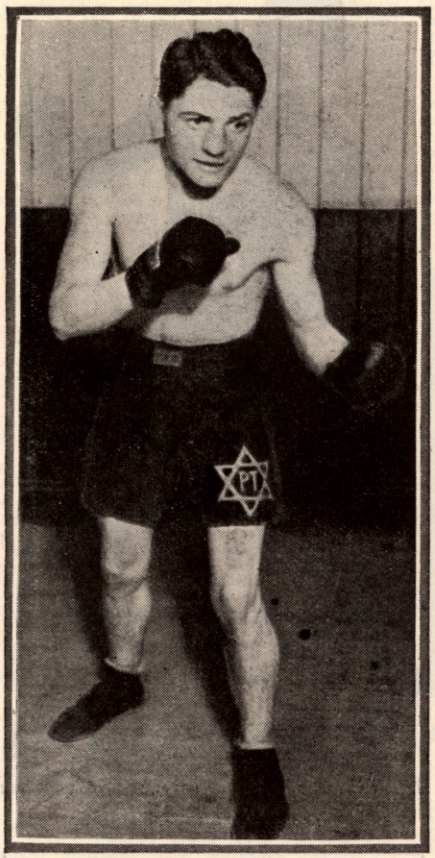
Send all news items and pictures for this column to the writer care of Detroit *Mirror* not later than the 15th of the month.

"All for $1.00, see page 53 about Gus Martel, the K.O. Record Holder of the World, and Developer of Champions."

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
BY WILLIAM PIKOR

TEDDY YAROSZ clashed with Jimmy Belmont for the welterweight supremacy of the Pittsburgh district and Battling Gizzy encountered Roger Bernard in headliners staged at Motor Square Garden over the holidays. The former bout drew a sellout.

Matchmaker Jules D. Beck arranged a six-bout program at Motor Square Garden following the Gizzy-Bernard fiasco. Tiger Joe Randall knocked out Tug Phillips in the main event. Charley Baxter won by a technical knockout over Joey Thomas in the fourth. Danny Delmont scored over Eddie Brannon while Billy Holt bested Davey Grove. Jackie Wilson whipped Ross Fields and Walter Ketchel drew with Tod Murphy. A small crowd witnessed the card.



Phil Tobias, New York flyweight, now in South America

District Dope—Teddy Yarosz, undefeated Monaca welterweight, just about landed on the top rung of the local pugilistic ladder with his overwhelming triumph over Jimmy Belmont. Yarosz has forty-nine victories in a row to his credit—Reed Brown has a likeable chap in Tony Marino, local 115-pounder. Marino scored an impressive ten-round victory over the veteran, Frisco Grande, at McKeesport—he previously whipped Johnny Edwards in West Virginia—Joe Mazer succeeded John L. Hernon as general manager at Motor Square in the spring of 1931 when John L. purchased half interest in Hickey Park Bowl, Millvale. Judged on basis of success the better known fight managers hereabouts are Frank Klaus, former middleweight champion, who directs the pugilistic affairs of Jimmy Belmont; Jack London, who handles Mose Butch; Abie Witz, who has Jimmy Thomas and Battling Gizzy; and last but not the least, Ray Foutts, mentor of Teddy Yarosz.

Jumbled Jabs—Danny Delmont and Joey Thomas, both of Chicago, flashed their wares at Motor Square Garden in Pittsburgh during the month—Bruno Sala will be seen in action shortly—Luke Carney has Fritzie Zivic in tow—George Panka, local heavyweight, is chief sparring partner for Max Schmeling—Tiger Joe Randall, Jimmy Thomas, Tony Marino, Young Rudy and Indian Tiger West are consistent winners among the smaller fry hereabouts—Buddy McArthur, light-heavyweight, of Saginaw, Mich., and McKeesport, Pa., knocked out Russ Rowsey at Clarksburg, West Virginia—Battling Gizzy, sensational Donora windmill, trained in the mountains near St. Michael, Pennsylvania, for his winning battles with Sammy Dorfman and Roger Bernard—Such boys as Buddy McArthur, Jimmy Thomas, Sunny Jim McVey, Fritzie Zivic and Luis Carpentero appeared in preliminaries to the Battling Gizzy-Roger Bernard bout, which is a fine boost for Gizzy as a headliner.

Battling Gizzy is the latest local favorite to come to the front.

A local drawing card of no mean ability is Jimmy Belmont, the Braddock slugger.

Mose Butch, the rugged Smoky City southpaw, finds it difficult to secure bouts with the bantamweight leaders following his technical knockout victory over Charleroi Willie Davies in the first round.

Semi-final and preliminary results follow: Indian Tiger West technically stopped Billy Flannigan, 6; Allen Beatty defeated Anson Green, 6; Johnny Warner t.k.o.'d Al Iovino, 1; Jimmy Thomas defeated Luis Carpentero, 8; Buddy McArthur defeated Sunny Jim McVey, 6; Fritzie Zivic k.o.'d Paddy Gilmore, 1.

Things I cannot understand—why Jimmy Belmont failed to land his devastating left hook on Teddy Yarosz—the rapid rise to stardom made by Mose Butch—how Tiger Joe Randall bowled over the well-known Tug Phillips—where Battling Gizzy gets his speed and stamina—when Buck McTiernan will don the mitts again—why Ross Fields, highly-touted West Virginia bantam, could not whip Jackie Wilson—how Yarosz defeated Jimmy Belmont with the ease he did after Jimmy scored two successive knockouts over Buck McTiernan and battled Jackie Fields to a draw and easily defeated Bucky Lawless and Tiger Joe Randall in between.

Ratings of Pittsburgh district boxers in the opinion of the writer, follow:
Heavyweight—George Panka, Emmett Rocco, Ike McFowler. Light-heavyweight—Bruno Sala, Buddy McArthur, Sunny Jim McVey. Middleweight—Indian Tiger West, Buck McTiernan, Jimmy Moore. Welterweight—Teddy Yarosz; Jimmy Belmont, Tiger Joe Randall. Lightweight—Battling Gizzy, Sid Silas, Eddie Brannon. Featherweight—Mose Butch, Jackie Rodgers, Johnny Chiodo. Bantamweight—Mose Butch, Jimmy Thomas, Willie Davies.

Matchmaker Jules Beck, unable to secure a top-notch opponent for Mose Butch, gave Jimmy Thomas the crack at Mose for the January 18th date at Motor Square.

Address your communications to the writer, Bill Pikor, Donora, Pennsylvania, for information on boxing in this territory and enclose stamp for prompt reply.

While a majority of the fight clubs throughout the country suffered the humility of a knockdown at the hands of "Kid Depression," Motor Square Garden at Pittsburgh operated in regular "major league" style, enjoying one of the most profitable fight seasons it ever had. Capacity crowds are frequent and together with an excellent crop of local talent Motor Square boxing club takes its place among the foremost arenas in the country operating weekly on a profitable basis. Much credit is due Jules Beck, the hustling matchmaker, and to Joe Mazer, general manager.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

IN his first start in Trenton since returning from the West Coast, Tommy (Kid) Murphy, Trenton welter, lost to Bill Hood of England in ten rounds. How referee Gus Waldron arrived at his decision, is more than this writer can understand.

In the semi-final, Jackie Reilly, stablemate of Murphy, stopped Gus Adolph of Long Branch in the third round. A left and right to the head did the trick. Reilly has won his last seven starts, five via the K.O. route.

Mooch Murphy and Jimmy Flynn put on a great slugging bee for six rounds, with honors going to Murphy. Both of these boys are of Trenton.

Just check this next name, Charlie Miller of New York, just a preliminary boy about 17 years of age. This writer predicts he will be a champion within two years. Miller has knocked out the best preliminary boys in Trenton. Miller has T. N. T. in either mitt, but his best bet is his left hook. His two latest victims were Ray McGuire, whom he stopped in two rounds, and Willie Smith in one.

Harry (Kid) Specks of Trenton stopped Joey Leland of Fieldsboro in three rounds.

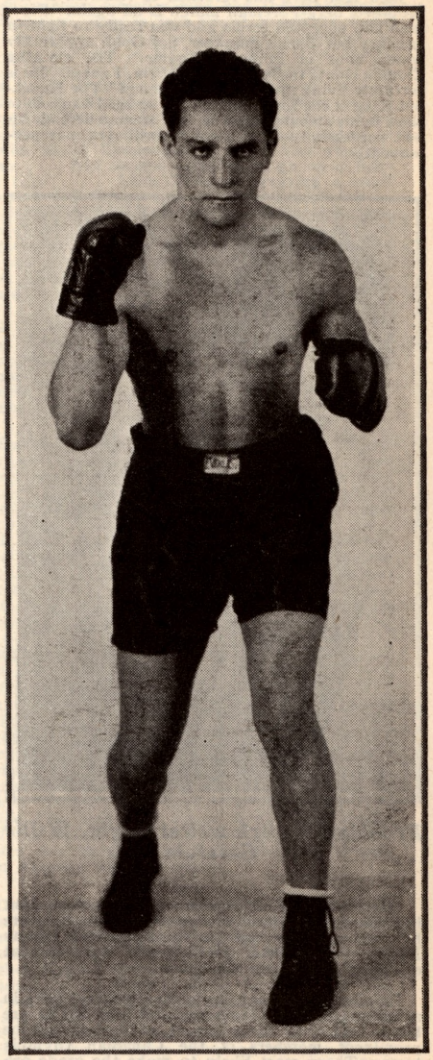
Charles Seigle, Trenton sportsman, gave a banquet in honor of Kid Murphy, recognized bantamweight champion of two decades ago. Many celebrities of Murphy's time were present. Lew and Kid Stinger, brothers, and Pat Bradley, spoke of their days. Pat Bradley was the most interesting speaker. Bradley, an Italian from Philadelphia, told of his fights with One Round Hogan of Frisco, K. O. Brown Willie Beecher, Battling Nelson and Tommy Loughran. These bouts were held in Philadelphia where six rounds were the limit. Each old-time boxer was presented with a gold pin, in the form of a boxing glove, by Charles Seigle. It was agreed that they would hold a get-together dinner once a year.

Johnny Brennan, Trenton featherweight, won the referee's decision over Billy Londers of Norfolk, Va., at Norfolk.

Manus Hartman, heavy of Trenton was knocked out in one round by Joe Manago of Newark, at the Laurel Garden in Newark.

Johnny Kolb scored a knockout over Sid Berkowitz in the sixth round at New Brunswick.

Young Terry, Trenton middleweight who Jimmy Johnston rates third among the middleweights of the world, had an easy time in his bout with Bobby Brown of Lowell, whom he stopped in one round.



Abe Levine, two fisted bantamweight from New York.

Frankie Turano of Freehold, a rank outsider as far as betting was concerned, beat Charlie Carter of Trenton in eight rounds.

Geo. Levy, hard hitting featherweight of Trenton, won over Meyer Goss in four rounds at Trenton. One week later, Levy knocked out Joey Lombard in three rounds at Newark.

Billy Kearns, bright looking prospect of Trenton, stopped Glenn Mason of Lamberville in three rounds.

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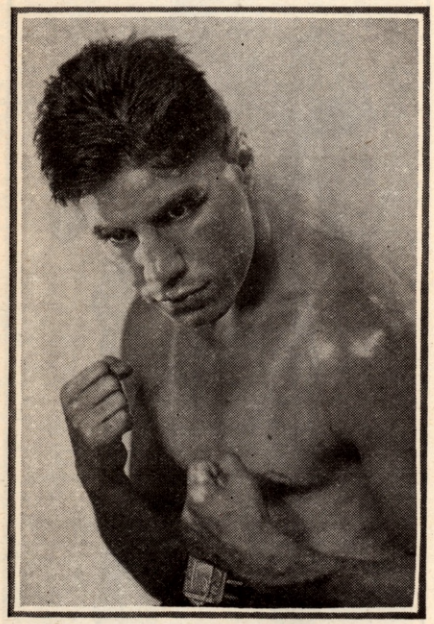
MONTREAL TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

AL FOREMAN, British Empire lightweight titleholder, achieved another of his amazing feats in the early part of January. In ten days he scored four victories, three of them by knockouts.

Foreman is evidently going to make up for his long absence from the ring during 1931 by starting off 1932 in such fashion. Since returning to the ring from the sick-bed the heavy-hitting wearer of the Lonsdale Belt has scored eight straight wins in ten weeks in England, five knockouts and three decisions.

Jack Kid Berg has returned to America so the proposed Berg-Foreman match is off again. Foreman had accepted terms and was ready to fight in January but Berg's manager, Sol Gold, apparently wants none of Foreman's game. The clouting Canuck clouts too hard to suit them, I guess. He is certainly living up to his cognomen of "The Knockout King of the Lightweights" as he has 78 kayoes to show in his amazing record. If Foreman defends his belt successfully once more he will retain it permanently.



Brooklyn's tough welterweight, Willie Garafola

Harry Rappaport, Sherbrooke's foremost fight impresario, is optimistic that things will hum here by the time this is read. It is probable that Johnny Nemis, Young Peter Jackson and stars of that calibre will be shown there soon.

Promising form is being shown by local boys in amateur shows in Montreal and high hopes are being held that several local youngsters will be prominent members of the Canadian Olympic team. Those most likely to make the grade are Phil Lightheart, the classy Dominion heavyweight titleholder from Hamilton, now settling in Montreal; Tommy Sullivan, Provincial welter champ, who has developed a smart class of battlers at the Westward A. A. A. where he holds down the coaching assignment; Hal Stewart or Johnny Keller in the lightweight division; Larry Phillips or Harold McLeod in the featherweight class. In the bantam class there are Johnny Conlin and Wilf Roach and in the flyweight ranks, Bobby Martin and Harry Gerson.

Johnny Nemis, eastern Canada welter and middleweight champ, will be crashing into the bigger cities like Montreal, Toronto, and Winnipeg before long. Nemis, who is battering all opposition in the Maritimes, will be in Montreal before spring and his colorful, slam-bang style should make him a popular card with the promoters and fans in and around Montreal. Nemis is claiming the now vacant Canadian middleweight title and is willing to fight Frankie Battaglia, the Peg City favorite, who is ranked among the first ten in that class.

Jimmie McKimmie, popular local fight manager, is getting back into gear with his smart stable of battlers. Promoters can always be assured of action when they get one of McKimmie's fighters on their cards and he is very easy to deal with. After some months of idleness through illness, McKimmie is again ready to do business at his apartment at 1180 Drummond Street. At present his ace is Battling Sig Tracey, the Human Dynamo, who battles 'em all from 165 to 175 pounds.

Dennis White, Provincial supervisor, is getting busier every day with more and more clubs clamoring to get into the competitive circuit. The hard-working and efficient prexy announces that nearly thirty-five clubs are now turning out boxers and staging shows so that it is plain to see that amateur boxing is a big success in Montreal. Most of the credit for this success, of course, is due to White's whole-hearted efforts and his co-operation from the other clubs, the Quebec branch of the A. A. U. of Canada, and Doctor Gaston Demers, chairman of the Montreal Boxing Commission, is deserving of commendation. The first of the titular tourneys that will help the fans determine the outstanding prospects for the Olympic team will likely be held before the end of February when the city championships, a two-night tourney, takes place.

Jules Racicot, young local promoter, is figuring to stage another of his all-action shows, only on a larger scale, by the time this is off the press. Jules is after some high class talent to headline his next card which he expects to stage at the St. Denis Theatre. His address is 4082 St. Hubert Street, Montreal, Canada.

Young Peter Jackson, Babe Denico's ebony flash, has returned to his manager in New York for ring duty after visiting home. Denico's featherweight protege is expected to leap into the first ten of his class by next summer. The lad will bear watching.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HENRY SANTOS, known as "Baturrito", came a step higher towards the lightweight championship when he scored an eight-round win over Castor Fernandez, the hard-punching Spaniard who holds a brilliant record in local quarters. Santos also beat Cuban Battling Nelson, another hard customer. Santos is one of the finest prospects Cuba has produced in years.

Tommy Lenahan, pride of Kentucky, had one of the hardest fights of his career when he beat Tom Pina, a real tough hombre. Pina recently beat Humbert Casals and shot right into the limelight, and it was expected that he would beat Tommy. Lenahan then scored a one-round knockout over Young Uzucuden, of Spain, and a one-round kayo over Avelino Vallina. Lenahan is undefeated in his six starts here.

Castor Fernandez scored a two-round knockout over Luis Kid Perez in a one-sided contest. Fernandez just punched too hard and was a little too fast for Luis who didn't seem interested in fighting that night. Prudencio Arce drew in six with Felix Martinez, and Paulino Dieguez beat Kid Gonzalez in four.

Joe Coego scored a knockout over M. Martinez, and got a six-round decision over Gilbert Rojas, of Caibarien. Coego then scored a two-round knockout over Kid Pinillo, but was beaten in six by Jack Torres. Julian Mirave beat Miguel Gonzalez and Humbert Casal beat Toribio Ferro in six. Benny Malpica outpointed Martin Prez, and Joe Gandon beat Young Gallard in six. Marino Diaz beat Six Cylinder, but the bout was declared a draw. Felix Vega outsmarted Johnny Labrado and Pedro Proenza kayoed Kid Toledo in two rounds.

Kid Montana outpointed Mario Valdes in a furious six-round bout, but was again beaten by Antonio Santana, the little Cuban windmill. Santiago Saenz was knocked out by Kid Buffalo in four and Mario Blanco beat Olayo Nebot. Young Berlenbach beat Kid Solino in three rounds, and Jimmy Penalber beat Cuban Al Brown in six rounds. Higinio Ruiz kayoed Tom Pina in four rounds.

Tommy Barredo scored a two-round knockout over Young Perez, and then drew in six rounds with Mario Valdes. Barredo is quite a popular boy around here. With his whirlwind attack he has become the terror of the bantamweight division.

Divino Rueda had a tough time beating Isidro Delgado, and then easily outpointed Prudencio Arce in six rounds.

Antonio Santana, Cuba's best bantamweight, again showed his superiority over Kid Montana, of Ecuador, when he won in ten rounds at Miramar Gardens, the house that Tony Cuervo built. A great little fighter is this Santana. Antonio Hevia beat Kid Proenza and Julio Recio was beaten by Felix Martinez.

Fillo Echevarria, the little San Sebastian flyweight, easily outpointed Johnny Labrada in eight rounds. Humbert Casals came over high when he knocked out Jimmy Valentino the tough featherweight from Cerro. Casals is a promising youngster and should go far in the game.

Pincho Gutierrez and Kid Chocolate are in town—and they are welcome. Chocolate is preparing to fight Dominick Petrone, of New York, in a fifteen-round contest at the Fronton Stadium.

Luis Parga is again promoting fights. He will be a strong rival for Tony Cuervo, the popular promoter of Miramar Gardens. Tony is a great guy, and popular with everybody in town.

MEXICO REPORTS
By CARLOS VERA

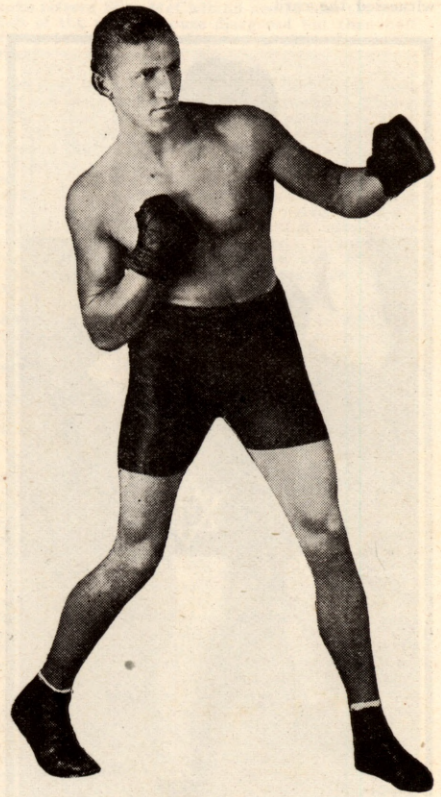
THE following are the reports of the fights held at "El Toreo," Mexico.

Jose Flores, Mexican welterweight, knocked out Luis Portela, Spain, in the fifth round. In the first star fight of the night, Baby Arizmendi, latest boxing sensation and bantamweight champion of Mexico, won over Fidel La Barba, former world's flyweight champion, in ten rounds.

Alfredo Gaona, welter, won a close decision over Tommy Herman of Chicago in ten rounds.

Manuel Villa, lightweight champion of Mexico, whipped Bobby Pacho, Pacific Coast title holder.

For information in this locality, address Carlos Vera, Cuauhtemotzin, No. 257 Altos, Mexico, D. F.



Jerry Johnsen, hard-hitting Norwegian heavyweight

IN COLON AND PANAMA CITY, PANAMA
By ANTHONY CHARLES

RESULTS of bouts in the Gymnasium, of Panama City, follow: Kid Slammer, featherweight champion of the Isthmus, defeated Kid Yellow in twelve rounds. Kid David won over David Duran in eight. Al Reed K.O'ed Kid Sanchez in the second. Young Lombardo and Speedy Mendoza battled four fast rounds to a draw.

Alberto "Burro" Icochea, former middleweight and light-heavyweight title holder of South America, won by a T. K. O. over Kid Alfonso, of Panama in the third. Young Castillo took a questionable decision over Al Reed in six rounds. Young Alfaro defeated Young Barber in four rounds. Battling Ureña won by a T. K. O. over Bella Vista Kid in the first. Baby Garcia and K. O. Tejada battled four rounds to a draw.

Toñin Troncoso was given a questionable draw in a 10-round battle with K. O. Pinzon. Young Mowatt defeated K. O. Caballero in six fast rounds. Kid Tejada and Young Gene Tunney battled four rounds to a draw. Young Alfaro defeated Kid Dinamita.

Eddie Frisco, welterweight, and Phil Tobias, flyweight, of New York, arrived here from Venezuela for bouts.

Baby Quintana, flyweight champion of the Isthmus, and Al Zorrilla, contender, battled fifteen hectic rounds to a draw in a championship affair. Speedy Mendoza defeated Benny Palmer who substituted for Young Hurtado in six rounds. Baby San Blas defeated Young Hererra in four rounds. Kid Ruñidera, pride of Caledonia, easily defeated Panama Primo Carnera in four rounds.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

CINCINNATI came back into its own as one of the Middle West's leading fight centers when Freddie Miller, featherweight contender made his first appearance in his home town since he defeated Lou Paluso at the Reds' Ball Park last summer. Miller had for his opponent this time, Johnny Datto, the Cleveland Filipino knockerout, but Freddie swarmed all over the little brown man to walk into an easy win. Datto weighed 125½ and Miller at a low of 123. Lou Bauman was the referee.

In the semi-final, Manuel Castro, Mexican featherweight, pounded out a well deserved win over Lou Vinnes of Chicago in six rounds. Castro dropped Vinnes in the second round for a nine count but could not keep him there. Jess Clahoun won on a technical knockout over Jimmy Calhoun in the second round when the latter received a bad cut over his eye. Jackie Coogan shellacked Eddie Fitzsimmons in 4; Bat Leno and Jess Freeman drew in 4; Ray Kietz beat Earl Baker in 4; Cricket Helson and Pete Milano drew in 4 and Young Tiger Flowers bested Kid Joiner in 4.

The Fair Play A. C. also staged an all-star card with Mickey Walker, the Rumson Bulldog on top in a trio of exhibition bouts. Only a small crowd turned out. He blocked everything Frankie Palmo, light-heavy and Johnny Mack, heavy of Cincinnati threw his way.

The supporting bouts were good. Jimmy Neal, Cincinnati, beat Otto Atterson, Terre Haute in 6; Ace Hebe, Cincinnati decisioned Smokey Mitchell, Terre Haute in 6; Howard Mitchell, Cincinnati won a six-round decision over Glen Nidy, Indianapolis; Jackie Raymond, Chicago beat Jack Blackburn, Cincinnati in 4 while Pete Milano won from Clem Meiners in the opening four session tussle.

Jimmy Shevlin, Cincinnati promoter of the Fair Play A. C., is a hustler.

Joe Anderson, the Kentucky middleweight, has turned promoter and to date has run off some good shows. In the opener, Joe Dragan won a newspaper decision over Jackie Stewart of Louisville in an eight-round bout and did the repeat act on January 12th. In his other cards, Frankie Palmo, Cincinnati won a n. d. over Rosey Kid Baker, Indianapolis and Art Schultz, fast rising Covington featherweight won over Willie Cecil of Louisville. Anderson stages his bouts at the Blue Grass arena on Fifth and Madison streets in Covington and capacity houses have been the go since the return of the fistic game over the river. Jay McAdams and Buddy O'Krent are the club's official referees.

The new Parkway A. C. with Danny Davis in the role of matchmaker, is running weekly "training bouts" at the Davis Tavern arena on West Seventh street. Ten three-round bouts outline the program.

Frankie Meiners made it nineteen straight wins at the Milford arena when he scored a technical knockout over Knockout Roberts of Louisville, Ky. in the sixth round and came back two weeks later to chalk up number 20 when he knocked out Johnny Pacer of Toledo in four heats. Meiners is a great little lightweight and is bound to go somewhere.

In the preliminary bouts to both fights, Johnny Mack, Cincinnati and Tim Charles, Louisville drew in six rounds. Heavyweights: Red Harding knocked out Kid Harvey in round two; Charlie Court and Mickey Breen drew in 6; Henry Le Gore knocked out Stan Prewitt in 30 seconds of the first round and Stonewall Jackson did likewise to Louis Ricko, a Porto Rican in three sessions. Bat Leno knocked out Bobby Collins in 4; Lee Cox stopped Steve Shea in 4; Simon Nebloski and Cliff La Rue, drew in 6; Dick Clark knocked out Mac Jordan in three while Young Whiteford beat Kid McClellan in three. Joe Maringer of Cincinnati was the third man in the ring in every one of these bouts.

Dayton, O.—Dick Clark, Memphis, Tenn. won one of the rounds of the welterweight elimination tournament here sponsored by Jim Dowling when he scored an eight-round decision over Joey Lawrence of Dayton. Jack Stanley, Cincinnati lightweight won his 20th scrap in 22 starts when he defeated Mickey Welsh, Dayton in the six-round semi-final. Stanley and Clark are both under the wing of Fred Batsche. Eddie Johnson is their trainer.

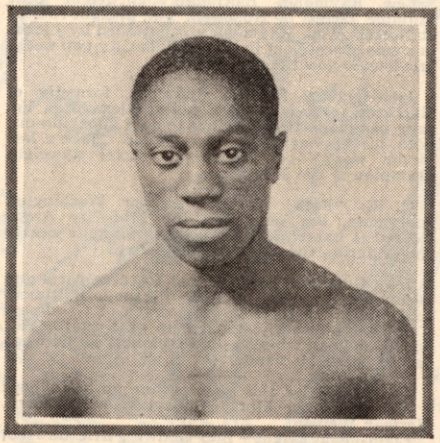
At Ripley, O. Frankie Palmo, Cincinnati middleweight earned extra right to the Greater Cincinnati title when he knocked out Jimmie Finklea. New York negro, in the sixth round. Jack Stanley and Charlie Couert boxed on even terms in the six-round semi-final while Bat Leno and Red Harding did the same in another six. Young Flowers won over Billy Baker in four and Jack Settles knocked out Tiger Brown in 2 rounds. Eddie Gerhardt was the referee and Billy Maddox promoted the bout. Maddox intends to build an outdoor arena in Ripley next summer.

Zanesville, O.—Frankie Sabino, Dover, O., outpointed Sailor Gore, Pittsburgh, Pa., in 10; Kid Walker, Zanesville stopped Ken Hargrave, Pittsburgh in 2.

Boxing managers and fighters! Here is your monthly list for this section of this country. Every promoter, manager, fighter wanting work in this section should get in touch with Billy Maddox, Ripley, O.; Fair Play A. C., 27 W. Sixth St., Cincinnati; Fred Batsche, Milford A. C., 1525 Pleasant St., Cincinnati; Joe Anderson, 10 E. Sixth St., Covington, Ky.; Bill Saffin, Mt. Washington, Cincinnati; Danny Davis, Tavern Club, 240 W. Seventh St., Cincinnati. Write 'em pronto.

Information in this section and fighters wanting a representative here, without any strings attached to them, should get in touch with the writer at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati. Enclose two cent stamped envelope if a reply is wished for.

Henry Le Gore, slugging little Italian lightweight is going somewhere. Although only making one start around here, Le Gore made a big hit in knocking out Stanley Prewitt in 30 seconds of the opening round. Another good prospect is Frankie Zinn, the little Harrison iron man. Good coaching for about two months and Zinn will be after both Guery and Willis. He has a good right hand and looks like a comer.



Jimmy Johnson, Pittsburgh's junior-welterweight entry.

At Joe Anderson's third boxing show, Joe Dragan, Cincinnati bantamweight again beat Jackie Stewart of Louisville in the eight-round feature bout.

In some of the preliminary bouts of the month, Frankie Willis won over Frankie Zinn in a real lively battle of 3 rounds; Duke Conners trimmed Young Whiteford in 3; Keith Rogers beat Frankie Detloff in 3; Johnny Reynolds beat Young Jack Dillon in 6; Cricket Helson beat Charley Lightfoot in 6; Ray Kietz beat Tiger Lyons in 6; DeWitt Young beat Smokey Maggard in 6; Charley Lightfoot beat George Strong in 4; Young Tiger Flowers beat Shuffling Billy Baker in 4; Ray Tucker knocked out Jerry O'Connor in 1; Herman Baker stopped Kid Wentmore in 1 and Gene Black outpointed Tommy Wells in 3. These are all newspaper decisions, and were held in Covington, the Kentucky law being no decision bout rules.

Dayton, O.—Jimmy Neal of Cincinnati knocked out Ray Drake of Indianapolis in the third round. Manuel Castro of Mexico City won a decision over Al Gahn, Columbus, O., in the eighth round. Castro had Gahn on the floor in two rounds. Joey Lawrence of Dayton surprised by knocking out Jimmie Kelly, his foremost Gem City rival in the second round.

Around Fountain Square with the punchers and their pilots. . . . Report has it that Jimmy Neal will be forced to quit the game due to ill health. . . . Other has it that this is the blooey. . . . We hope the latter is correct as Neal is a real fighter, pleasing and colorful and a gentleman inside and out the ring. . . . Cliff McWhirter, Canadian amateur champion entered in the Fenwick amateurs. . . . French-Scotch and packs a punch . . . intends to turn pro after this tourney. . . . Frankie Zinn fought on a Friday, then Tuesday and Thursday the following week and wanted to scrap the next night . . . name pinned on as Iron Man pronto . . . can punch and is dangerous to the best. . . . G. C. Williams says Johnny Cobb the Michigan wildcat, now battling in the lightweight division is again ready for the best . . . Cobb would make a great fight with Jack Stanley. . . . G. C. is also towing the hopes of Tommy Wells, the Columbus bombardier who recently beat Gene Black. . . . In a huddle in the hall . . . Gus Sanzere, Jimmy Shevlin, Izzy Schneiderman, Joe Altman, Fred Batsche, Bill Powers . . . what about . . . I guess a match for one of the boys . . . but we doubt it when Fred is around, eh? . . . Batsche told this scribe he was going to make 150 for a fight with Herman Katz, but I saw him when the match was supposed to be held and he weighed only 90 pounds overweight . . . substitute Joe Battling Glaser, the Chicago Cleaver . . . G. C. Williams was the third man. . . . Believe it or not . . . Izzy Schneiderman believes Young Hebe is ready for the world's title . . . bar no one with Wolgast, Genaro, Atherton and the rest in order. . . . Johnny Stote, eastern wrestler who had the makings of a champion, now is laid up at a private home in Covington with a set of torn ligaments in his arm suffered in his match with Irvin Hecht . . . Stote is of championship caliber but as long as he wrestles in the Mid-West circuits, he will still be a prelim boy. . . . Speaking of the grappling game, it is still going good here. Carl Singleton is matchmaker . . . can be reached at Havlin Hotel, Cincinnati, O. . . . Can you imagine . . . Nix Denton refusing to go on a fishing trip? . . . Irish O'Connor wearing a skull cap and Bill Honey sporting a moustache? . . . Or Palmo and Johnson doing a dance act. . . . We all would like to see that . . . and so . . . I guess we'll say ta ta or I'll again be too late for my space in THE RING, the most read and best enjoyed sports publication in the entire world.

G. C. Williams, Cincinnati manager is conferring through the scribe with John Silvestre of Barcelona, Spain for the importation of three Spanish fighters, a feather, heavy and middleweight. Silvestre is editor of the boxing publication *Boxeo*.

Received of THE RING, regards to Nat Fleischer, my boss and editor—"The Life of Gene Tunney, the Enigma of the Ring." And what I mean this book is a wham. It covers all of Tunney's life and things one would never think happened in the former heavy champ's career and is well edited. Every true sport should buy this book at such a depression price of $1 per copy. It should be worth $5, one Cincinnati sports editor stated. Get yours now while they last from THE RING BOOKSHOP, 11 West 42nd St. New York City.

Billy Saffin tossed in the towel at the Green Mill arena after his fight show on January 1. Saffin featured Charlie Arthurs of Newark, N. J. with Ted Graham the giant copper colored heavyweight from New Richmond. Graham won after eight rounds of hard fighting. In the undercard, Jackie Raymond the Chicago Cuban won on a technical knockout over Chris Fenton of Cincinnati in the second when Fenton sprained his ankle. Bobby Chick bested K. O. Reams in 6; Eddie Fitz beat Paul Spege in 4; Mack Jordan and Sid Bailey drew in 4 while Billy Dugan defeated Art Bergman in the three-round opener. Lou Bauman was the referee.

The opening show results at the Tavern in Cincinnati found Danny O'Keefe, undefeated Cincinnati lightweight youngster, cop an eight-round newspaper decision over Jess Freeman of Bethel, Kansas. Cricket Helson outpointed Bobby Ammon in 6; Frankie Rose knocked out Kid Gordon in 1; Al Hamilton shaded Dick Clark in 4; and Bobby Chick bested Bernie Smith in the four round opener. One week later the club came back and the following were the results: Danny O'Keefe defeated Jess Freeman; Frankie Zinn trimmed Frankie Willis; Al Hamilton won over Jackie Coogan; Charley White drew with Bobby Chick; Price Taylor lost to Tiger Lyons; Bat Leno beat Eddy Fitzsimmons and Joe Dragan shaded Cricket Helson with Ray Kietz dropping a close one to Red Harding.

Graham held his rating in defeating Charlie Arthurs; Johns was tied with Anderson despite the latters layoff due to a broken arm when Johns was held even by Arthurs and kayoed by Patsy Peronni; Frankie Palmo knocked out Finklea, to hold crown; Clark moved up to welter top by defeating Joey Lawrence, following the latter's kayo over Jim Kelly; Stanley retained title with win over Charlie Court while Meiners took the lightweight top list by knocking out Kayo Roberts and Johnny Pacer. Maxie Koshover, previously rated as holder in this division, was recuperating from a broken ear drum; Miller, Annarino and Hebe held to title, despite lack of possible opponents and no bouts here abouts.

Some bouts we would like to see; Jack Stanley vs. Max Koshover; Joe Anderson vs. Coleman Johns; Frankie Palmo vs. Paul Eviston; Jimmy Neal vs. Dick Clark; Bobby Ammon vs. Young Hebe; Bat Leno vs. Max Koshover; Freddie Miller vs. Bushy Graham and Howard Mitchell vs. Jimmy Neal.

Let's hear from all of you readers.

EAST FLORIDA NOTES
By WILLIAM J. GALLICK

FLORIDA, the "gold coast" for the boxing fraternity in the winter—is going full bloom at present. Established clubs are opening, new clubs are being built and everyone connected are looking into the "season" with an optimistic smile.

Miami has two established clubs operating weekly shows. Lou Magnolia has recently opened the Coral Gables Coliseum—while "Pa" Stribling has the Madison Square Garden arena going full blast. With four clubs in operation, Miami has plenty of pugilistic and wrestling entertainment.

West Palm Beach—with the American Legion owning and operating clubs here and Lake Worth, (connecting towns), the National Guard is sponsoring a privately owned arena recently built by a combine of local citizens.

Daytona Beach—The National Guard is contemplating promoting several outdoor shows during February and March. Bill Duffy is reported to be the big gun behind the proposed shows.

Ft. Pierce—The American Legion is operating boxing and wrestling shows successfully.

Ft. Lauderdale—The Legion is again attempting to get its compact arena open to the public. However, this city is located only 27 miles from Miami and will always suffer from the better shows in that city.

Jacksonville—The National Guard has promoted weekly shows for the past five years and expect to continue, using its armory.

Pahokee—Clewiston and Belleglade, towns bordering on Lake Okeechobee are operating occasional shows with success.

West Palm Beach has staged some great shows recently, and still holds the honor of being the best drawing club in the state week after week. Recently, Gordon Fortenberry trimmed Johnny Roberts in a great light-heavyweight bout; Muggs Kerr defeated Corn Griffin in another, same weight; Peter Mike won over Baby Stribling, while Gordon Fortenberry took the nod over Jimmy Herman of Hazelton, Pa.

Light-heavyweights are getting the money here this season. Among the best drawing cards are Bob Godwin, Joe Knight, Clyde Chastain, Gordon Fortenberry, Johnny Roberts and Muggs Kerr. Ray Tramblie, flashy Rockford middleweight, is here looking for opposition and may have to meet the light-heavies in order to get action.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM GEORGIA
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

TO Georgia's Fight Fans:—Luis Masterpolis, 17-year-old youngster of the editorial and circulation department of the Savannah Morning News and Evening Press, and who fights under the name of Pinkie Lou Masters, has been appointed by the RING Magazine to act as Georgia's correspondent. (Editor's Note.)

Reddy Pitts, tow-headed little flash from Savannah, is winning his fights right along.

Maxie Rosenbloom, lightweight champion of the world, won a ten-round decision from Walker "Cyclone" Smith of Fort Benning at the Savannah Boxing and Wrestling Club.

Carl Knowles and Ray Swanson fought to a ten-round draw. Knowles was knocked out by Swanson in a previous bout. Clint Towns won from Benny Greenfield in another bout.

Meeting Ching Johnson, the Fort Benning truck horse who carries a short arm jolt in his right hand, in a return bout, Ray Swanson, the Atlanta Phantom, gained the verdict.

Earl Rocky and Monroe Porter fought a draw on the Chatham A. C.'s card, at the Municipal Auditorium at Savannah.

Two of "Pa" Stribling's boys are in the light-heavyweight tournament that is sponsored by the N. B. A. They are "Battling Bozo" and Clyde Chastain.

Lieut. Alexander has a coming champion in the person of Young Patsy Haley, Savannah High School Boy.

Babe Stribling and Pat Flaherty fought to a ten-round draw at Savannah. The Chatham A. C. is bringing some good boys to Savannah.

Quina Lee, southern bantamweight and once a game little fighter, left a Chicago hospital minus an arm, which was removed at the shoulder following a motor accident.

Managers and fighters wishing to make a connection in this district should get in touch with the writer, care of the Savannah Morning News and Evening Press, Savannah, Ga.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

MIDGET WOLGAST, flyweight champion made a showing at Alexandria, Va., with Billy Landers of Norfolk, Va., as his opponent. Landers did his best to slug it out with the Midget but to no avail. Bobby Burns of Baltimore and Tommy Bashara showed plenty action in eight rounds. Burns won an edge. Patsy Lewis of Baltimore spoiled Billy Essinger's return from Florida by knocking the Washington boy dead in two heats. Bingo Brodie did likewise to Jessie Belt. Frank Alyosius Mann sponsored the show on behalf of the Day Nursery.

The best fight seen in these parts in many a day was fought recently between Herman Weiner, Baltimore heavy, and Reds Barry of Washington. For heavyweights it was the fastest the writer has ever seen. Barry was coasting to an apparent easy win over the Baltimore Hebrew when he ran afoul one of Herman's deadly left hooks and naturally hit the deck for a nine count. Just how Reds got up is still a mystery. Weiner sensing a possible knockout, threw punches from all angles but in short order the Washington youngster recovered and from then on it was an honest to goodness battle with each boy trying for a knockout. Patsy Lewis, popular Baltimore lightweight beat Billy Hooe in a preliminary. Jabe Navos, Filipino flyweight, knocked out Young McLouey and K. O. Riley flattened Soldier Smith in three heats. The show was sponsored by the Alexandria, Va., Elks with the writer acting as matchmaker.

Lew Raymond, Baltimore lightweight beat Stumpie Jacobs of Hopewell, Va., in eight rounds at Norfolk, Va. Raymond was flattened by Jacobs in a sensational bout in the Virginia City two weeks previous so now the score is even.

Jabe Navos, Filipino flyweight, formerly of Harrisburg, Pa, is now located at Alexandria, Va. Jabe has made two showings to date knocking out both his opponents in short order. Jabe's last victim was Young Dempsey, former flyweight champion of the Navy.

C. E. "Fats" Cornell, popular Washington sportsman, has purchased the Mid-City Arena located at Laurel, Md. Cornell will promote weekly shows during the summer months.

Joey Goodman has returned to these parts and is looking for work. Jackie Portney, Baltimore southpaw, is anxious to get a crack at Goodman. These boys recently hooked up at Norfalk, Va., with Goodman winning on a technical K. O. when Jackie broke his hand.

The boxers for this vicinity line up as follows:
Heavyweights—Marty Gallagher, Reds Barry, Herman Weiner.
Light-heavyweight—Bob Godwin, Eric Lawsen, Billy Schwartz.
Middleweight—Sylvan Bass, Harry Kid Groves.
Welterweight—Joey Raymond, K. O. Riley, Sammy Braunstein.
Junior-welterweight—Joey Goodman, Phil Raymond.
Lightweight—Jackie Portney, Buster Brown, Lew Raymond.
Featherweight—Nick Antonelli, Frankie DeAngelo, Kid Cosden.
Bantamweight—Billy Landers, Frankie, McKenna, Al Martin.
Flyweight—Jabe Navos.

Reds Barry and Natie Brown fought a hard eight-round draw at Alexandria, Va., before a capacity house. Harry Kid Groves beat Sammy Braunstein in a whang of a six-round semi-final. Henry Irving drew with Joe Finazzo while Jabe Navos flattened Young Dempsey. The show in its entirety was a good one.

The writer can be reached at the Mohawk Club, Washington, D. C., where a gym is operated for professional boxers.

IN ALABAMA
By SAM CARPRI

THE Gen. Gorgas Post. No. 115, in Birmingham, featured Bob Godwin, Southern light-heavyweight champion and Cowboy Owen Phelps, champion of the great Southwest, in a ten-round bout at the Auditorium, for its opener of 1932. Godwin gained the newspaper decision. This bout was made by Curtis Sanford, the Post's new promoter. Jay Thomas has quit as matchmaker.

Jack Ausborne shaded Whitey Sailors in the six-round semi-final.

Billy Mobley trounced Jimmy Box in a fast five-round bout. They are junior-lightweights. Young Hambright lost to Joe Fino, an out-of-town bantamweight, in five.

Sam Siegel, promoter of wrestling, for Post No. 1, in Birmingham, billed Jimmy Londos, the champion, against Ernie Dusek, at the Auditorium recently. The match was well attended, Londos won.

Ben Bloodworth, Chairman of the Alabama Athletic Commission, and his two associates are to be congratulated on their great work in keeping boxing and wrestling in the state, straight and clean.

Jimmy Musso, Bessemer southpaw, went to New Orleans for a vacation. While there he was engaged for seven bouts of which he lost one. The Bessemer welterweight beat Don Cardero, in four rounds. He fought two draws with Cy Ernst and Cy won the third match with Jimmy. Musso then beat Charley Barbat and the high school lad wound up by stopping Malcolm McDaniels in one round.

A new gymnasium has opened in Birmingham, with Joe Calamoosa in complete charge. The gym is in the Birmingham Boxing Club, in the heart of town. It is up-to-date in every way.

The Ensley Athletic Club is housing what probably is the largest stable of amateur fighters in the Birmingham district. Eighteen were working out one evening as the writer walked in on them. Ed Caldwell, featherweight and Joe Hubka, welterweight, are doped to beat all comers for the club in 1932.

BOXING IN GEORGIA
By JACK AKIN

THE Chatham Athletic Club in Savannah, with Ed. Alexander as matchmaker, started the new year off with a bang, with Herbert (Baby) Stribling and Pat Flaherty, a local prospect, as the headliners of a neatly arranged card. The bout was declared a draw. Bulldog Downs, another Savannah boy, scored a K. O. in the third round over Bobby Green, Fort Moultrie Parson. Chick Hill K. O.'ed Bullhead Litchfield in the third and James Zittrouer and Young Webb battled four rounds to a draw.

The National Guardsmen in Brunswick are presenting top-notch shows. Charley Von Reeden, former bantam champ of Australia and at present Southern featherweight leader beat Sammy Lucas, formerly of Savannah, in the main attraction recently. Ray Boree beat Charlie Battle, in the semi-final. Both are from Florida. Johnnie Drummond and Melvin Hunter, feathers, fought six rounds to a draw. Truly Parmento and Bill Finney, bantams, slugged it out for four blistering rounds. with Parmento winning.

Sid Carter, flyweight of Brunswick, Ga., who claims the flyweight championship of the State, can't get a fight. Write him at 1124 Richmond Street, Brunswick, Ga.

Georgia "Crackers" that bear watching: are Heavy—W. L. Stribling, Macon, Ga.; Light-heavy—Joe Knight, Cairo, Ga.; Middle—Billy Shell, Columbus, Ga.; Welter—Sammy Crosby, Waycross, Ga.; Feather—Jimmy Watts, Atlanta, Ga.; Bantam—Charlie Kid Sharpe, Savannah, Ga. and Fly—Sid Carter, Brunswick, Ga

Promoters and fighters should send their activities to the writer, Jack Akin, General Delivery, Brunswick, Ga.

FROM NORTH CAROLINA

THE North Carolina Boxing Commission has listed the boys of that state according to their standing in the various divisions. J. M. Huggins, secretary of the board has sent the following list of active fighters whose work is recommended. They follow:

Featherweight—Howard Swanson, Lenoir, N. C.

Lightweight—Jim Swinson, Charlotte, N. C.; Lukie Tenner, Mgr., Charlotte, N. C.; Tommy McGovern, Charlotte, N. C.; Little Boy Safrit, Kannapolis, N. C.; Battling Belk, Charlotte, N. C.; Bob Swinger, Mount Holly, N. C.; Babe Carr, Shelby, N. C.

Junior-Welterweight—Bill Parrish, Durham, N. C.; Dynamite Overcash, Salisbury, N. C.

Welterweight—Rufus Miles, Charlotte, N. C.; Lukie Tenner, Mgr., Charlotte, N. C.; Bob Allison, Charlotte, N. C.; Pee Wee Russell, Kannapolis, N. C.; Jack Ryan, Charlotte, N. C.; Lonnie Blackwelder, Salisbury, N. C.; Pug Hinton, Hendersonville, N. C.; Cliff Wellons, Fayetteville, N. C.; Tom McCarver, Shelby, N. C.; Jack Moran, Goldsboro, N. C.

Middleweight—Hugh Jacobs, Charlotte, N. C.; Hal Hartley, Lenoir, N. C.; Buford Burge, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Quinn Howe, Gastonia, N. C.; Don Sellars, Gastonia, N. C.

Light-Heavyweight—Jake Denning, Durham, N. C.; Sam Brockwell, Mgr., Durham, N. C.; Bill Feimster, Salisbury, N. C.; C. M. Beasley, Mgr., Charlotte, N. C.; Al Massey, Charlotte, N. C.; Lukie Tenner, Mgr., Charlotte, N. C.; Jarvis Smothers, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Terry Roberts, McAdenville, N. C.; K. O. Wiles, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Ted Britton, Hendersonville, N. C.

Heavyweight—Jeff Carroll, Charlotte, N. C.; Dewey Kimrey, Charlotte, N. C.; Lukie Tenner, Mgr., Charlotte, N. C.; Tiny Eller, Lenoir, N. C.; Lew Carpenter, Burlington, N. C.; Bill Jordan, High Point, N. C.; Battling Dick, Greensboro, N. C.; Joe Cook, Charlotte, N. C.